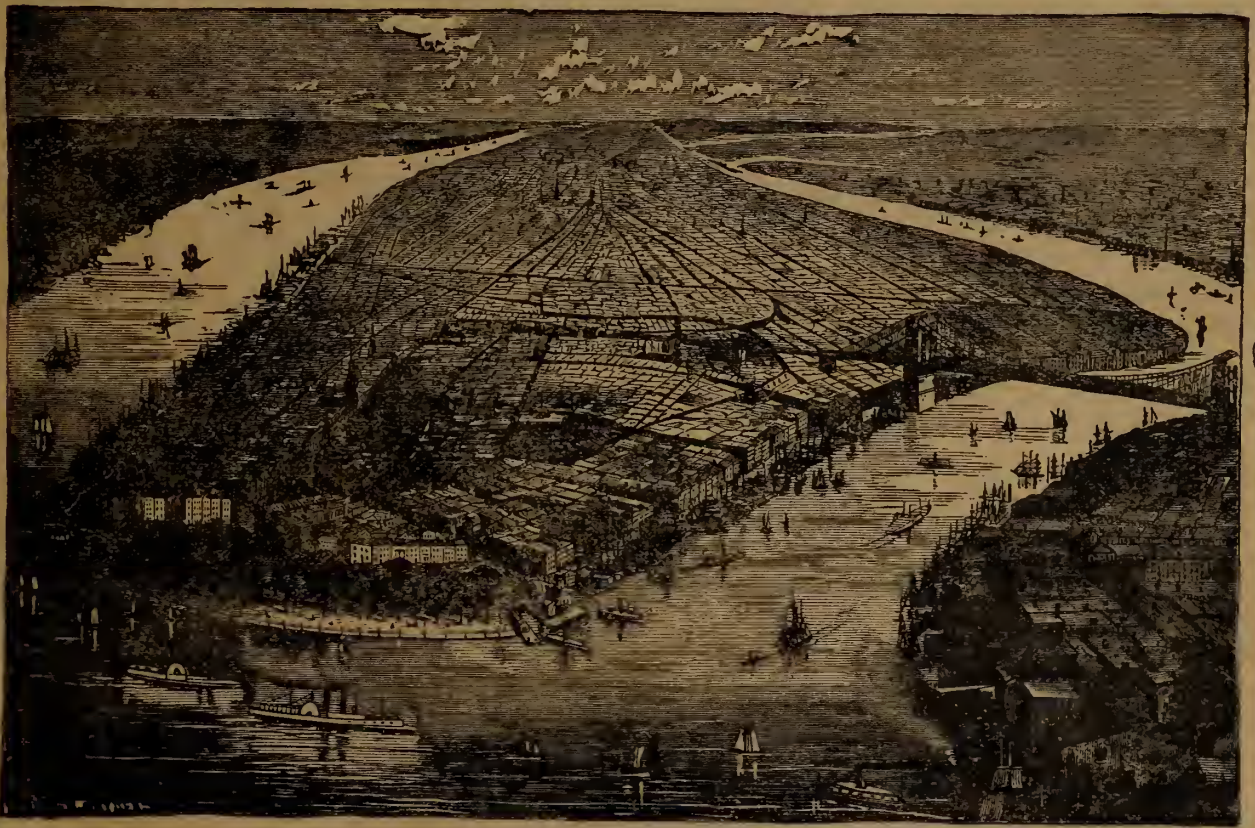


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THE GREAT EMPIRE CITY;

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HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN NEW YORK.



THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE metropolis of the New World has an area of about twenty-seven thousand acres, and a population of probably more than a million and a quarter. It is divided into twenty-four wards. Of the total foreign commerce of the United States, about sixty per cent. passes through the port of New York, in round numbers to about the value of four hundred million out of a total of six hundred million dollars per annum. The indications are that immigrants to the number of approaching half a million will land in the city during the present year. In domestic trade and manufactures, while the value of its retail trade is unascertainable, that of the total product of its manufactures per annum approximates four hundred million of dollars, more or less. The value of the real and personal property of the city for the purposes of taxation is about a billion and a quarter of dollars. New York is the grand center of the banking and insurance business of the United States. Four million dollars are spent annually in support of those educational institutions of the city which are incorporated by the State, or make report to constituted authorities. Besides these are many other institutions which aid culture, including the Cooper Institute, twenty-three libraries of reference, etc. The principal societies for the promotion of the fine arts are the National Academy of Design, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Art Students' League, and the Studio Art Building Association. There are nearly five hundred newspapers and periodicals published in New York, and about as many places of religious worship, of which the largest number belong to the Protestant Episcopal Church. The charities of New York are munificent, receiving and dispensing in the neighborhood of three million dollars yearly. While New York, a comparatively young city, does not possess the architectural majesty of the older great cities of the world, in the point of its domestic architecture it is probably second to none, though the want of

variety in the style in which its houses are built is to be regretted. Their convenience and appointments are very superior. The finest and most beautiful public building is the City Hall, which was finished in 1803. St. Paul's Church is very notably fine architecturally. Trinity Church, also down town, is an imposing structure. The new post-office building, the building of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and that of the *Tribune* newspaper are, perhaps, the most remarkable structures in the southern or down-town portion of the city. Up-town are many magnificent hotels and club-rooms, and the building known as the Lenox Library, which is situated on Fifth Avenue and commands a fine view of Central Park. More than a thousand acres of the area of the city are laid out as parks, of which the Central Park is the largest and the most interesting. It covers eight hundred and sixty-two acres, and has nine entrances. The park is laid out in walks, drives, lakes, avenues, terraces, and buildings, with consummate skill, and is regarded with great pride by the citizens. While the streets of New York are, as a whole, badly paved and not so well kept as they ought to be, Broadway and Fifth Avenue are among the finest thoroughfares in the world. Its water-works are inadequate to the population, and steps have been taken in the direction of improvement. The meanness and inadequacy of the public markets have been modified to a degree by the recent erection of the new structure at the foot of Fulton Street, East River, which is regarded as a model market building. New Amsterdam, founded in 1614 by the Dutch, was the origin of New York. In 1664 it fell into the hands of the English, and was named New York, in honor of the brother of King Charles II of England—James, Duke of York—who afterward became King James II. The Dutch recaptured it in 1673, and changed its name to New Orange. One year afterward it was restored to the English by treaty and its English name was resumed. During the War of Independence it was taken by the American army, who left it after the dis-

astrous battle of Long Island. After the peace of 1783 the British evacuated it, as a matter of course.

In 1789 George Washington was inaugurated in New York, the first President of the United States. A steam ferry was introduced between New York and Jersey City in 1812. In 1825 the city was first lighted with gas. The visitation of cholera in 1832 was succeeded by the great fire of 1835, which destroyed twenty million dollars' worth of property. In 1842 the Croton Aqueduct was completed. The riots of 1863 were consequent upon the United States authorities endeavoring to enforce the draft. New York furnished in all 1,161,382 to the Government during the Civil War. Riots in 1871 and the panic of 1873 are among recent events of importance. The first was occasioned by an attack of Catholic upon Protestant Irishmen, who were peacefully celebrating the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. At the present time New York is making rapid progress in wealth and population. At the census of 1880 the population was found to be 1,206,209, of whom only 727,629 were native born.

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

THE completion of the grandest piece of bridge engineering the world has yet seen necessarily attracted attention, not only in the immediate vicinity of the work, but throughout the civilized world; not only from curious sight-seers, but from those who labor for the advancement of their fellows, and rejoice in the success of a stupendous undertaking.

On the 16th of April, 1867, the Legislature of New York passed an act incorporating the New York Bridge Company, for the purpose of building a bridge over the East River between the cities of New York and Brooklyn. On the 23d of the following May, John A. Roebling was appointed chief engineer, and toward the close of the same year made his report, discussing at

some length the three routes, and the practicality of building suspended bridges of long span. The charter fixed the Brooklyn terminus at the junction of Main and Fulton streets, but allowed the New York terminus to be at or below Chatham Square, but not south of the junction of Chatham and Nassau streets. Considering the value of the property to be condemned, the grades, the difference in the cost, and the fact that City Hall Park would remain the center of travel for many years, it was thought best to build on the park line. During the summer of 1869, a detailed survey of the route was made, and the Brooklyn tower located. It was while engaged in this work that Mr. Roebling met with a most serious accident. His right foot was crushed by the shock of a ferry-boat against the fender rack of spring piles on which he was standing. Lockjaw set in, and after sixteen days of extreme suffering terminated in his death. In August of the same year his son, Washington A. Roebling, was appointed chief engineer.

The plan of the bridge was approved by the Secretary of War, and under date of June 21, 1869, the chief of engineers wrote to the company stating that under no conditions must the center of the span be less than 135 feet above mean high water; no portion of the tower foundations above the river bed must project beyond the pier lines, and no guys must ever be attached to the main span which will be below the bottom chords of the bridge.

An act was passed June 5, 1874, changing the name to that of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge, and making it a public work to be constructed by the two cities, Brooklyn paying two-thirds of the cost, and New York one-third.

Taken as a whole, the bridge consists of the approaches, one at each terminus; station buildings at the extreme ends; an anchorage at the end of each approach, to which the four cables are fastened; two towers over which the cables pass. To the cables are secured ropes on which hang six systems of longitudinal trusses, connected transversely by floor beams, dividing the width of the bridge into two roadways, two carways, and one promenade.

Work was commenced on the foundation of the Brooklyn tower on January 3, 1870. Borings, made previously, showed gneiss rock at a depth of ninety-six feet below high water, above which were layers of hardpan and trap bowlders embedded in clay and sand. This was considered compact enough to form a satisfactory foundation without going more than forty-five or fifty feet below the surface of the water. Timber immersed in salt water is, practically, imperishable, and if placed below the bottom of the river will be out of reach of sea worms. It was therefore decided, in order to secure a bed of uniform character, to build a solid timber foundation, having strength sufficient to act as a beam, and weight to insure even settling. The magnitude and importance of this feature in the great work becomes apparent when it is known that it would be called upon to sustain a dead weight of some eighty thousand tons.

The caisson was an immense box having a roof and sides, but no bottom, so that when it was placed over the site and sunk, the water would not rise in the interior beyond the edges, thus forming an air chamber in which the men were free to work. The caisson was 102 feet wide, 163 feet long, the height of the air chamber being 9 1-2 feet. A section through the sides formed a V, the inner slope of which had an angle of 45 degrees, and the outside of all the walls had a batter of 1 in 10. The walls sloped down to an edge or shoe, formed by a semi-circular casting, protected by boiler plate extending three feet up the sides. The timbers forming the V were held together by drift and screw

bolts, and secured to the roof by angle irons and common timbers. The roof, upon which the tower was to rest, consisted of fifteen courses of Georgia pine timbers twelve inches square, alternate courses being laid in the same direction, and the pieces bolted both horizontally and vertically. To make the caisson air-tight, the seams were thoroughly calked, and in addition a vast sheet of tin was inserted between the fourth and fifth courses and down the four sides. There were shafts cut through the roof of the caisson for the passage of the laborers, and to take out the excavated material and admit supplies. There were two water shafts made of boiler plate three-eighths of an inch thick, and having a rectangular section seven feet by six and one-half feet. These shafts were open both above and below, and the lower end extended below the edge of the shoe for twenty-one inches. Through these shafts descended dredges which grappled and raised any substance placed beneath the opening. There were two air shafts, three and one-half feet in diameter, having an air-lock at each upper end, for the use of the men. The supply shafts were cylindrical, twenty-four inches in diameter, and furnished with two doors, one above and one below. To admit material the lower door was closed, and the tube filled with the desired objects, after which the upper door was closed. The valve to the

the same time the masonry was being laid on top with the aid of boom derricks and engines. When bowlders were encountered too large for easy handling, they were pulled out of the way by hydraulic jacks, then drilled and blasted. The blast produced no ill effects on the men, although some trouble was anticipated owing to the dense atmosphere.

Gradually but surely the caisson sank toward its final resting-place, while the tower grew above it. At the end of five months 20,000 yards of earth had been removed. As the caisson proceeded downward the disproportion between the load above and the buoyancy became more and more, and to support this overweight additional shores were introduced, which rested upon a block and wedges and supported a cap placed against the roof. When the caisson had reached within three feet of its journey's end, 72 brick piers were built, having bases averaging 20 square feet. These had strength enough to uphold the whole mass if the air pressure should from any cause be removed. When the caisson had reached a depth of 44 1-2 feet below mean high tide, the operation of filling the entire chamber with concrete was begun. The concrete consisted of one part of Rosendale cement, two of sand, and three of small-sized gravel. The total quantity required, including the brick piers, was about 4,000 yards.

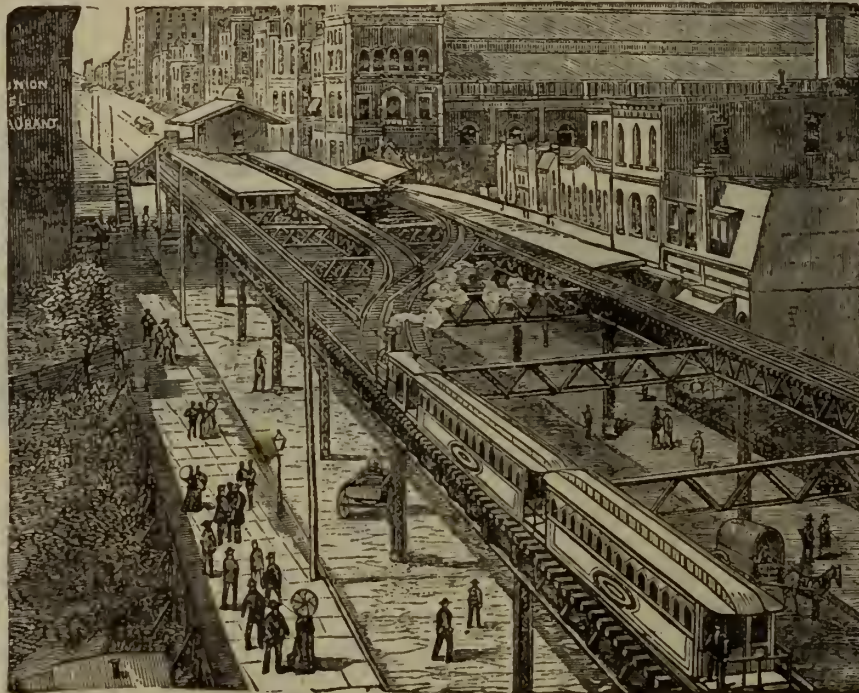
The danger from fire in an atmosphere of compressed air is very great, and the difficulty of quickly subduing it makes every known precaution necessary. At a pressure of twenty-five pounds to the square inch, the flame of a candle will return after having been blown out. On December 2d a fire was discovered in the caisson after it had been going some hours and attained considerable headway. Streams of water, steam, and carbonic acid were successively tried, but availed nothing. After struggling unsuccessfully for some time the caisson was flooded, and left so for two and a half days. When the air was again admitted and the water expelled, about 200 borings were made in the roof to ascertain the extent of the fire. Vertically it was confined to the third, fourth, and fifth courses of timber, but laterally it extended to points fifty feet apart. Holes were made in the roof, the charcoal scraped from every burned stick, and the holes filled with cement.

In order to prevent any settling at this point, a pier of square blocks of trap rock was built directly under the space burned. Cleaning and filling the burned section occupied eighteen carpenters, working day and night, two months, besides common labor.

The Brooklyn caisson, completed, contained 250 tons of iron and 111,000 cubic feet of timber.

The New York tower is located in a direct line from the Brooklyn one, perpendicular to the stream, and at a distance of 1,595 1-2 feet. Borings on the site did not encounter rock before reaching a depth of from seventy-seven to ninety-two feet below high water, and as extensive beds of quicksand rested on the rock, it was necessary to go to it for a firm foundation. As this caisson would ultimately be subjected to a much greater pressure than the one upon the other side, the dimensions were made 102 by 172 feet. The roof was twenty-two feet thick, surmounted by a coffer dam reaching to high water mark, thus increasing the buoyancy and lessening the pressure on the frames during the sinking. The air chamber was nine and one-half feet high, and divided into six compartments. The interior of the chamber was lined with boiler iron, riveted together and calked. This lining made the chamber air-tight and guarded against fire. Two sets of double air-locks were built into the roof of the caisson, each being six and one-half feet in diameter by eight feet in height.

There were four supply shafts, two of which



ELEVATED RAILWAY.

equalizing pipe was then opened, and as soon as the air pressure in the tube was equal to that in the chamber, the lower door was opened, when the materials fell into the chamber. All the doors to the air-locks, as well as those to the shafts, fitted closely and swung into the chamber having the greater air pressure. Five massive frames or walls divided the air chamber of the caisson into six compartments. When this great box had been finished, it was launched and towed to its future resting-place.

During the building of the caisson the site of the foundation had been cleared, and a rectangular space a little larger than the caisson, and having a depth of water sufficient to float it, had been prepared. On May 1, 1870, the caisson was towed down, and on the following day was warped into position. The tower proper was now commenced on the top of this caisson, but it was not until three courses of masonry had been laid that the caisson was weighted sufficiently to rest firmly on the bottom and resist the action of the tides. Six air compressors had been placed on the surface for the purpose of supplying air to the air chamber of the caisson. The pressure in this chamber was kept equal to the hydrostatic head, differences in the materials passed through making slight deviations from this rule necessary. The work of excavating was carried on from the chamber, all obstructions being removed from under the shoes and frames. At

were twenty-four inches in diameter and two twenty-one inches. The caisson was sunk to a depth of seventy-eight feet in a manner very similar to that pursued on the other side, but owing to the nature of the material passed through, sand pumps were introduced, which utilized the air pressure in the chamber to force the sand out through tubes. The air chamber was filled as in the other case, except that the brick piers were deemed superfluous, owing to the greater strength. The New York caisson contained 180 tons of bolts, 200 tons of iron work, and 118,000 cubic feet of timber.

The tower is not a solid mass of masonry, but consists of three buttressed shafts, joined together up to the roadway by four connecting walls. In the Brooklyn tower the course next the caisson is seventeen feet thick; the thickness diminishes by offsets until at high water it is but ten and one-half feet. This forms two well holes, which are filled with concrete below water line, but left open up to the roadway. Spaces were also left from two feet above the arches to within four and one half feet of the top of the tower. In one of the wide shafts is a small vertical opening two feet five inches by three feet, connecting with one of these small spaces. By means of a trap and iron ladder access can always be had to the roof. Above the roadway the tower consists of three columns having an oblong section, and united at the top by arches having a span of thirty-nine and three-fourths inches. The points of the arches are 114 1-3 feet above the roadway. The arches are pointed and are formed by the intersection of two arcs of circles having a radius of forty-eight and one-sixth feet.

In order to guard against any possible changes of form, heavy irons were inserted in the masonry and rods placed across the span. The masonry of the towers below water is largely limestone, except the facing of the two upper courses, which is granite. The backing above high water to the roadway is mostly granite, and all the remainder of the work is granite. To raise the stones from the yard at the foot of the tower to the work, engines driving drums were used. About the drums was wound a rope which passed over a pulley on the top of the completed course of the tower. A lewis having been put in the stone to be raised, it was attached to the rope and hoisted to the top. Here a car running on rails projecting over the edge was run under, and the stone lowered on it. Having reached the tower, the derricks carried it to its destination. Upon the upper portion of the work balance derricks were used instead of the boom derricks.

The vertical dimensions of the towers are as follows:

Height of roadway above mean high tide, 119 1-4 feet; height of springing of arches above high tide, 198 feet; height of springing of arches above roadway, seventy-nine and one-fourth feet; height of ridge of roof stone, 271 1-2 feet. The height of the ridge of roof stone of the Brooklyn tower above bottom of foundation is 316 feet. In the New York tower the height of ridge of roof is 349 1-2 feet. A balustrade around the towers will increase the height to 276 feet above tide.

The following are some of the horizontal measurements: At the top of the caisson the Brooklyn tower is 151 by forty-nine feet, and the New York tower is 157 by seventy-seven feet; at high water the Brooklyn tower is fifty-seven by 141 feet, and the other fifty-nine by 141 feet.

At these points the towers have a solid section. At the base of the three shafts, or roadway, the Brooklyn tower is forty-five by 131 feet; at the springing of the arches, forty-two and one-half

by 128 1-2 feet; at the base of the upper cornice it is forty by 126 feet. The openings in the towers are thirty-three and three-fourths feet wide. Above high water the New York tower differs from the other by an increase of three feet in thickness in the direction of the axis of the bridge. The total weight of the Brooklyn tower, masonry and timber, is 93,079 tons. The greatest pressure at any point in the tower masonry will be at the base of the central shaft above the roadway; this will be about twenty-six tons to the square foot, or 361 pounds per square inch.

At a distance of 930 feet from each tower is an anchorage designed merely to resist the pull of the cables which pass over the towers. These rest on timber foundations, the spaces between the sticks being filled with concrete. The masonry of the Brooklyn anchorage is four feet above tide, while the other is at high tide level. The Brooklyn foundation is 119 1-3 by 132 feet. New York foundation, 119 1-3 by 138 feet. The masonry is similar. The work is solid with the exception of two openings, or tunnels, in the river side, which are arched by semicircular arches of twenty-three feet span, springing at

plates being made by anchor bars. These bars start in double sets from each plate, one curving over the other, and are vertical for a distance of about twenty-five feet, when they curve about ninety degrees on a circle having a radius of forty-nine and one-half feet. They then extend to within twenty-five feet of the front of the masonry, where they meet the cable wires. The bars have an average length of twelve and one-half feet; the first three sets have a section of 7x3 inches, the next three 8x3, the next three 9x3 inches; the tenth set is double in number, and each 1 1-2 x 9 inches section.

The total weight of the suspended superstructure, including cables, trusses, suspenders, braces, timber, flooring, steel rails, etc., is 14,680 tons; and the transitory load is estimated at 3,100 tons, making the total weight of the bridge 17,780 tons.

The approach on the Brooklyn side is 900 feet long on the center line, and commences at street grade at Sands street, rising 2.85 feet per 100 to the rear of the anchorage, where it is sixty feet above ground. It is crossed by several streets, and has one curve at about 200 feet from Sands street. It is 100 feet wide throughout. All the streets are crossed by box or plate girders. The New York approach is 1,546 long, commencing at grade at Chatham street, and rising 3.25 feet per 100 to the rear of the anchorage, where it is sixty-eight feet above ground. It is 100 feet wide for about 500 feet of the distance, and eighty-five feet for the remainder. At Franklin Square is an opening measuring, 210 feet on one side and 170 on the other, which is spanned by a truss bridge. The other streets are crossed by semicircular stone arches. The approaches are a series of arches resting on heavy piers with fronts entirely of granite. The cornice over the arches has a dentil course below, surmounted by a heavy projecting coping course. The cornice is surmounted by an ornamental granite parapet, four feet high. The arches in the approaches will be fitted up for warehouses, and in order to sustain great weight the floor beams will be of steel and wrought iron.

Both the station buildings are constructed of iron. The viaduct to accommodate passengers at the Brooklyn end is about 600 feet long. Beginning at Sands street it is fifty-six feet wide (the two passage ways for vehicles are at either side of the building) for 205 feet, of which 185 feet is roofed and inclosed on the sides.

This forms a building, the ground floor of which is

used by foot passengers, with the exception of a waiting-room, 60x18 feet, on the left as we enter. The next floor is at a height of about twenty feet above Sands street, and contains three lines of rails in the central space and two spacious passenger platforms, one at each side, and raised 2 1-4 feet above the rails. These platforms extend to some distance beyond the end of the building. The sides of the building from the main floor to the eaves of the roof are of ornamental cast-iron work and glass. The lantern framing is over the center of nearly the whole length of the building, and is fourteen feet wide by three feet high. The car passengers enter the waiting-room below, pass up wide stairs to the platform, and enter cars on the right track. Incoming passengers get off on the other side.

The New York station is twenty feet long by fifty-two and one-sixth wide; the height to peak of small roof at rear end is fifty-two and one-half feet, at front end sixty-one feet. The general arrangement is very similar to that of the other station.

The twenty-four cars are like those now in



BROADWAY.

from sixty-two to sixty-six feet above tide. The anchorages are about ninety feet high above tide level. They are built of limestone and granite. The Brooklyn anchorage contains 27,113 cubic yards of masonry; the New York, 28,803 cubic yards.

In the end of each anchorage farthest from the towers are four anchor plates (one for each end of each cable), which are held down by the dead weight of masonry piled upon them, and to which the cables are attached. The anchor plates in the Brooklyn anchorage are placed 8 feet above tide, and those in New York 6 feet. These plates are cast-iron, 21-2 feet thick at the center, and measure 16 1-2 by 17 1-2 feet on the surface. In form they much resemble an enormous wheel, having a massive hub and sixteen spokes, but no rim. Each plate weighs about twenty-three tons. The cables enter the corner of the anchorage diagonally opposite the plates, and after traversing a short distance horizontally, make a curve of about ninety degrees to the plates. The wires composing the cable do not come much beyond the corner of the tower, the connection between them and the

uss on the elevated roads of New York. They are 44 feet between couplings, 9 1-2 feet wide from out to out, and will comfortably seat forty-eight passengers.

THE ELEVATED RAILWAYS.

From Matthew Hale Smith's popular work, entitled "Sunshine and Shadow in New York," published by the J. B. Burr Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn., we extract the following description of this Elevated Railways:

For years and years the New York newspapers, merchants, bankers, brokers, and people generally who lived up town and did business down town, discussed all sorts of plans for securing more rapid transit than omnibuses or the street railways afforded from one end of the island to the other. Underground roads for steam propelled cars were projected, and one was actually tunneled for a short distance under Broadway. At last it was discovered that the best present and most practicable means of travel was above, rather than on, or even under the street, and this determined, the great boon of rapid transit was soon secured. It would have cost millions to remove sewers and gas and water pipes, or to change their direction, and millions more to secure the right of way under foundations, blocks and buildings for an underground road. Such a scheme was impracticable, if not impossible.

The first of the new roads from the Battery to Central Park and beyond was opened June 5, 1873, and on the first day 25,000 persons availed themselves of this novel means of travel. Running through some of the side streets on the west side of the city till it reached the broad Sixth Avenue, thence to Central Park, five miles from the starting point, it was pushed as rapidly as it could be built to the Harlem River. Very soon afterwards, the same corporation built another road on the east side of the city, also extending from the Battery, till it reached the Bowery and then through Third Avenue to Harlem. And as soon as the immense advantage of these up-in-the-air roads was seen, still other branches shot upward, till now the main thoroughfares are fairly gridironed with these elevated iron roads. It is as if the lower part of the city were the palm of a great hand with gigantic iron fingers stretched out to grasp Westchester county.

The pillars which support the roads are rolled iron set deep in the ground beyond the reach of displacement by frost, and all the supports and girders, though seemingly light and frail, are secure and substantial. Where the streets are narrow the roadway is bridged across by girders from side to side; in the broad Bowery the tracks are carried on rows of pillars close to the curb on each side of the street; and in Third and Sixth Avenues they rest on columns at each side of the surface railroads, and are bridged at the top by iron girders. The roads are not ornamental to the city. They spoil the fronts of many fine buildings. They destroy the privacy of second floor tenements past which they run. The smoke blown into the windows, and ashes, water and oil dropped into the street, and in some places on the sidewalks, occasion much complaint; they darken some stores and places of business, particularly at the corners where the stations and stairways to the same are erected; the noise of the cars is a nuisance; and the companies pay nothing for real or assumed damages to private property, and not a dollar to the city for the privilege of using and running over the most public thoroughfares. But the advan-

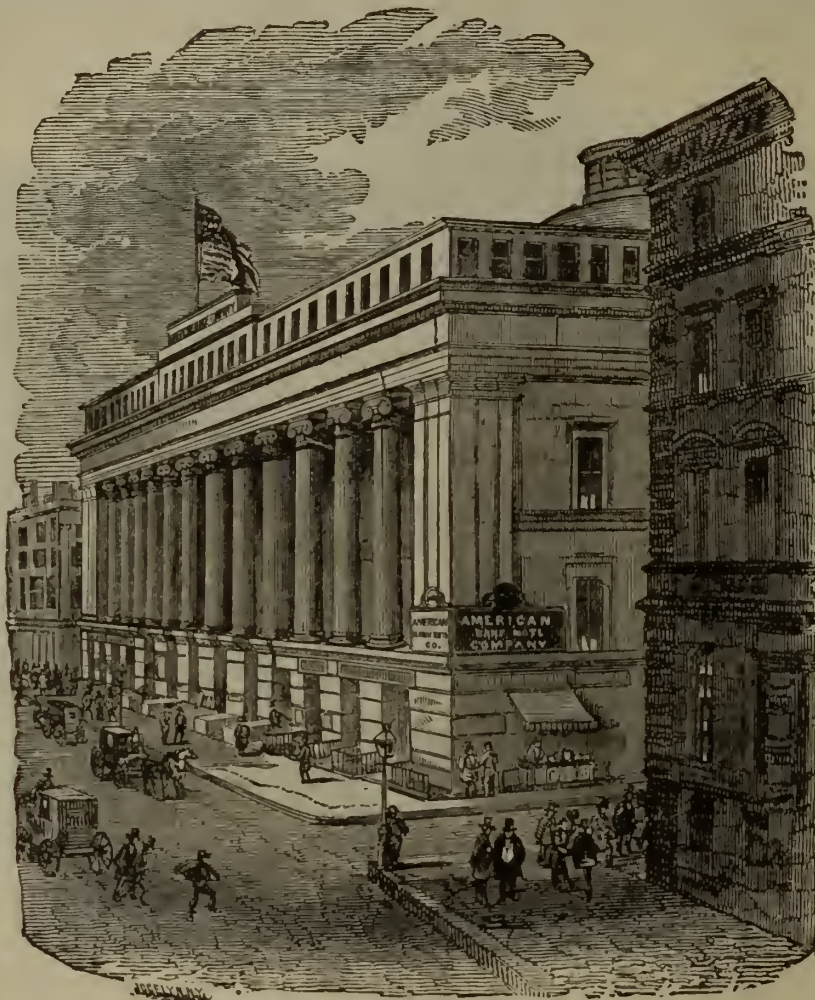
tages in rapid transit, in the increased value of up town property, and the constantly increasing trade and population by bringing back thousands who have been forced to live out of the city, but who now find tenements at reasonable rents on the upper end of the island, more than compensate for all the real or imaginary damage these roads have done to individuals or the city.

The stations on these roads occur at frequent intervals, so that houses can be reached within a block or two almost anywhere, and the routes are available for short as well as long distances. The cars are superbly furnished with spring cushion seats handsomely upholstered, and ranged on each side of the length of the car so as to give a wide passage through the middle for entrances and exit. Nicely carpeted floors, plate glass windows with adjustable blinds, and neat ornamentation throughout, make the cars attractive to passengers, and the absolute security for the safety of the traveler renders accidents of any kind very rare. Nervous people may fear

going and coming to and from their houses to their work or places of business is an immense advantage. The city population has been increased by thousands by bringing back these people. Trade of all sorts which goes to feed, furnish, and supply these families with the daily necessities of life is proportionally benefited. The immense advantage in real estate has not only enriched individuals, but has added to the revenues of the city; and the extensive building enterprises, which will go on till all the vacant spaces are covered with streets and houses, give employment to thousands of mechanics and day-laborers. The large slices of Westchester county recently comprised within the city limits became immediately valuable by means of rapid conveyance thereto, and the elevated railways have added incalculably to the growth and wealth of the city and to the convenience and comfort of the people. The whole upper part of the city is now as accessible to the citizen or the stranger as Union Square used to be when the only means of

transit were the street cars and omnibuses.

One curious effect of these roads upon certain kinds of retail trade, was noticed within a year after their opening. Men who had moved their stores and shops from down town, found that either they had not moved up far enough, or that they had better move back again to their old locations. Business men do not stop to make retail purchases on their way home, as heretofore. Either they buy at shops near their own place of business, or wait till the cars take them to places near their homes. Hence book, picture and similar stores flourish in Nassau Street, and first-class tailor and shoes shops do a good business, even in Broadway and other down town streets.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE GREAT BUILDINGS AND OTHER LEADING FEATURES OF NEW YORK.

BROADWAY.

BROADWAY is not as broad, nor as long, as other avenues of New York, but it is beyond comparison the business thoroughfare of the city, and taking it all and all, from its beginning at the Battery to its ending at Central Park, a distance of five miles, there is more variety in its architecture, its stores, and its throngs of people, than can be found anywhere in the world. It is pretty sharply divided into sections, each of which has its busy period during the day. Beginning at the starting-point, the Battery, we come at once to Bowling Green. Facing this circular inclosure are the new Produce Exchange and the new Field Building. Here are gathered the foreign consular offices and the steamship companies. We soon reach Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, and are in the midst of bankers, brokers, lawyers, and others. At the corner of Wall Street is the United Bank Building. Trinity Church, opposite, with its churchyard filled with shrubbery and trees, seems like an oasis in a desert of granite, marble, and sandstone. Passing the church, the huge and imposing structures of the Equitable and Mutual Life Insurance Companies and others completely dwarf the street, and it is not until St. Paul's Church and churchyard are reached that Broadway again looks wider. Here is the best point from which to study the turmoil of New York street traffic. Here Park Row branches out, forming an acute angle, on which stands the Post Office, while the many lines of horse-cars terminating opposite, and the constant stream of omnibuses and vehicles of all sorts

that the cars might run off the track and tumble down into the street; but there are no safeguards against that or any accident that might occur from a broken axle or wheel. Millions of people securely travel every year over these elevated roads, which combine safety with speed. The trains run between the stations at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and for the whole distance, making all the stops to let off and take on passengers, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. All the principal elevated railway companies are consolidated in one corporation.

The greatest advantage to this city by the opening of the elevated roads was the almost immediately increased value of real estate on the upper part of the island. In the first year after the trains began to run, more than 500 houses were built above Fifth Street, full 400 of them being second-class houses at reasonable rents for the small-salaried and working classes who, hitherto, had been compelled to find cheap homes on Long Island, in New Jersey, or elsewhere in the country. To these, the saving in time alone in

passing up and down Broadway, make crossing here an art which requires considerable courage. Here the financial division of Broadway loses itself in a mass of lawyers' offices, retail clothing establishments, etc., which have found the few blocks opposite the City Hall Park a convenient locality. Then comes dry goods and fancy goods, carpets, and ribbon dealers, all selling at wholesale only. At Spring Street we reach the St. Nicholas Hotel, at Prince Street the Metropolitan, and above Bleeker, the Grand Central. At Ninth Street is the vast iron structure known as A. T. Stewart's; near the corner of Tenth Street is Grace Church. Union Square, which is less than a quarter of a mile from here, breaks the continuity of Broadway, and when it begins again it is on the west of the square, and continues its course in that direction, crossing all the avenues that come in its way. Between Union and Madison Squares, which are only a little more than a quarter of a mile apart, have been erected some of the largest and finest stores in the city.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

This building was formerly the Merchants' Exchange. It is a huge pile of Quincy granite, about 200 by 160 feet, and 77 feet high. There is a portico on Wall Street, having twelve front, four middle, and two rear columns, each of granite, eighty-eight feet high and four and one-half feet in diameter. The rotunda is eighty feet high, and the dome is supported on eight pilasters of fine Italian variegated marble. The cost of the building and ground was \$1,800,000.

THE SUB-TREASURY.

The United States Sub-Treasury is in a large white marble building standing on the site of the old Federal Hall in which Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States. The main front is on Wall Street, facing Broad Street. It runs back to Pine Street, Nassau Street flanking it on one side and the Assay Office on the other. The design of the building is Doric; its dimensions are: Length, from Wall to Pine Streets, 200 feet; width, 80 feet; height of Wall Street front, 80 feet; of Pine Street front, 60 feet, the ground gradually sloping from the latter street. On the Wall Street side there is an imposing portico supported by eight marble columns 32 feet high, and on the Pine Street side there is a similar portico. The Wall Street portico is reached from the sidewalk by a flight of eighteen marble steps, extending the entire breadth of the building. Within there is a rotunda 60 feet in diameter, the dome being supported by sixteen Corinthian columns. Around this rotunda are ranged the desks of the various divisions of the Sub-Treasury. There are two large vaults for the storage of gold coin and notes on this floor, and the large vaults for the storage of silver are in the basement. The building is furnished with steel window shutters and doors.

STOCK EXCHANGE.

The building is in the style of the French Renaissance, is five stories high, of white marble, and with the columns and upper stories of colored granite. It has a frontage of 70 feet on Broad Street, and 162 feet on New Street, with an L running through to Wall Street. The Board-room is 141 by 53 feet, and the remainder of the building is divided into offices for members of the Exchange. The vaults in the basement for the safe deposit of valuables are the most extensive in the United States. Members only are allowed upon the floor. The Exchange opens at 10 A. M., and closes at 3 P. M. Seats in the Exchange are transferable with the consent of the committee, and the market value of a seat has now reached the price of \$30,000. About 300,000

to 400,000 shares of stock change hands daily, and the value of the railroad and miscellaneous bonds dealt in is from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000. In government bonds the transactions average about \$400,000 in amount each day, but millions are dealt in privately by members. The scene upon the floor during business hours is one of noise and confusion, and at times the place resembles Bedlam. The 15th of September is White Hat Day, and the smashing of the white hats worn by members during the summer is religiously attended to. The facilities for doing business offered by the Exchange are very great, its management excellent. Visitors are admitted to the gallery free at all times when the Exchange is open.

PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

The Produce Exchange occupies the block bounded by Whitehall, Pearl, Moore, and Water Streets, the main entrance being on Whitehall street. It was organized in 1861, and is the largest organization of its kind in the world. Its membership is limited to 3,000, which is now full. During exchange hours, it is the rendezvous of all the large merchants dealing in grain, lard, etc. About November it will remove to the new building on Bowling Green, covering a

of 1776. It was not rebuilt until twelve years had elapsed. The structure then erected stood until 1839, when it was pronounced unsafe, and pulled down to make way for the present one, which was finished in 1846. This is still one of the handsomest specimens of Gothic church architecture in the city. Looking up from Wall Street, at the head of which it stands, its steeple rising to a height of 234 feet, conveys an impression of size which buildings of greater dimensions, but less fortunately situated, do not give. The material used—a brown sandstone—also helps to increase the general effect. The doors are open in the daytime. The gray tints of the grained roof and its supporting rows of carved Gothic columns is mellowed by the daylight. The altar and reredos were erected as a memorial to William B. Astor by his sons. The altar is eleven feet long, and is divided into panels. In the center panel is a Maltese cross in mosaic, set with cameos and the symbols of the Evangelist. Surrounding the church is the churchyard, containing gravestones dating back as far as the church itself.

COOPER UNION.

This building is at the junction of Third and Fourth Avenues at Seventh Street and the Bowery. It is a brown stone building of plain and massive appearance, and seven stories high. It was built by the late Peter Cooper in 1857, at a cost of \$630,000, and endowed with \$200,000, for the support of the free reading-room and library. The expenses of keeping up the Union are about \$50,000 per annum, which is derived principally from the rentals of stores and offices in the building, and the income of the endowment fund. The scheme of the Union includes free schools of science and art, and a free reading-room and library. The evening schools of science and art are attended by over 3,000 students annually, mostly from the various trades and occupations of the city. None are admitted under the age of fifteen, or who are not acquainted with the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic. Females are admitted to the lectures and the scientific classes. A special art school is provided for women in the day.

LUDLOW STREET JAIL.

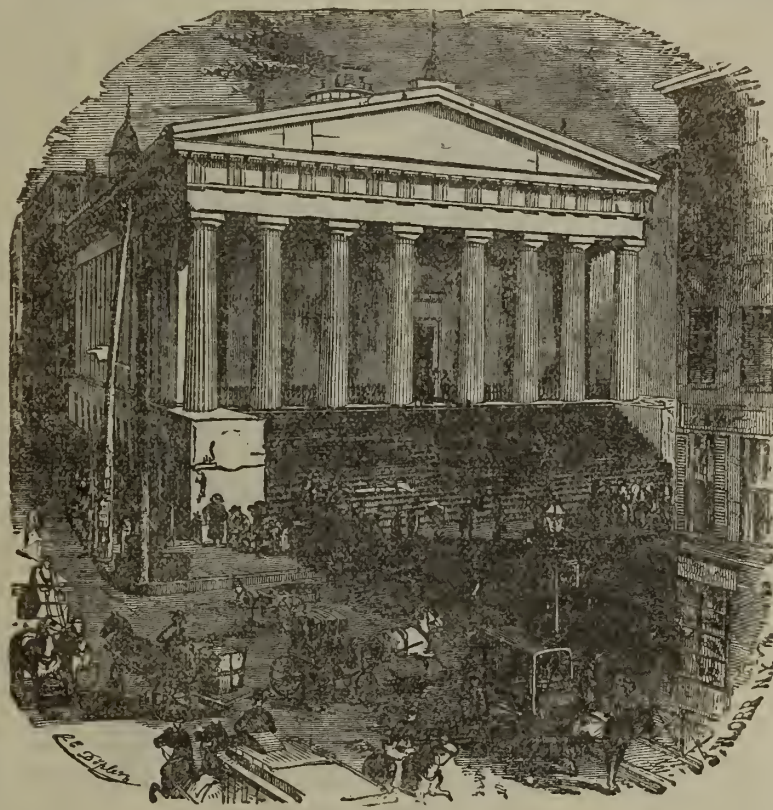
Persons arrested under process issued to the Sheriff of the County of New York, are taken to Ludlow Street Jail. Delinquent members of the National Guard form a large class. The jail also receives persons arrested for violating the United

States laws. Superior accommodations are furnished to those able and willing to pay for them. The building is of brick, and extends from Ludlow Street eastward to Essex Street. It is about 100 feet north of Grand Street, between which and it is Essex Market, separated by a narrow lane.

THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.

Probably the finest and largest railroad depot in the world is the Grand Central, on East Forty-second Street and Fourth Avenue.

The Victoria Station in Westminster, London, and the station in Turin, Italy, are secondary in size to this great structure which Commodore Vanderbilt, the railroad king, caused to be erected for the accommodation of the traveling public of the metropolis. The depot was commenced on September 15, 1869, and on October 7, 1871, the first train left the building. The depot is 240 feet wide by 696 feet in length; it is made of stone, brick, iron and glass, with wood for inside finishing. Ten millions of bricks were used, and the house covers four acres, and has two acres of glass in the roof. There are 182 windows, 41 doors, 18 stairways, and 2,000 gas burners, which are lighted by 25,000 feet of



SUB-TREASURY.

square. This is a most imposing and noble structure.

TRINITY CHURCH.

The wealthiest single church organization in the United States is the Trinity Corporation. It is also the oldest in New York, excepting the Dutch Reformed Collegiate Corporation, the land on which the church now stands having been granted by the English Government in 1697, being in the fifth year of the reign of William and Mary, its location being fixed as "in or near" to a street without the north gate of the city, commonly called Broadway. Eight years later, in 1705, the church received from the same sources the gift of "Queen Anne's Farm," embracing the entire tract lying along the North River, between the present Vesey and Christopher Streets. A large part of this magnificent endowment the corporation still controls. The first church was completed in 1699, and stood unchanged for forty years, when it was almost rebuilt. At the outbreak of the Revolution it was closed for a time, owing to the persistency of the clergy in reading the prayers for the King of England. When the British army had established itself again firmly in the city, the doors were again opened, but after a few days it was destroyed in the great fire

electric wire. Fifty intersecting railway tracks diverge from the building, covering a yard of four acres. This depot serves as a junction for the Hudson River, the New York Central, the New York and Harlem, and the New York and New Haven Railroads. The interior of the passenger room where the cars arrive and depart is as imposing as the exterior shown in the illustration. Trains are constantly arriving and departing, and so admirable is the system, everything moves like clock work.

Mr. J. C. Buckhout was the architect and engineer of the building and its dependencies, and is entitled to great credit for the fine arrangement and completion of the gigantic and magnificent structure.

UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

This building consists of departments of arts, science, law, and medicine. Instruction in the three first is given in the University building, on the east side of Washington Square, between Washington and Waverly Place. The governing body is a council of thirty-two members. The faculty consists of the chancellor, and of a staff of professors and instructors, numbering about sixty-four. The University was chartered in 1830. The building on Washington Square is a handsome Gothic structure of white freestone, and the lecture rooms are well arranged. The income is about \$40,000 per annum. Instruction in the department of arts and science is free; the course is four years, and in law two years, while in that of medicine it depends on the student.

CENTRAL PARK.

Central Park, now one of the most beautiful in the world, was within the memory of this generation a waste of rock and swamp. The work was taken in hand in 1857, little more than twenty years ago. Green lawns, shady groves, fine drives and walks, inviting expanses of water, and picturesque bits of scenery have taken root and blossomed in a waste place. The Park is bounded on the south by 59th Street, on the north by 110th Street, on the east by 5th Avenue, and on the west by 8th Avenue. The Park measures from north to south 13,464 feet 10 inches, or 256 feet over two and a half miles. Its breadth is 2,719 feet, or 79 feet over half a mile. The area within these bounds measures 840 acres. The length of carriage-ways or drives, having an average width of 54 feet and a width of 60 feet, is about nine miles; the length of the bridle-paths, having an average width of 16 1-2 feet, is about five and a half miles; and the length of the walks or footpaths, having a breadth of 13 feet, is about twenty-eight and a half miles. There are about thirty buildings in the Park of all kinds, and there are outside of these seats provided for about 10,000 persons, of which nearly 600 are in vine-covered arbors. The wooded ground covers about 400 acres, on which have been set out over 500,000 trees, shrubs, and vines. The Park is beautiful all the year round. It is at all times the fashionable drive. There are forty-eight bridges, archways, and tunnels. They are all highly ornamental, and of great variety in architectural design. The ball-ground is a fine stretch of lawn containing ten acres. Belvidere is the highest point in the Park. Bethesda Fountain is the central ornament of the Park, and is placed at the foot of the Terrace. Carousel is a part set apart for the amusement of the younger children. The Casino is a pretty stone cottage. The total area of water in the Park, exclusive of the reservoirs, is 43 1-4 acres. The Mall is a broad path lined with trees. It commands a fine view of this part of the Park, and is the grand promenade. The Park contains a menagerie, containing a very fine collection of birds and animals. There is also an observatory. The Ramble is one of the most charming parts of the Park. Vehicles used for business purposes are not permitted within the Park.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND.

Randall's Island is at the junction of the East River and Long Island Sound. It is divided from the shore on the north by a narrow channel known as the Harlem Kills, on the south from Ward's Island by Little Hell Gate, and is the

site of the House of Refuge, and other charities provided by the city for destitute children. On the south side of the island is the House of Refuge, under the care of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, for the use of which thirty acres are set apart. The buildings are of brick, in the Italian style of architecture; the two principal buildings are nearly 1,000 feet long. The boys and girls are kept separate, and those guilty of social crime apart from the more youthful. Children brought before police magistrates are sentenced to this institution. The average number of inmates is 800, all of whom are taught to work, as well as instructed in the common English branches. This institution is the first of the kind ever organized. John Griscomb, L.L.D., a member of the Society of Friends, was the pioneer in a philanthropic movement which led to the formation of this society. The charter was obtained in 1824, and on January 1, 1825, with six girls and three ragged boys, the first House of Refuge was inaugurated in the old barracks on Madison Square, which was then a long way out of the city. Here the Refuge remained about fifteen years, and in 1839 was transferred to Bellevue, at 23d Street and East River, where it continued about the same length of time, and in 1854 it was transferred to its present location. It is a State



NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

institution. Visitors must obtain a pass from the Commissioners of Charities, and are admitted daily from nine to five.

LOOMINGDALE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

This building is on the Boulevard and 117th Streets. It is a department of the New York Hospital. The management is invested in a committee of six governors of the Hospital. All patients are of the independent class, and pay from seven to forty dollars per week for board and treatment.

HIGH BRIDGE.

This magnificent structure, by which the Croton Aqueduct is carried across Harlem River, is of granite throughout, and spans the entire width of valley and river, from cliff to cliff. It is 1,450 feet long, 114 feet high, and supported on 14 massive piers, and has been well called "a structure worthy of the Roman Empire." On the lofty bank at its south end is a capacious reservoir for the supply of the higher portions of the city, the water being pumped into it by powerful machinery. From this point a comprehensive view of the city and surroundings may be had. A little below High Bridge, picturesquely

situated on the Harlem River, is the old Morris mansion, once the headquarters of Washington, and later the property of Madame Jumel.

HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.

The following sketch of life among the "upper ten" is from Matthew Hale Smith's "Sunshine and Shadow in New York," published by the J. B. Burr Publishing Co., of Hartford Conn.:

With the elite of New York, so called, money is the principal thing. The best society of New York is not to be found among the elite. If you wish parties, soirees, balls, that are elegant, attractive, and genteel, you will not find them among the snobbish clique, who, with nothing but money, attempt to rule New York. Talent, taste, and refinement do not dwell with these. But high life has no passport except money. If a man has this, though destitute of character and brains, he is made welcome. One may come from Botany Bay or St. James; with a ticket of leave from a penal colony or St. Cloud; if he has diamond rings and a coach, all places will be opened to him. The leaders of upper New York were, a few years ago, porters, stable-boys, coal-heavers, pickers of rags, scrubbers of floors, and laundry women. Coarse, rude, ignorant, uncivil, and immoral many of them are still. Lovers of pleasure and men of fashion bow and cringe to such, and approach hat in hand. One of our new-fledged millionaires gave a ball in his stable. The invited came with tokens of delight. The host, a few years ago, was a ticket taker at one of our ferries, and would have thankfully blacked the boots or done any menial service for the people who clamor for the honor of his hand. At the gate of Central Park, every day, splendid coaches may be seen, in which sit large, fat, coarse women, who carry with them the marks of the wash-tub. These people have money. They spend it in untold sums for balls, parties, and soirees, and in drawing upper New York into their gaudy mansions.

A MASKED BALL.

A young Boston lady, by an eligible marriage with a princely merchant, became the mistress of an extensive mansion in Madison Square. While in France she captivated the Emperor by her superb dancing and graceful skating. His majesty sent her a costly present. At Saratoga and Newport she drove her own dashing team with her footman behind, and became the most conspicuous of the visitors at those gay places. She resolved to give a fancy ball, and all the elite were in a fever of excitement. Brown, of Grace Church, had charge of the invitations, and five hundred were given out. All the guests were in costume. Three fourths of the guests wore masks. The dresses were rich, elegant, and costly. Suits were ordered from Paris and London. The hostess appeared as the Goddess of Music. Her dress was short, and her boots scarlet and trimmed with small bells. On her head was a lyre, from which issued brilliant jets of burning gas. Stock brokers, men in high life, and fast New Yorkers, appeared in various characters, among which the representatives of a monkey and of Satan attracted the most attention. The mansion was superbly fitted up. Thousands of dollars were spent in floral decorations. Plate of gold and silver, china from beyond the seas, adorned the table. Servants in brilliant gold and silver livery waited on the guests. Hidden bands sent music through the mansion. The supper lasted till five in the morning. The last strains of music for the dancers closed at six. The counting-rooms were thrown open, the hammer of the artisan was heard, carmen and laborers were at their work, before the festivities ended and the door closed on the last departing guest. Such is high life in New York.

WHO HAS MONEY.

Much of the society of New York is very select, intellectual, and genteel. But the moneyed aristocracy, those who crowd gilded saloons and make up the parties of the ton, who are invited to soirees, tancy balls, and late suppers, are among the coarsest, most vulgar and illiterate of our people. Money is made easily by many in New York; fortunes are acquired in a day; families go from a shanty on a back street to a brown-

stone front in upper New York, but they carry with them their vulgar habits, and disgust those who from social position are compelled to invite them to their houses. At a fashionable party persons are invited according to their bank account and to their standing on 'Change. A fashionable party is made up of representatives of all nations and all religions—men and women who can speak the English language and those who cannot, Jews and Gentiles, Irish and Germans, red-faced and heavy-bearded men, coarse-featured, red-faced, uncultivated women, who are loaded down with jewelry and covered with satins, who can eat as much as a soldier in the trenches. If they give a party, they give it to those who ridicule their position and manners. If they go to a party, they laugh in their turn.

BROWN, OF GRACE CHURCH.

The most famous man connected with New York high life is Brown, the sexton of Grace Church. For many years Grace has been the center of fashionable New York. To be married or buried within its walls has been ever considered the height of felicity. For many years Brown has stood at the entrance to fashionable life. He gets up parties, engineers weddings, and conducts funerals more genteelly than any other man. "The Lenten season is a horribly dull season," he is reported to have said; "but we manage to make our funerals as entertaining as possible." No party in high life is complete without him. A fashionable lady about to have a fashionable gathering at her house orders her meats from the butcher, her supplies from the grocer, her cakes and ices from the confectioner, but her invitations she puts into the hands of Brown. He knows whom to invite and whom to omit. He knows who will come, who will not come, but will send regrets. In case of a pinch, he can fill up the list with young men, picked up about town, in black swallow-tailed coats, white vests, and white cravats, who, in consideration of a fine supper and a dance, will allow themselves to be passed off as the sons of distinguished New Yorkers. The city has any quantity of ragged noblemen, seedy lords from Germany, Hungarian barons out at the elbow, members of the European aristocracy who left their country for their country's good, who can be served up in proper proportions at a fashionable party when the occasion demands it. No man knows their haunts better than Brown. He revels in funerals. Fashion does not change more frequently in dress than in the method of conducting funerals in high life. What constituted a very genteel funeral last year would be a very vulgar one this.

Cards of invitation are sent out as to a party. Sometimes the shutters of the house are closed, and the funeral takes place in gas-light. The lights are arranged for artistic effect. Parties who have the entree of fashionable life can tell, the moment they enter the rooms, what fashionable sexton has charge of the funeral. The arrangement of the furniture, the position of the coffin, the laying out of the body, the coffin itself, the adjustment of the lights, the hanging of the drapery, the plate-glass hearse, the number of horses, the size and quality of the plumes on the hearse and team, indicate the style of the funeral, and the wealth and social position of the family. Mourning has a style peculiar to itself, and the intensity of the grief is indicated by the depth of the crape. Brown is a huge fellow, coarse in his features, resembling a dressed-up carman. His face is very red, and on Sundays he passes up and down the aisles of Grace Church with a peculiar swagger. He bows strangers into a pew, when he deigns to give them a seat, with a majestic and patronizing air, designed to impress them with a realizing sense of the obligation he has conferred upon them.

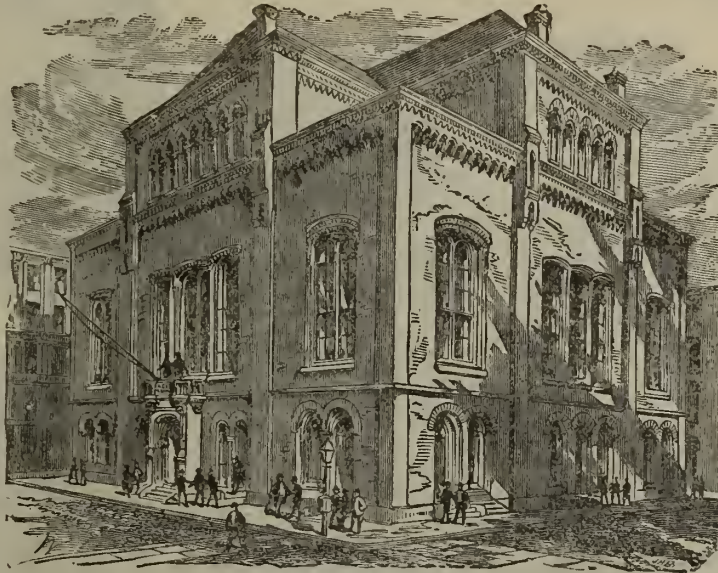
YELLOW KIDS.

Fashionable New York is distinguished by yellow kids. The supply must be large, for the demand is great. Wherever you find fashionable New York or young New York, there you will find yellow kids. On New Year's Day, when thousands throng the streets, every man you meet, young or old, who makes any pretension

to society, wears yellow gloves. When the Common Council turn out, every man sports a pair at the city's expense. In Broadway or at Central Park, at the opera or in church, these glaring appendages flash before the eye. A fashionable New Yorker may have seedy clothes, a hat out of season, boots the worse for wear, still he will sport his yellow kids.

CLUBS.

After the London fashion, clubs are becoming common among the upper ten. They have not yet got the political significance of those of the Old World. The Loyal League, in its elegant quarters on Union Square, is Republican. The Manhattan Club is Democratic. But these are for occasional festivals. The members of each belong to the different clubs of the city. The most elegant buildings on Fifth Avenue are club houses. They are furnished in the most gorgeous manner. Every convenience of comfort and luxury that can be conceived is found within the walls. Nearly every club house indicates the brief life of a New York aristocrat. A lucky speculation, a sudden rise in real estate, a new turn of the wheel of fortune, lifts up the man who yesterday could not be trusted for his dinner, and gives him a place among the men of wealth. He buys a lot on Fifth Avenue, puts up a palatial residence, outdoing all who have gone before him, sports his gay team in Central Park, carpets his sidewalk, gives two or three parties, and disappears from society. His family return to the sphere from which they were taken, and



PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

his mansion, with its gorgeous furniture, becomes a club house. These houses are becoming more and more numerous. They are breaking up what little social and domestic life remains in the city. Few homes are known to New York high life. Men go to the club to dine, and spend their evenings amid its fascinations.

There are about fifty incorporated clubs in the city—political, social, sporting, literary, and artistic. The principal of these are the Manhattan, Democratic, the Union League, Republican, whose new club house cost \$270,000, Union, Lotus, and University, all on Fifth Avenue; New York, St. Nicholas, Army and Navy, and Sorosis, the ladies' club, in up-town streets near Fifth Avenue; the Century, one of the oldest and richest clubs, has a fine building in East Fifteenth Street; the Racquet Club is in Sixth Avenue; the American Jockey in Madison Avenue; and the Press Club, which numbers more than three hundred members, is near Printing House Square, in Nassau Street.

THE MILLIONAIRES.

Before the war there were very few men in New York worth over \$5,000,000. Most of Stewart's property was acquired during and after the war. Most men now worth \$10,000,000 and upward were considered poor and honest twenty-five years ago. To-day W. H. Vanderbilt has \$65,000,000 in United States bonds, and he is reported to hold some \$50,000,000 in New York Central and Hudson River stock, \$50,000,000 more in other railroads in this and other States, and a vast amount of valuable real estate in this

city. His property cannot amount to less than \$200,000,000, and probably is nearer \$300,000,000 than the former sum. He is without question the richest man on the globe to-day. He could buy any of Rothschilds, and still be the richest man in the world. And unlike the rich men of England—the Dukes of Bedford, Westminster, Argyll, and Buccleuch, who inherited their great estates—Vanderbilt's property has been accumulated in two generations, and the most of it in thirty years. The case stands without a parallel in history.

It is a singular list of names that follows that of Vanderbilt in this catalogue. We take each at his reputed valuation: Jay Gould, \$100,000,000; D. O. Mills, \$20,000,000, Russell Sage, \$15,000,000; J. R. Keene, \$15,000,000; the late E. D. Morgan, \$10,000,000; S. J. Tilden, \$15,000,000; Samuel Sloan, \$10,000,000; Commodore Garrison, \$10,000,000; Cyrus W. Field, \$10,000,000; Hugh J. Jewett, \$5,000,000; Sidney Dillon, \$5,000,000; David Dows, \$5,000,000; J. De Navaro, \$5,000,000; John W. Garret, \$5,000,000; W. W. Astor, \$5,000,000.

FAST LIFE IN NEW YORK.

THERE is no department or profession in the city, writes Matthew Hale Smith, in his celebrated book entitled, "Sunshine and Shadow in New York," where fast men cannot be found. The pulpit, the bar, mercantile and banking life, have specimens of this class; none can be called

exempt. The temptations to hazard are very great, and high life is at a premium among a class. Besides these men who are princes in trade, and like the merchants of Tyre, are "the honorable of the earth," are men who live for the day and the hour, and whose motto is, "All is fair in trade." These men gain money in any way that is open to them, reckless of consequences. They go for a merry life, though it be a short one. If they make five hundred dollars, they spend it at once on their whims, caprices, passions, and appetites. Penniless curbstone brokers, one day they have rooms at an up-town hotel, the next ride down to the street in a coach, drink the costliest wine, eat the most exciting food, dash out in a splendid dress, hire a box at the opera, and the next week become as penniless and destitute as before. With fast New York, money is everything; balls, parties, and soirees are open to the man of the diamond ring, and who calls in a coach. Parties who a year or two ago were porters, stable-boys, and coal-heavers affect style, and drive the stunning turnouts on the Park. Some women, who give what are called select parties, are rude, coarse, and ignorant, from whose persons the marks of the wash-tub and the stiffness of their joints from scrubbing has not been effaced. Men who were ticket takers at a ferry, starters on an omnibus route, or car drivers, buy expensive teams and lead the fashion for an hour. So-called fashionable people will scramble for an invitation to a masquerade ball, or a fancy party, who would not speak to the hostess outside of her own dwelling.

RECREATIONS OF THE FAST CLASS.

The fashionable recreations of the fast class in New York are in keeping with the low life from which they sprung, and with their extravagant habits. Ladies appear in their costly mansions, glittering with gas and covered with bells. Extravagant costumes, imported at fabulous prices, represent monkeys, Satan, apes, and other forms, which show the taste of the wearers. Servants are decked out in gold and silver livery. Laboring men of different nationalities are hired for the occasion, and dressed up in fancy costumes to represent nobles and barons of the Old World. This style of life is invariably of short duration. Since Lenox, who led the up-town movement, laid the foundation of his substantial dwelling on Fifth Avenue, which is still occupied by him, at least five hundred families have occupied gorgeous mansions and disappeared from sight. All up and down Fifth Avenue are magnificent mansions, built by fast men of the street, and occupied by latter-day

fashion, during the brief, sunny hour allotted to them. These persons were the rage and sensation for the time. Nothing was good enough for their use, in this country. Carpets woven in the most celebrated looms in foreign cities, furniture manufactured at an immense cost in Paris, gold and silver plate and china brought from beyond the seas were the marvels of the hour. When a party was given, all New York was stirred; the sidewalks were carpeted, and the mansions brilliantly illuminated. The turnouts were the envy of the city. Such dresses, such horses, such aristocratic liveries could not be matched in the country. Without a single exception, these fast livers of pleasure have gone out of sight, not one remaining to-day who was on the surface ten years ago. Some that I have seen, the envy of Saratoga and Newport, are dead; others occupy tenebrous houses in the city with drunken husbands who have added intemperance to financial reverses. Many of those magnificent mansions on Fifth Avenue, which were built for the fast men of the street, are club houses now, and the names of their builders and founders have already perished. Not only from the street, but from social life, these fast men have disappeared forever. In their ruin they have carried down their families with them.

A RUINED MAN, ONCE A FINANCIAL KING.

Every day I meet on Wall Street, a man who fifteen years ago stood among the richest and most honorable, the representative of one of the most successful houses in the country. He seldom looks to the right hand or left. He is getting to be an old man now, but stoops quite as much from sorrow as from age. His dress is of the past generation—his huge collar and double cravat speak of olden time. His step is slow, and he looks seedy and worn. Yet at one time he was one of the wealthiest men in the country. His name was one of the best known in America. It was honored at the courts abroad, and stood high among the honorable merchants of the world. He inherited the name and the business of a house that through half a century had been unstained. The slow and sure method of gain did not suit him; he tried the fast role. To keep it up, he speculated with trust money put into his hands. This did not meet his necessities and he used other people's names and added embezzlement and forgery. The game came to an end, as all such transactions must. He fled between two days, and wandered in foreign lands under an assumed name. Widows and orphans were ruined, and the innocent were dragged down in his fall. He lived abroad as a fugitive. He found he was not pursued. He grew bolder, and finally appeared in the streets of New York. Nobody meddled with him. Some who remembered him in other days and pitied him gave him a commission or two to execute. He skulked around through the by-ways and narrow lanes of lower New York like a culprit, where a few years ago he trod the pavement like a king. He has a little den of an office, strange enough, near the spot where Aaron Burr planted himself at the close of his life, and tried

to earn a scanty living, after having flung away the most brilliant prospect and repute that a public man ever possessed.

THE FAST MEN AT THE CLUB HOUSES.

The fast men of the street can be found in the evening at some one of the many club houses established in the upper part of the city. These numerous and growing institutions are very unlike the club houses of London, nor have they their political significance. In London the club houses have a staidness, order, and aris-

their clubs to eat and drink and be excited. A London broker will go up from Lombard Street to his club, take a cosy corner, and dine upon a sober joint with a single glass of sherry or a mug of ale. A New York broker will go to his club and dine off from a bill of fare that would be considered sufficient for a court dinner to crowned heads or a banquet at the Lord Mayor's mansion. An Englishman will sit down at his club with a decanter of wine between himself and friend, with the smallest and most fragile of wine glasses and will hold a conference from one to

four hours, in a low-toned voice, discussing mercantile and other matters, and will rise from the table with that single glass of wine not consumed. If touched at all, it will be merely sipped, from time to time, during the conversation. A New Yorker will go to his club or hotel, with the fever of business still coursing through his veins—excited from success or maddened from losses—and before he can touch a mouthful of food will call for his bottle of champagne, infuse into it an effervescence prepared for such excited spirits, and drain the contents before he touches his soup. It is no marvel that such men grow gray at forty; that premature baldness marks the business men of New York; that only a few reach mature life, and that many of these have paralysis, the gout, and hundred disorders; that long lives of them can be seen every morning—men made to be healthy and destined to grow old—trotting along with canes to support them and with an unsteady step, having burnt out their manhood, consumed their strength, and prematurely impaired their health by the excesses of their lives. No warning will avail, no beacious admonish, but each for himself will strike his heel on the sunken rocks and hidden shelves and perish like a vessel stranded on the beach.

A young man in this city represented a New England house of great wealth and high standing. He was considered one of the smartest and most promising young men in New York. The balance in the bank kept by the house was very large, and the young man used to boast that he could draw his check any day for two hundred thousand dollars and have it honored. The New England house used a great deal of paper; and it could command the names of the best capitalists to any extent. One gentleman, a member of Congress, was reputed to be worth over half a million of dollars. He was accustomed to sign notes in blank and leave them with the concern, so much confidence had he in its soundness and integrity. Yet, strange to say,

these notes with those of other wealthy men, with nearly the whole financial business of the house, were in the hands of the young manager in New York, who, with none to check or control him, did as he pleased with the funds. Every one thought him honest. Every one confided in his integrity. All believed that he was doing the business of the concern squarely and with great ability.

In the meanwhile he took a turn at Harry Hill's "to relieve the pressure of business." Low amusements, and the respectable company he found, suited him. From a spectator he



TRINITY CHURCH.

toocracy, that mark the British character everywhere.

THE CLUB HOUSES, AND HOW THEY LIVE THERE.

The New York club houses have the excitement of the street about them. They are furnished in gorgeous style. The most costly viands and the most exciting and expensive liquors are furnished. Fast New York spend a portion of their evenings amid the fascinations of the club. Londoners go to their clubs to discuss political matters, and decide upon parliamentary discussions or political agitations. New Yorkers go to

became a dancer. From dancing he took to drinking. From the bar he entered those paths to which Harry Hill's saloon is the entrance. He tried his hand at light play. He then went into gaming heavily, was stripped every night, drinking deeply all the while. He became enamored with fancy women, clothed them in silks, velvets, and jewels, drove them in dashing teams through Central Park, secured them fine mansions, and paid the expenses of the establishments—all this while keeping the confidence of his business associates. His wan, jaded, and dissipated look went to his devotion to business. Men who met him daily had no idea that he was bankrupt in character, and had led the great house with which he was connected to the verge of ruin. The New England manager of the house was the father of the young man. His reputation was without a stain, and confidence in his integrity was unlimited. He had the management of many estates, and held large sums of trust money in his hands belonging to widows and orphans. In the midst of his business, in apparent health, the father dropped down dead. This brought things to a crisis, and an exposure immediately followed. The great house was bankrupt, and everybody ruined that had anything to do with it. Those who supposed themselves millionaires found themselves heavily in debt. Widows and orphans lost their all. Men suspended business on the right hand and on the left. In gambling, drinking, in female society, and in dissipation generally, this young fellow squandered the great sum of one million four hundred thousand dollars. He carried down with him hundreds of persons whom his vices and dissipation had ruined. And this is but a specimen of the reverses to which a fast New York life leads. He may be seen any day reeling about the street, lounging around bar-rooms, or attempting to steady his steps as he walks up and down the hotel entrances of the city. A sad wreck! a terrible warning.

WALL STREET AND THE STOCK BROKERS.

By permission of the J. B. Burr Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn., we extract the following entertaining article from Matthew Hale Smith's well known work, entitled "Sunshine and Shadow in New York."

Wall Street gives its name to the locality where the moneyed men of the city, millionaires, speculators, heavy brokers, and leading financiers have their headquarters. It means more than the short narrow street designated on the map as Wall Street. The heaviest operators are not located on Wall Street proper. They are found on Broad Street, New Street, Nassau, Pine, Cedar, William, Exchange and on Broadway. The Stock Board is on Broad Street. The Gold Board is on New Street. In "High Change" the surging excited crowd who throng the sidewalk and raise the din of Babel, are seen on Broad Street from Wall to Pearl. The rooms and dens of the heaviest operators who are on the street are off from Wall Street. So are the regular Boards, and gathering places for operators who are excluded from the regular market. Early in the morning the whole street is quiet as Broadway on a Sunday. Business commences at ten. Business men come down in droves. They come from every direction and locality. Full half of those who do business in Wall Street live in Brooklyn, Jersey City, Elizabeth, Long Island, and up the river, half way to Albany. The new style of business is very marked. The old brokers and speculators were content with small chambers, back rooms, and even with dens and cellars, bare floors, with hard furniture, coarse and without ornament. Dark and dingy offices were filled with the heaviest operators. The richest men, and the most daring in speculation have no office of their own. Each has one broker, some several, and when down town these millionaires make their homes with those who buy and sell for them. Some of the

heaviest houses are very plain. Belmont's banking rooms are frowning, heavy, sepulchral, and are lighted by gas in the day time after the English style. Brown & Brothers welcome customers to iron seats and stone pavements. The men of the olden time walked to their business, or at best took a street car or an omnibus.

As business opens Wall Street is full of coaches, hacks and cabs. As business draws to a close, the street is occupied again by vehicles. The new race of brokers adopt style. Some come to business in their own elegant turnouts, with servants in livery. Others hire coaches and cabs, and ride to and from Wall Street. Many do this who are as poor as rats, who, if they have five dollars spend half of it for a cab, and the other half for a lunch at Delmonico's. They often borrow this sum. They go home to sleep in an attic or a room in a tenement house, and remove from week to week to avoid the payment of rent. The Chancel style, as it is called, in Wall Street, is a modern thing. An old broker, who had made his fortune in prudent and honest speculations, and was content with his small den and green baize table, left his business with his boys and went to Europe. On his return he found "his house" in elegant chambers, adorned with costly carpets, plate windows, mirrors, magnificent furniture, walls frescoed in oil, and all the paraphernalia of modern style. The merchant was excited and indignant. He denounced the extravagance. The idea of doing business in a counting-room elegant as the

selves. Merchants who bought goods at auction obliged their clerks to take them home on their shoulders to save portage. Less than sixty years ago, one of our wealthiest merchants of to-day debated with his brother whether it would be prudent to pay \$350 rent for a dwelling-house. Yet his business then was very good.

HIGH CHANGE.

At ten o'clock, Wall Street, at the corner of Broad, is an interesting spot. Men rush in from all directions. Knots and cliques gather for the contest. Muscular brokerage is at a premium. Young roughts are dressed like expressmen, with low-crowned hats, docky coats, "stunning" jewelry and flaming rings. Old men are nowhere. At the Gold Board, youngsters and clerks, with powers of attorney, represent their firms. At the Stock Board, none but members are admitted. But each house has a young member who is trained for the conflict. The stock room is quiet enough during the monotonous call of the regular stocks. Members sit in elegant chairs, or are broken up into little knots, and quietly discuss matters. The cockpit is empty. But when an exciting stock is called all is changed. Members rush for the center of the room pell mell. The crowd, the rush, the jostle, the fierce pushing, the clang of conflict, is too much for old men. Young men and mere boys raise the din, buy, sell, loan and borrow. Millions pass through their hands in a minute. They tear up and down stairs, rush in

and out, race down the street, and across, and pitch into quiet citizens as they furiously turn corners. Leading speculators begin to gather on the street. Each regular house has its patrons and customers. In ordinary times speculators remain in the office of their broker. Plain-looking, cheaply-dressed, common appearing men they are. Knowing nothing but stocks, they are ill at ease. The click of the telegraph passes along the prices. The indicator shows the rise and fall of gold. Lunch comes and goes. Runners come in from time to time with the reports. As stocks go up or down, discussions are carried on. Usually all is restless and without interest.

BULLS AND BEARS IN CONFLICT.

One class of brokers have stocks to sell. They resort to every means to advance the price. They are called Bulls. Another class have stocks to buy. They resort to all sorts of schemes to send stocks down. These are Bears. When men come in conflict in the street,

Wall Street is a scene of great excitement. When it is known that a contest is to take place, the Gold Room is thronged. This room is a very shabby-looking place, as offensive as the Stock Room is elegant. A few chairs, very common ones, are in the building. The maddened throng have no time to sit. A strip of gallery occupies one side of the room, and is crowded with spectators. A heavy board partition keeps out intruders from the Exchange. The center, which is lower than the rest of the room, is called the pit. In the middle is a massive table, oblong in shape, to keep the operators from trampling each other to death in the excitement. A surging crowd, yelling, screaming, gesticulating, stamping, fill every portion of the room. One cool person occupies a seat above the din of the conflict. He is calm amid the tempest and storm. He touches a bell and the turmoil subsides. In a moment the sale of gold is announced on all sides of the rooms and sent quivering over the wires to the various offices in the city. Many dealers have no connection with the telegraph. Communication is made to these by runners. The messengers crowd the avenues to the Gold Room, fill vestibules and aisles and aid to keep up the excitement. The bell of the President announces the sale of gold, and these parties start on the run. Tearing down the street, rushing into alleys, darting into doorways, they carry the news to their employers. Old men, fat men, tall men, professor-like looking men in spectacles, men looking wonderfully like



COOPER UNION

chancel of a church, was preposterous. But since the old broker has found himself at home in his Fifth Avenue palace, he takes things more quietly. Besides Wilton carpets, mirrors and paintings, modern brokers who maintain style, set an elegant lunch at a cost of \$5,000 a year. To this their customers are invited. Loafers, hangers-on, and soldiers of fortune, are always ready to help themselves.

Even fifty years ago, business in New York was very unlike what it is now. Men in mercantile life went into business as apprentices at a compensation of \$50 a year. Wholesale merchants were few. Broad, Wall and Pearl Streets were the business portions. Porters carried goods in their hands, at a shilling, below Canal Street, twenty-five cents above. Store boys were sent with goods above Canal Street to save cost. The youngest boy went to his master's house for the keys in the morning to open the store, and returned them at night. Customers came to the city to trade four times a year, and traders knew when to expect them. Merchants used the most rigid economy, and were their own salesmen, book-keepers, and bankers. They built the front of their dwellings with one material, and saved a few hundred dollars by building the rear with a cheaper one. Fifty years ago there were not a dozen two-horse carriages in New York. The city was compact and there was little use for them. Above Fourteenth Street was beyond the "lamp district." It was not lighted or policed, and people had to take care of them-

clergymen without a parish, and boys, are all on the run.

At such times a broker's office is a suggestive place. The crowd is so dense at times outside that teams cannot drive through the street. Some brokers have a strong guard of police around their offices. Inside the offices are very exciting. The wildest rumors fly about. Banks, heavy houses, and wealthy men are said to be going under. The slain and wounded are seen—men who, ten days before, could count their bank balance by tens and hundreds of thousands, by a single stroke have been completely "cleaned out," and are left without money enough to buy a lunch. In the room some rail like mad men; others walk the floor, snap their fingers, knit their brows, shake their heads, and mutter threats. Others in silence look at a particular spot on the floor, and pay no attention to the mad throng rushing in and out. A young man, not thirty, with an exhausted look and sad countenance, in answer to the remark—"The vagabonds have completely cleaned you out," said: "Yes, I am \$150,000 worse than nothing. But that is not the worst of it. I am ten years older than I was ten days ago." During this scene the telegraph holds on its way announcing the panic in stocks. A comment or two will be heard on each tumble. "Oh! that is Meigg's stock. Pity that old house has gone down." Another tumble. "That is Lockwood. The Pacific mail did that."

Beyond Wall Street, and beyond the broker's offices, the movement of Bulls and Bears carries disaster. Alarm spreads through the city. Large houses reel, and small ones totter down. The entire business of the country is at the mercy of a few reckless men. Shrinkages in dry goods stores produce ruin. Money taken out of circulation tightens the market, and men who borrow have to pay from 90 to 365 per cent., for without money merchants cannot do business long.

The new mode of doing business intensifies the excitement of Wall Street. Stock operators have their brokers, as business men have their banks. Vanderbilt had no office on Wall Street. He was seldom there. Yet he was one of the heaviest operators. He had a legion of runners who bought for him while he sat in his little room in Fourth Street: he bought in silence and no one could track him. Drew had a little den of a room in the third story of a building, to which he retired when he wished to be alone. He could generally be found in the office of his principal broker, sitting on a bench dozing, or sound asleep. Formerly, to fill an order brokers attended the Stock Board in person and watched the market. Now they sit in their elegant rooms, and communicate by telegraph, or give a quiet order to messengers who disappear and make the purchase. There is very little talking in a broker's office during business hours. The rooms are usually crowded. Every creak of the machine carries fortune or ruin to some one. Men get up, sit down, look out of the window, walk out of the door, walk back, smoke, go out, take a drink, discuss the chances, pull their hair, whistle, slap their hands, or break out in abrupt expletives. Outside, in stirring times, men are quite as excited. One day a large crowd gathered in Wall Street. The central figure was a well known operator in Clique Stocks. It is said that he has made and lost more money in speculations than any other man in New York except Jacob Little. He was in the middle of the street, hat off, face flushed, coat thrown back, gesticulating with his hands, following a well-known locker-up of greenbacks, and was shouting: "There goes Shyluck! What's the price of money, Shyluck? What's the price of money?" The shouting, and the excitement called all heads to the windows and filled the street with the rabble, that followed the parties several blocks. The man who was shouting "Shyluck," was one of the coolest, most self-possessed of men usually. The man attacked

was a tall, slim, fine looking person, very slightly moved by the assault. "What's the price of Erie, Dick?" "What's the price of Hudson?" was the response.

HOW STOCKS ARE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

The present style of business in the street enables a man, with a very small sum of money, to do a very large business. With \$1,000 he can purchase \$10,000 worth of stock. With \$10,000 he can purchase \$100,000. He leaves his order with the broker, puts up his "margin" and his stock is bought and carried for him. The broker can well afford to do this. He is perfectly safe, for he has the stocks and the margin as protection. He has every motive to induce his customers to buy largely. He gets the interest on his money and a commission for buying and selling. As his commission is only \$12.50 on \$10,000, he must do a large business to make anything. When men buy two millions of stock the commissions amount to something. The better class of brokers are not willing to have customers who cannot back up their sales. It is troublesome to have to watch the market, and it is unpleasant to sell a customer out. As the stock falls, if buyers do not keep their margin good, the broker must protect himself by selling the stock, and using up the money deposited.

Immense sums of money are sent into the street from outsiders, who, because they have been successful in dry goods, and other branches

and regular houses do as legitimate a business as is done by any department of trade in New York.

GAMBLERS AND GAMBLING DEN.

NINE-TENTHS of the population of the great city of New York have but a small conception of the number of gambling dens in operation, or of the vast amount of money daily squandered in this way. Under the very eyes of the police the gamblers prosecute their nefarious calling, and scores of men of all ages are daily enticed into these disreputable dens and invariably ruined.

Mr. Nathan D. Urner, a journalist of this city, gave, some years ago, in the *New York Weekly*, the following graphic pen-picture of the gaming table:

In the summer of '65, I was engaged, by a Benovolent Institution, to write a pamphlet upon the gamblers and gambling houses of New York, which, inasmuch as it involved considerable statistical statements, required extraordinary preliminary research.

It was during that period following the close of the war and the assassination of President Lincoln, when the moral atmosphere of the country was in that peculiarly uncertain, almost chaotic, condition incidental to a great political reaction.

The rapid increase of the evil of gambling was one of the most prominent of the darker features, and the one which it was the chief object of my literary mission to arrest, by the compilation of a truthful and accurate account.

It was at the time estimated by the police authorities that the number of gambling resorts—including the games of Faro, Keno, Roulette, and the rest—had more than doubled in the metropolis within a period of twelve months.

Keno was especially the "rage" among a certain class at that time, and I had, through my personal acquaintance with the proprietor (who, by the way, was a kind-hearted and amiable man, despite his vocation), selected a well-known establishment on Broadway, just above — Place, as my chief point of observation, for the purpose of taking notes.

It is immaterial to describe the mystery of entrance, the ingenious methods adopted to avoid intrusion on the part of unwished-for visitors, etc.

The rooms themselves were gorgeously furnished. They contained all the al-

lurements of voluptuous pictures, luxurious statues, "free lunch," perpetually and elegantly served, and every other inducement for both the incipient and the veteran gambler; while from a distant chamber, separated from the rest by green-baize, listed doors, day and night, and all night long, came the rattling whirl of the Keno cylinder, the steady call of the dealer, and, at irregular intervals, the triumphant call of "Keno," which proclaimed the success of one or another of the earnest slaves who surrounded the gaming-board.

The game itself may be readily described. It is simply the child's game of "Loto," which most of us were familiar with in days gone by. An upright cylinder—keg-like in shape, usually of elegantly-carved rosewood or mahogany, and placed between two small posts—contains a number of round dice, or ivory balls, each of which has its appropriate number in plain black indentation. The dealer sits at the side of this cylinder, and whirles it round. At every revolution one of the little balls falls from the bottom of the cylinder, and is caught in the hand of the dealer, who calls off its number, and then places it in a velvet niche (correspondingly numbered) of an open case placed at his left hand.

Surrounding a long table, just below and just in front of the small platform on which the dealer or "caller-off" is seated, sit the gamblers immersed in the game.

Before each is placed a large square of paste-



THE TOMBS.

of trade, think they can turn \$50,000 into \$100,000 in the street as easily as they can draw a check. In nine cases out of ten all such investments are lost. Brokers of course get customers where they can find them. A man in a successful dry goods trade sends down a check with an order to buy a hundred shares of a named stock, and to carry it thirty days. The stock begins to go down. More margin is called for. A sudden failure in a mercantile house tells the story. The other day a merchant called upon a broker in Wall Street, handed him \$50,000, and asked him to invest it in a stock named. "I will do so, if you wish," said the broker, "but I advise you to take a good look at your money, for you will never see it again. I have been in business in Wall Street thirty-eight years. During that time 98 out of every 100 who have put money in the street have lost it." Gamblers in stock and in gold are usually outsiders. They are the class who speculate in lots, in flour, pork, and coal. Men who make "corners," or try to make them, are model merchants, princely traders, large donors to philanthropic institutions, stand high in society, and preside on the boards of religious and reformatory meetings. These men Bull and Bear stock, make merchants tremble, increase the price of the poor man's coal, lay a heavier tax on every ounce of bread the laboring man eats, and ruin small traders. These men produce the panics of the day, and not the brokers. Brokers fill orders,

beard chosen at will from a pack placed in the middle of the table, and a number of little glass fragments about half an inch square. The latter are used as counters. Each card contains four rows of figures. For instance thus:

46	23	19	48	17
— 24	— 1	— 30	— 20	14
16	50	12	13	5
— 9	— 28	— 40	— 12	8

As soon as the dealer calls the number corresponding to the one on the card, the player covers that number with a glass counter. When he gets all the numbers on one horizontal line covered in this way, he calls out "keno," and the stakes, whatever they are, are his.

If the "ante," or pool, is one dollar a piece, the amount is considerable where the players are numerous; but it is often much more.

Ten per cent. of the winnings are turned into the bank, which thus receives a steady income, notwithstanding the luck, good or bad, of the players.

In this respect it may be called a "fairer" game than faro, or roulette, since the opportunities of making a "skin-gamo" (i. e., a game unfair against the player) are little or nothing; while, at the same time, the "bank" has a surety of its ten per cent., and is, therefore, safer as an investment of capital. When carried on upon the "square," as they usually term it, keno is, consequently, a snarer profit for its proprietor, and faro a greater fascination for the player, on account of the latter affording opportunities for calculation and combinations, which may sometimes break the bank. This is on the presumption that the game be perfectly "square;" for, of course, in a cheating game of any kind, the fighter of the "tiger" is always bound to lose in the end.

I had frequented the keno establishment of which I first made mention many nights in succession, in the pursuit of my note-taking project, and had carefully studied the characters of the place.

One of the most remarkable was a young man, who, from his general appearance and manner, enchained my interest and sympathy from the start.

His age was twenty-eight or thirty. He was singularly handsome, taciturn and melancholy. Eyes large, brown, and beautiful; face delicately cut in every feature; and but for the faintly-lined dark moustache, as soft and damask as a woman's, though utterly bloodless—pallid as a ghost's. He was always dressed with irreproachable taste and neatness, and there was a silent politeness and grace in his manner which was singularly attractive. He had a ruddy scar on his left temple, and I noticed when I first saw him that the little finger of his left hand was gone.

I mention these particulars because many will recognize, in the tragic end of the principal subject of this sketch, the identity of the person in question.

He came to the Keno House regularly every night, invariably staid till the bank closed—which seldom happened before daylight—and almost always lost. Run it up to what amount they might, he never refused the stake, and he lost with a run of bad luck which was something remarkable. His manner of playing was swift, nervous and excited, though except—at rare intervals—he never opened his lips but to say "keno." The beauty of his face and form, his bloodless countenance, his strange silentness, and his utter, mysterious absorption in the game, early attracted my attention, and there was a peculiar far-away look in his eyes for which I could not account. But my curiosity regarding him, though insatiable, was never gratified. Once I accosted him. Though there was nothing offensive in his silent, staring rebuff, it was, nevertheless, decisive, and I refrained from a second attempt.

"He has been coming here for months," the proprietor said to me, "but I can make nothing out of him. I think he hails from Cincinnati. Sometimes he has a streak of luck, but lately he has lost heavily. But he is always on hand."

One night, after I had absented myself for a number of weeks from the keno bank, and had nearly completed the data for my prospective pamphlet, I again entered the apartments. It

was very late, and upwards of thirty players were deeply absorbed in the game. "Click, click," sounded the rattling balls as the cylinder was whirled by the dealer, whose regular, monotonous call of the number—interspersed at intervals with the sharp, satisfactory cry of "keno," was the voice of the scene; and there I saw the familiar figure of young M. His "luck"—I wonder if there is such a thing—had changed. The stakes were very large, and he had already won heavily. A heap of bills amounting to thousands lay before him, and still the tide of fortune flung the money into his lap.

At length the remainder of the party—many of them out of funds and all of them tired of a continued strain of ill-luck—proposed a temporary adjournment for refreshment, and after this a game of "poker" was got up, in which young M. joined. This was an entirely different game, and throughout he was systematically swindled. At first he won, then lost steadily. He grew very nervous as the game proceeded.

"If you will only leave me alone, Annie," said he, turning his head, "I may make enough to get us out of our trouble."

Every one was astonished, for there was no one at his side. His words appeared to be directed to a creature of the air. Beside, he had never spoken so many words during the months he had frequented the rooms.

"Whom are you talking to?" said a gambler from the opposite side of the table. "There is no one near you."

He heeded not the questioner, but still spoke absently, though excitedly, with his head turned, as if addressing an invisible being:



LUDLOW STREET JAIL.

"I tell you I can yet save the estate, and you and mother, and all of us, on the mere turning of a card, and this is a good game. I have studied it thoroughly and know my play, if you won't whisper in my ear."

They evidently considered him demented, but he said no more and the game went on.

M. played like an infatuated automaton. He lost all his money; staked his watch—lost that; put up a diamond-cluster ring, and lost that. He evidently had nothing more of value, but a plain gold ring which hooped the third finger of his left hand. It was heavy and bright, but not great in value. He hesitated as if in a kind of trance.

"Are you going to 'ante'?" said one of his fellow players, coolly.

"Yes. How much will you let me put up for this?" and, with a quick, convulsive movement, he drew the plain ring from his finger, and held it up to the light.

"Twenty dollars."

The trinket wasn't worth half so much; but even gamblers, when flushed with unusual success, are generous.

We all watched him curiously, for, before he let the ring drop into the pool from his hesitating hand, he again turned his head to the person whom he apparently imagined to be at his side, and said:

"This is my last chance, and I am sure to win upon the turning of a card. What if it was our wedding ring? It is the last chance. Now don't bother me, Annie."

The game went on. All hands were thrown up

as useless except those of M. and the cold-blooded veteran who sat immediately opposite to him. I noticed a feverish flush of joy on the cheek of the former.

"I will go you better to the extent of my ring," said he. "It's all I have, or I would go deeper." "Done."

M. threw up three kings.

His opponent displayed a couple of aces, and then for a single instant, held another card in his hand.

It was but the turning of a card; but in its turn was involved the destiny of a human soul.

The card fell.

It was another ace, and the ring was lost.

M. arose from the table with apparent unconcern, and, as the game still proceeded, seated himself at a small table, and ordered refreshments. While waiting for them he took a pack of cards from his pocket, scattered them before him in an absent way, and then leaned his head thoughtfully upon his hand.

I turned my head from him, and turned my eyes listlessly upon the game, though my mind was occupied with thinking of the strange conduct of the ruined and mysterious gambler.

We heard a sudden shot—close, near and startling.

M. was still at the table; but with his head a-drop, and a still-smoking pistol grasped in his hand that fell carelessly and motionless at his side.

We surrounded him at once; but he was quite dead—shot through the heart.

We afterward examined the plain gold ring (M.'s last stake upon the "turning of a card") and found engraved on the inside:
"To Annie, my Bride, from George M."

The story of the suicide was but briefly reported in the newspapers, and the particulars were never given to the public; but the strange and remarkable details I have narrated will be remembered by many of the profession.

WALL STREET POINTERS.

THE ruling passion of Wall Street is to get money. Incidental to and inseparable from it is the desire for news. It is a perfectly natural desire, for the stock market, which is the most volatile market in the world, responds to every rumor and report, and in the long run, to facts. In Wall Street knowledge is not only power, but it is wealth, providing one can know a thing before everybody else does. The eagerness to obtain news is more apparent than the greed for money. The plainest proof of this is observable in the daily and constant greetings of speculators, brokers, and the host of attaches of the

street. They do not, upon meeting, inquire in the usual perfunctory way as to health, but with unfeigned expectation ask: "What do you hear?" or "What do you think of things?" and "How is the market going?" The first inquiry is for information, opinion, or theory either about the market, a particular stock, or the action of some large operator. The average speculator wants to operate on facts. He generally convinces himself that he is doing so. As a matter of fact he is influenced by rumors, hearsay, and lies as much and as often as he is by facts. If he buys a stock or sells one he does so upon information or belief, and, having entered upon an operation, he is alert for news or gossip about what, for the moment, is his pet security. Invariably an abundance of material is offered to appease his appetite, but, unfortunately for him, it is not often of the right kind.

As a matter of fact the newspapers do not fully satisfy this voracious appetite for news. The principal dailies whose reputation for accuracy is established furnish the speculator with simply the solid facts, which are frequently known in the street hours before the publication of a morning paper, and are always utilized by insiders long before they are formally made public. Rumors and reports for which there is no foundation—and they spring up on every side in Wall Street every day—find no place in the papers most respected in the street unless the circulation of them produced some noteworthy movement in the market. In that case they are noticed for their effect, or for denial.

The speculative body does not suffer, however

for want of variety, despite the simple, legitimate, and somewhat rigid diet offered it by the leaders of the press.

Half a dozen daily journals devoted wholly or in part to Wall Street intelligence furnish material that, for variety and novelty, ought to satisfy the most eccentric.

The demand for special and quick information has also given rise to several news agencies that distribute throughout the day all sorts of facts and fancies, including railroad earnings, foreign and other out-of-town market quotations, general news, rumors, gossip, and opinions. These range from expressions attributed to the leaders in the street to those of "a prominent broker" or "a well-known banker."

But all these contributions do not satisfy the speculator. If the material that is furnished him corresponds with his own views, or is favorable to his operations, it gratifies him, and he is inclined to believe it—as a rule accepts it as gospel. If it is adverse to his plans and hopes he doubts it, and finally disbelieves it. What the stock gambler wants more than anything else is information that nobody else has. This desire has nurtured and reared a large and singular class about the Stock Exchange. Uncle Rufus Hatch, in one of his happy moods, characterized them some years ago as "pointers." The name was apparently considered appropriate, for it has stuck to the persons alluded to. He briefly described a pointer as a person who, without risking any of his own capital, if indeed he has any, persuades some one to operate in the market for joint account upon the alleged information that he furnishes. According to Uncle Rufus, the Simon-pure pointer manufactures the information he retails. His information upon a certain stock is, according to his own account, most trustworthy and bullish, and upon a circumstantial narration of it he persuades some one to buy a hundred shares or more for their joint profit, the purchaser to assume all loss, if any. At the same time he persuades some one else to sell the same stock upon his exclusive and positive information that it is going to decline. He is of course sure to win in one case or the other, and he can console the victim who loses with talk that he himself had been misled, or that the scheme he was advised of—in his mind—miscarried. This undoubtedly is the method of the unscrupulous pointer. Simple and barefaced as it is, there is no question that it has been worked successfully many times. The average newcomer is likely game for the pointer who operates on this basis.

But the man who expects to continue in the business of giving points and to make a living out of it pursues a more business-like and honest course. He has to make his money out of people of more or less experience in the street, and he must furnish them with information of some value in order to induce them to make an operation for his benefit, or otherwise pay him for his news.

While the pointer, like everybody else, occasionally gets hold of a good bit of information bearing upon a particular stock or the general market, he must to a great extent fall back upon his imagination and theories and the opinions of others. When he gives a point, however, he is pretty positive that he is relating facts. That the occupation pays, or at least affords means of existence to those who engage in it, is evident from the many faces that are familiar in New Street, and have been for years, whose possessors are known to have done nothing else since they appeared in the speculative community. As a contingent of the army of gamblers they

may be styled as guerilla scouts. In the expressive vocabulary of Commodore Vanderbilt they would doubtless be defined under the term "suckers." Each of the score and more of idlers generally acknowledged as pointers who may be seen at any hour of the day about the Stock Exchange, and principally in New Street, has a history. It is part of their stock in trade. They will not tell you all of it, but if they contemplate pointing you they will tell you so much as they may deem necessary to convince you that their previous or present connections are such as to enable them to get the information they impart. According to their several accounts, one is an ex-employee of a trunk line railroad, and has facilities for getting at the secrets of its finances and management; another is an ex-telegraph operator, who obtains from his former associates the contents of messages that have been sent or received by large operators; a third is related to some well-known officer of a corporation, from whom he gets the most trustworthy information; another has performed some great service for one of the leaders in the market, and received a valuable point in return; this one was once in partnership with somebody who is now a power in the street, and from whom he gets in confidence, now and then, a valuable tip on the market; that one is the bosom friend of a great capitalist's confidential

tial report not without effect in the market. In that case the pointer is in luck. His prediction is to a certain degree fulfilled, and his reputation as a steerer increased accordingly. The instances in which a point is successfully worked up in this manner are not frequent as compared with the number of efforts the pointer makes. He is not likely to be correct in his guesses and prophecies oftener than the average Wall Street habitué.

As a class the pointers are rather a sorry-looking set, and but for the questionable methods that they resort to for a livelihood one might almost pity them. Their ranks are recruited from broken-down speculators and brokers, discarded clerks and runners who have got above their business. Many of them are men who have been fortunate. All of them are slaves to stock gambling, and are too lazy to work for a living. One of them boasts of the salary he used to draw from one of the large railroad companies, and asserts that the concern would be only too glad to regain his services. "But I cannot afford to work for such pay as that," he says magnificently. Yet an additional shade or two of dirt and seediness would clothe him as a tramp. Most of them dress in the remnants of former prosperity. A few, however, apparently keep on good terms with their tailors. The most distinguished in this respect is a young man who, according to his own account, was brought to New York from the West some three years ago by a gentleman who then held a prominent official position in the Western Union Telegraph Company. He leaves it to his hearers to imagine a variety of reasons as to why he was thus introduced into New York, insinuating that it was some important mission for which he was thoroughly qualified. He used to be a telegraph operator, and can, of course, by listening to the instrument or by other means, get a great deal of valuable information. At least he says he can. He likes to convince the person whom he desires shall contribute to his funds that he is an expert operator, and to that end will get them to experiment with him. He is a good talker, plausible, and positive in his statements. He will bet a fair sum on his assertions when he gets



THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.

man; and so on through the list. They always have a plausible reason for knowing what they want you to operate upon. They profess to have overheard orders that have been given; conversations between the great men of the street; to have read from the instrument important dispatches, and to have learned of the operations and condition of affairs in large stock houses from trusted employees. Some of these professions, a very small portion of them, may be true, but they are much more likely to be simply the embellishments of the pointer upon what he picks up in his ramblings—the gossip, opinions, and theories of Tom, Dick, and Harry. He strives, however, to get hold of every new piece of gossip and every fresh rumor before they assume the shape of definite report and become generally current. He at once works in with it the best material he can command to give the story an appearance of probability, attributes its origin to the best source he dares, and serves the whole up to his prospective victim. If the victim bites, and either pays him cash for his point or promises him an interest in the stock that is to be influenced, the pointer proceeds at once to enlighten every one else. He gives it first confidentially, and as a rule to some of his fellow pointers, but within an hour he is sowing it broadcast as an absolute fact. By such methods what was a bit of idle gossip in the morning may by noon become a widespread and influen-

a chance, but doesn't put up the cash if he can help it. In fact, he is likely to back down if it is insisted that the stakes be put up. If he wins he collects the bet; if he loses he lets the other man collect it if he can. As a rule the other man can't do it. His financial methods serve to illustrate those of the average pointer. He owes every one he could borrow from, for when a pointer can't sell a point he borrows if he can, sometimes on the strength of a point he is going to deliver or of one he has given. The young man referred to sports at the end of his list of creditors an industrious bootblack to whom his liabilities are \$3.50, partly for shaves, but principally borrowed money. How this humble, hard-working, and honest creditor regards his claim may be inferred from the fact that all the other bootblacks in the street have the point not to shine the pointer except for cash. While few of the species bear the appearance of active, prosperous brokers, and most of them the air of distressed gentility, there are others who impress one as being substantial men of business. Their advanced years, respectable dress and air, quiet ways, and solid bearing stand them in good stead as stock in trade. There is fraternal feeling among the pointers. They cultivate each other's society more than that of any one else, and in groups of two or half a dozen or more hang over the railings in New Street, lounge about the saloon doors, or obstruct legitimate business in the

middle of the street all day long. They trade points, jointly manufacture them, and concoct plans for getting money without earning it. They talk stocks continually, and have more to say about the market than all of the rest of the street together. Any one of them can talk a scumble man tired from his head to his feet in less than fifteen minutes. At night they frequent the Windsor and the Fifth Avenue Hotels still on the warpath for points and patrons. They are not always expensive fellows as to price. If they can't get any one to turn a hundred shares for them they will content themselves with a half, a third, or a quarter interest in a hundred shares. If they are hard up and haven't much confidence in the point in hand themselves, they will come down to a cash basis and to \$5, if a higher price cannot be obtained. Not long ago an extra valuable point on one of the Vanderbilt stocks was offered to a partner in one of the leading stock houses. It was a positive, warranted sure, high-priced point. As no bid was made for it the price was gradually reduced to a small amount in cash. Finally, the broker to whom it was offered said he would not give a cent for it unless he knew where it came from. He wanted the pointer to tell how it was possible for him to obtain such valuable information.

The young man hesitated a while, saying that it would be indelicate as well as a breach of confidence, and finally in diffident and blushing confidence revealed that he obtained it from a lady friend who was on intimate terms with one of the great railroad magnates of the country. He was quietly yet earnestly requested to take himself, his point, and his lady friend to the place that according to the Scriptures is set apart for all liars.

Can an occupation so largely dependent upon fraud and deceit be profitable? The answer is that a large number of men who do little or nothing and, so far as can be learned, have no visible means of support, work for points, sell points, live, and at times have a little money. The only things else they are known to do for a living is to gamble in the bucket shops when they have a few dollars, scalp a commission now and then from a privilege broker, or occasionally "shove a pad." Ask an old Wall Street man what one of these indolent fellows does for a living, and he will reply that "he probably does the best he can," and add that he is a "mystery." The term is synonymous with Uncle Rufus's pointer. Occasionally one of them succeeds in attaching himself to an operator and is retained for months at a time. It is fair to assume that he is employed, not so much for the particular points he may bring in as for a gatherer of the gossip and rumors that are afloat, some of which, if promptly delivered, may be considered of value by the patron. One of them has apparently borne close relations with a speculator of some magnitude in a New Street office for more than three years. The two seem to be almost inseparable. They are together when down town, except when the "mystery" is working his fellow pointers, and invariably in each other's company in the up-town resorts. As a rule the credulity and avarice of their victims are punished with a loss.

The experience of one speculator may serve to illustrate that of many others. The speculator was a man of ample means, and had been successful in his ventures. Without consulting his brokers, whose advice he had always sought, he entered upon speculations that amazed them and for which he offered no satisfactory reason. One day one of his brokers ran across him in earnest conversation with a young man who had once held a position of trust in a banking house and since his discharge had acquired the reputation of being a pointer. In a subsequent conversation between the broker and his customer the latter admitted that his recent ventures in the market had been based upon the advice and alleged information of the young man mentioned. The broker warned his customer against such a course, but without avail. To conceal his new operations from those who protested against his making them he opened accounts in several other offices. After he had lost over \$200,000, by speculating upon pointer advice and points, he stopped. In transactions in which he made money he paid his pointer well, and at the end of the game that worthy put in a claim for profits that might have been taken upon transactions that showed a slight profit before they resulted in loss.

CONFIDENCE GAMES AND OTHER SWINDLES.

FARMERS and all other strangers, who for business or pleasure visit New York, should be aware that there are gangs of scoundrels who make it their business to lay in wait for, and entrap every one who has the appearance of, a stranger.

THE PETER FUNK AUCTIONS

were, some years ago, doing a great business. These auction shops were in the most frequented streets, and their trade, the selling of worthless watches and bogus jewelry, was carried on openly and boldly. Whenever a stranger could be tempted into one of these dens, he was quite sure to be fleeced. He sometimes made a complaint to the authorities, and if he went with the officers to make arrests, the victim failed to identify a single person who was concerned in the swindle. Several of these shops were under the same management, and as soon as a sale had been made in one of them, the auctioneer and his confederates all went to one of the other shops, and exchanged places with the inmates, and when an attempt was made to arrest, no one engaged in a sale could be found. All other methods of breaking up these mock auction shops failing, at length a police officer was stationed in front of each, with instructions to warn all who were tempted to enter of the character of the business. This completely broke up the concerns. "Peter Funk"—the name often given by the auctioneer, if arrested—now no longer sells worthless jewelry and watches. He sometimes sells furniture "of a family breaking up housekeeping." It is remarkable that the family

principal streets, and waylay the passengers from the depots and ferry-boats. When one of these chaps sees a well-to-do looking person, who is evidently a stranger, he rushes up to him, shakes his hand, with: "How do you do, Mr. Jones, when did you come down, and how did you leave all the good people at Littleton?" The stranger may say: "You are mistaken, sir; my name is not Jones; I am Mr. Smith, of Four Corners." He will not walk far, before a confederate of the first will salute him as "Mr. Smith," and insist on inquiring about "the folks at Four Corners." This opens the way to a more familiar acquaintance, and the man from "Four Corners" is induced to accompany his new found friend to look at some recent purchase he has made. There a game of cards is in progress, and in a short time the stranger is persuaded to play. He wins again and again, and loses with astonishing regularity. He soon finds himself largely in debt, and is fortunate if he escapes with only the loss of the ready money in his possession. The "game" is an old one, and the "danger signal" has often been raised to warn the unwary. But no "game" is more successfully or more frequently played. Hudibras thinks "the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat," and perhaps it is on this principle that so many worthy people are made the dupes of sharpers. A case in point occurred in Boston,

BANCO-STEERER FITZGERALD AND CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

being the conspicuous parties. Mr. Adams, an aged and honored citizen, was taken in hand by a plausible, well-spoken young man, and conducted to a den occupied by sharpers, where he was induced to play cards and forced to give his checks for a large amount of money, his alleged losses. Banco-steerer Fitzgerald reckoned without his host. He supposed that Mr. Adams and his family would be deterred from making the circumstances public, and upon their silence he depended for the quiet enjoyment of his ill-gotten gains. But his dream was rudely dispelled by the unexpected conduct of the Adams family, who hunted up Fitzgerald and his associates, and prosecuted them to the full extent of the law, as Fitzgerald, now in prison for his crime, has found to his cost. These Banco-steerers seek their victims everywhere, not only in city streets, but on steamboats and the cars.

THERE IS BUT ONE SAFE COURSE

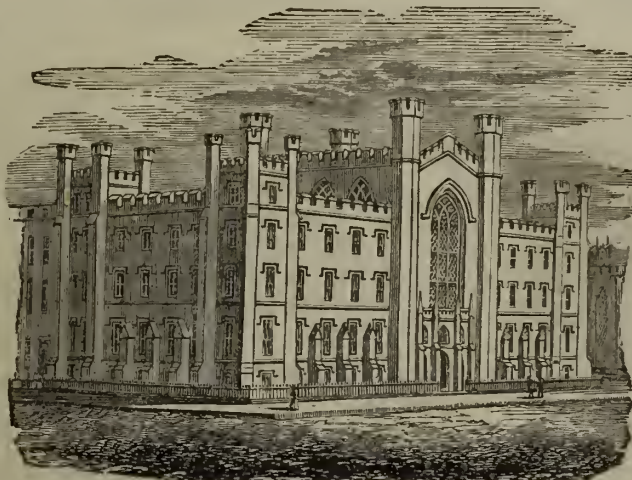
for those who travel or who find themselves in a strange city. That is, to repel the approaches of every one who is disposed to be too familiar. Do not admit that you are a stranger in the city to which you are destined, and decline all offers to serve as a guide. Above all, never enter a building of any kind with a person unknown to you.

An illustration of the necessity for the warning has been furnished by

A DISTINGUISHED STRANGER.

He was not from the rural districts and unused to cities, but came from the old country as a poet and an exponent of aesthetics and a lecturer on the beautiful. He thought "small beer" of the Atlantic, Niagara was an "utterly utter" disappointment, and our fondness for cast-iron stoves an offence to his sense of the sweet pretty. Oscar was one day accosted on the street by a young man who was very glad to meet him. The young man was "Mr. Drexel," so he said, a son of the celebrated banker; he had seen the poet in his father's banking house, and took the liberty, etc. As Oscar had been in the office, he accepted the "younger Drexel" as all right, and accompanied him to a house in one of the up-town streets.

Some men were playing a game with dice, and "young Drexel" played and won largely. The poet was asked to play; he did so, and won. Encouraged, he won more. The stakes were enlarged, and Oscar did not win, but lost, and lost again. Determined to recover his losses, he played on, until he lost in all \$1,160. He gave his checks for that sum, and suspecting, in spite of "Mr. Drexel," that all was not right, he drove in haste to the bank and stopped payment of the checks. He then visited the police station, but, with true poetic abstraction, could not tell what street the house was in, and the police could do nothing. Oscar was asked to look at the pictures in the Rogues' Gallery, where he soon found the portrait of his friend "Drexel" in that of a person



NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

is a long while in "breaking up," as the furniture is sold in the same house every day for months. Such sales are supplied with showy but miserable furniture, made for the purpose. Bureaus have been sold without drawers, the fronts being fastened in place, and other shams are common.

AUCTION SALES OF CIGARS

are just now among the leading auction swindles. There are several stores, in the busy streets, where the "going," "going" of these chaps may be heard all day long. A store is hired, boxes of cigars—or more likely cigar boxes—are placed in the window and on the shelves, and a red flag is hung at the door. The auctioneer cries and hammers away to an audience of two or three confederates, with usually one venerable looking old rascal among them. If a stranger, attracted by the noise, looks in, bidding goes on lively. If a smoker, he may be tempted to bid, when a lot of ten boxes is going, and he can get it by bidding five dollars. The usual trick is this: The stranger thinks he buys the lot of five or ten boxes for his bid, but soon finds that the bid was of that amount for each box. There are witnesses to that effect, and the buyer is often frightened into paying a high price for cigars which are worth nothing. A stranger in New York or in any other city should avoid all auctions.

Another trap is laid by what are known as

BANCO STEERERS.

These were formerly more prominent in Chicago than elsewhere, but now every large city is infested by them. They promenade the prin-

known to the police as "Hungry Joe," and a noted Banco steerer.

Oscar soon left for home—he could find nothing beautiful in this "beastly" country—yet he cannot deny that he was most beautifully swindled.

THE BOWERY AT MIDNIGHT.

THE Bowery, writes Sam. A. Mackeever in "Glimpses of Gotham," published by Richard K. Fox, is one of New York's representative streets, and is always interesting. Broadway! Fifth Avenue! the Bowery!—those are terms familiar to thousands who have never seen America.

Crossing Broadway at Eighth Street, we notice that that monster thoroughfare is in a doze. Nothing is heard but the rattle of the wheels of the last stages as they forge along with their blinking lights. Cabmen lay around the Snelcar House and "Mike Murray's" place, and scan the street up and down with the fond idea of catching a drunken man, or some one who has conceived the plan of making a night of it. Broadway below Fourteenth Street is dead after midnight. We leave it willingly and turn into the Bowery, around the corner of the Cooper Union.

It is another city. The first block we see is nothing but a string of liquor saloons, with a bank and a drug store thrown in to break the monotony. The cellars are eating houses—all-night places, whose lights stream up to mix in the bars.

Let us go in to one of the first so-called hotels that we meet. This establishment never closes its eyes. The young man behind the bar is as fresh as a daisy, and should be, because he has just come on. But what trade do they have? Plenty of trade. The men in the Tompkins Market must have their periodical drinks; so must the policeman. Up to 2 o'clock in the morning the business is but a continuation of that of the day. Between 2 and 5 o'clock the early workers, dealers in newspapers, young men who went to bed at midnight, hot with rum, and couldn't sleep—they come in for their drams.

On a couple of chairs, heads sprawled upon the beer-stained tables, are customers who could no more go home than fly. The bar-tender slakes snores out of them and returns disgusted to his work.

Suddenly the hell at the side door rings. Were we outside we would see a gentleman and lady standing in the entry. The lady has her veil down, although the precaution is unnecessary, since the gas is turned so low that it seems a mere speck of red in the luridly-tinted globe.

By the operation of an electric bell, manipulated on the platform up-stairs, the door flies open. The couple enter and ascend the first landing, where, in an ante-room filled with bottles and dishes, stands a servant who knows his business. He is a combination of politeness, suavity and silence.

The couple desire a supper room.

"Certainly. Step this way."

And he glides down a long hall, filled with the murmur of conversation from rooms on either side, until he comes to No. 10. There is the flash of a match, and a neat apartment, furnished with table, chairs and a lounge, is revealed.

We don't see any of this, but we hear the order for oysters, salad and a bottle of wine, which are consumed in No. 10. Sometimes the wine has a marvelous effect upon the silent, timid, hesitating woman who was so closely veiled at the street door. She talks in a loud voice; she sings. It is not the strangest thing in the world even for the couple in the adjoining supper-

room to join in the fun and eventually to propose making it all one party.

As we go down, the Bowery becomes a succession of beer gardens, huge, brilliantly illuminated places, with an army of waiters, and a stage at one end on which appear variety actors. The dramatic part of the bill is not of a very high order, but we don't expect it to be.

Who is that young lady in the seal-skin sacque who has just sank into a seat ahead of us, only to be surrounded by about six fast-looking young men, who almost fight in their eagerness to treat her?

"Make it a schooner, Max," she says to the waiter in a tone of easy familiarity; "I'm thirsty." Then she unbuttons her seal-skin, leans back, puts her feet on a chair opposite, and wipes the perspiration and paint from her hard, brazen face.

"Who is she, Max?"

"Her? oh, she's the gal the man chucks his knives at. Want to know her?"

"No, thank you."

So we are in the society of a beer garden queen. She is holding her regular court. Her knife-thrower is on in the pantomime, and she has to wait for him.

The running of the cars all night keeps the Bowery alive. Some of those that come down from Harlem have regular gangs of pirates on board, drunken men and women who fight, throw the conductor and driver off, smash the windows and yell murder. This is especially so in the summer time when moonlight picnics are in full

saying to me: "It has often astonished me to find in these women such contradictory characteristics of good and evil. While the mind, as a general thing, appears absolutely depraved, and the spirit sunken to the lowest depths, I frequently find a greatheartedness, a generosity of feeling, and other impulsive and noble traits, which, it is difficult to imagine, can spring up in the same breast."

He was a religious, deep-feeling gentleman, and my own experience has verified his words to the letter.

The most remarkable instance that has come under my personal knowledge involves a wild and romantic history, which I think can hardly fail to prove interesting.

It was a cold, autumnal evening—many autumns since—and just at that period when the great tide of work-people was pouring up Chatham Street from the lower districts of the East-side. Wearied with overwork at the quill myself, and cold and hungry, I had joined the throng for home, heedless of anything but the desire to reach home as soon as possible, when a young woman accosted me at this corner of Catherine Street. My moral sensibilities were somewhat shocked, but it was a circumstance so common to any one in New York, that I hurried on without looking at her. But she sprang before me again and again, until, surprised at her persistence, I looked at her, with an angry comment prepared.

But the words died on my lips, the face was so instinct with love and beauty, and the youthful form so graceful and delicate in its modest garb.

"I did not ask for money," she said, in a hurried, trembling tone. "I have stood at that street corner for an hour, studying the face of every one in this great crowd for sympathy, and you are the only one I have ventured to accost. I am homeless and penniless. I dare not go to a station-house for a lodging. Is there not some place, some charitable institution where I—I can stop for a while? Pray, do not be angry with me for making this request."

I was by no means greatly incensed at it, and kindly mentioned several respectable boarding-houses, where I thought she might obtain board with-

out paying in advance. A blush of shame quickly overspread her face, and her head drooped.

"I see, sir, you—you do not comprehend. I—I am not a decent woman, sir, and want to try to be."

I was surprised, but only for a moment, for as I looked at her more intently, it was easy to read, even through such a lovely mask, the unmistakable air of a fallen woman—the unconscious air which once assumed can so seldom be replaced by the innocence and virtue of the past.

I then remembered one of the "Homes" of which I have spoken, and though it was far out of my way, she volunteered to accompany me thither. She complied with a glance of genuine gratitude, and in an hour I had the satisfaction of seeing her warmly and comfortably housed, and provided with all the entertainment of the institution, which was one of the most excellent of its kind in the city.

She remained there for a number of months, during which a number of interviews with her on my part, elicited her entire history, which was a strange and wild one, even for one of her class. When her reformation was supposed to be perfect, she was, in accordance with the rules of the institution, sent to a Western State, where decent employment was provided for her.

Nearly three years thereafter, I received a note from the Superintendent of the "Home," requesting me to call upon him at my earliest convenience.

"I sent for you," said he, taking my hand very



FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

blast. I would as lief be on at slave ship, where the crew all wear red shirts, as ride in some of the Bowery street cars in the hours along towards morning.

Approaching Chatham Square the Bowery becomes more degraded. It has any quantity of all-night saloons in cellars, which are veritable entrances to Hades. Look at the painted, gaudily-be-ribboned hag cajoling the honest sailor, who is very drunk, into entering one of these places.

He stumbles against the door, behind whose crimson curtain the gas blazes, and as it is burst open, we see a monstrous, bloated woman in the bar, and five or six bedizened females in tawdry Turkish costumes, making love to as many drunken individuals, while a young man in a red necktie hangs away at the piano.

The door closes. Our sailor friend is swallowed up. It were better for him had he been wrecked at sea, and landed on a desert island.

FALLEN ANGELS.

THREE years ago last July, wrote Nathan D. Urner in a series of articles published in the *New York Weekly*, under the title of "Metropolitan Shadow Scenes," I was induced to visit the three or four "Homes" for the reformation of those unfortunate—Heaven alone knows how unfortunate—who make up in society the element now generally known as the "Social Evil," and I remember the superintendent of one of them

gravely, as I entered his office, "to accompany me to—Hospital, to see an old friend of yours who is probably dying with the delirium tremens."

Delirium tremens! What "friend" had I, who was given to excessive drink? None! There must be some mistake.

"You shall see," said he; and I straightway accompanied him to the hospital he had named.

Ravings, oaths and curses, mingled with terrified cries, greeted our ears, as we were being escorted to a certain ward of the hospital. Upon entering, we perceived a female from whom these cries proceeded. She was tied by a strong cord to the couch upon which she lay, and physicians and other attendants were around her; but she still waved her arms, and strove to burst away, giving vent to heartrending appeals and frightened cries, as though she wished to fly from imaginary fiends.

One glance at the bloodshot eyes, the wild, inflamed countenance, was sufficient; and I stood transfixed with grief and amazement.

It was she—my lovely protegee of crowded Chatham Street, whom, three years before, I had introduced to the "Homs," of which my friend was Superintendent.

She—and yet how woefully, wildly, fearfully changed!

Gone the bright glance of the sweet blue eyes, the soft smile of the tender lip, the melodious grace of the round form! Gone every trace, vestige, line, trait, hue, element of the past. By what wild ways, through what sin, and shams, and suffering, had this terrible transformation been effected, the all-seeing eye of God alone could know.

She must have wandered far in those brief years, for the broken words of her delirium were Spanish, and French, and German, as well as of her native tongue. Now she would suddenly become subdued, and converse with an imaginary friend in a tone not all devoid of the trembling sweetness of yore; then, as the flames of the fever once more raged on high, she would shriek and moan, and curse, until the blood curdled at the frightful sounds.

The physician informing us that there was no hope, that she could last but a few hours, and it being evident that we could do nothing, my friend and I turned sadly away. Upon our return to his office, he told me what he had gathered of this poor girl's history since she had quitted the institution, and joining this with what I knew of her previous life, I am able to afford the following brief sketch of one of whom I shall call Margaret—purposely concealing the last name, as her heart-broken parents are still living in the western part of New York.

THE STORY OF MARGARET.

Margaret, at the age of sixteen, was the beauty and belle of the county in which her father was one of the most well-to-do farmers.

She was just blossoming into the glory and charm of womanhood—tall for her age, and graceful as a fawn. Her eyes were large, blue and melting, her hair of crisp, bright gold, and her sweet oval face met for the study of a painter. These advantages of person, added to a singularly sprightly, and amiable, though not very well balanced disposition, rendered her unrivaled in the rustic and village circles in which she moved. There was no foot so light as Margaret's in the dance, no laugh so merry in the sleighing party, no wit so sparkling in the season's merry-makings.

There was not a young swain in the country far around who was not in love with her, and who would not gladly have married her; but Margaret, with the capricious consciousness of beauty, was not easy to win, and the susceptible bosom of rustic masculinity sighed in vain.

But there is a turning-point, a pivotal moment in the life of every woman which marks her destiny for good or evil, and just at this period of

"sweet sixteen" Margaret's hour of fate arrived. A distant relative paid a flying visit from the metropolis to her father's house. He was a young gentleman, a gay, dashing fellow, with all the charm of manner and person calculated to win a village maiden's heart. He was moreover a villain and a scoundrel—but Margaret knew nothing of this.

She was fascinated from the first. In a day she liked, in a week she loved, and the gay visitor did not neglect to improve his opportunities. But the father of Margaret had, in the meantime, heard rumors from the metropolis by no means favorable to the character of his distant, but fascinating, relative—rumors that he was an out-cast from his own family and respectable friends—in other words, a gambler, drunkard and—

Satisfying himself of the truth of these reports, the farmer, a stern but good man, ordered the deceiver—his name was Marston Grant—from the house, and forbade his daughter to have any further communication with him. But alas, Margaret, in her folly and passion, had already overstepped that boundary, the crossing of which is the first step to a woman's ruin, and she was not the first to forget her duty to her parents in a blind devotion to a worthless lover.

There were clandestine meetings without number, and finally an elopement agreed upon. One sweet silent night of summer, Margaret stole silently out of her father's house.

The garden and lawn were flooded with moon-

lightning flash, and she swooned away. She was in a delicate condition at the time, and was confined to a bed of lingering, painful suffering soon afterward.

One morning, the final crushing blow came. There came a hasty note from her betrayer. He had committed forgery, was detected, and had to flee for his guilty life. He also made confession of the manner in which she had been betrayed, and had the heartlessness to propose that she should go to a friend of his—"a perfect gentleman in every respect"—who would take good care of her, and treat her as his wife.

She sank beneath the crushing blow, and during the shock her child was born. When she was sufficiently recovered, the landlady of the house—whose true character had ere this dawned upon the wretched woman—called upon her, and spoke to her gently, but cruelly.

The furniture had never belonged to Marston; all the splendor by which the country-bird had been caged was another's; there were already large arrears of rent and attendance, and the apartments must be vacated. A way was hinted at whereby they might be easily retained, but Margaret rejected the proposition with spirit and pride.

She removed to humbler rooms, sold most of her wardrobe, and for a short time was enabled to support herself and little one. She was too delicate and inexperienced to work, and one by one, dress by dress, her jewels and wardrobe

disappeared, until almost nothing was left; and, with, her baby in her arms, she at last wandered the streets. What a desert they are, in spite of their busy crowds, when one is penniless and homeless.

At length, from the depths of her moaning heart, there was reached forth a yearning to look once more upon the old farm-house, the sweet home of the innocent past.

She had just enough money to make the trip, and return; and it was again in the silent beauty of a sweet midsummer night that she found herself at the entrance of this well-remembered garden.

She stole timidly up the light-flooded walks—every object of which was familiar—took a refreshing draught at the dear old well, and then crept stealthily into the shadow of that doorway from which she had stepped into the treacherous moonlight scarce a year before.

She grasped the old-fashioned brazen knocker, and now stood irresolutely as then, and, in a moment, as great with fate as then. All might be forgiven, if she would but enter; life

might yet be bright and cheerful, should she but sound that old brass lion-head against the dingy plate.

For an instant she lingered, with the knocker in her hand, irresolutely, with shame, pride, and true feeling contending for the mastery; and then letting it fall from her hand, she wrapped her little one closer to her breast, and, with a low, moaning cry, fled from the house, cut of the garden, out into the world, and, a second time, was lost.

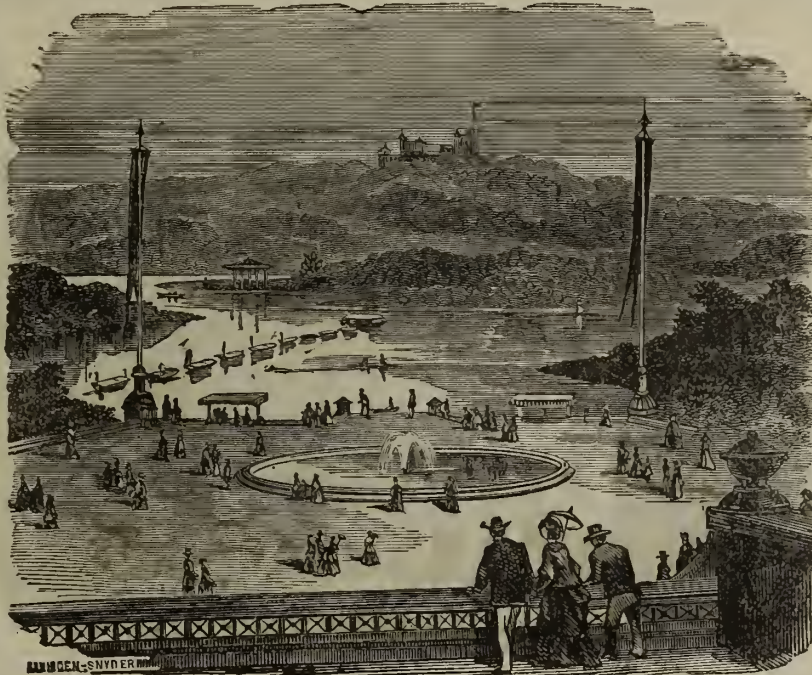
Her baby died shortly after her return to the city. Her beauty attracted the attention of a man of wealth, and at last, broken-hearted, broken-spirited, she yielded to his importunities, and thus thoroughly inaugurated her passage down the stairway whose steps are so slippery and steep. From one to another she passed, and from one phase of infamy to another—down, down, down!

It was during one of her momentary fits of repentance that I had first met her.

After her transfer to the West, and after her final fall from grace, she had passed as an adventuress through Cuba, England, France, and Germany, and, finally, returned to New York, a helpless, wretched inebriate.

I could tell much more minutely her history, but would here prefer to draw the veil, since her end in the hospital has already been described.

But ever since her history has come to my



CENTRAL PARK.

knowledge, I have never seen any of these unfortunate, without sighing for the angel that was sacrificed in the fall of many of them.

A NIGHT IN WATER STREET.

DR. ELISHA HARRIS, late Registrar of Vital Statistics in this city, and now Secretary of the Prison Association of New York, made a special study of mysterious cases of supposed suicide for years, and in a conversation with the writer declared his belief that a large proportion of the cases of mysterious deaths that go on the records of the city as suicides were really skillfully planned murders by gangs of men and women who make murder and robbery a business.

Along the streets bordering upon the river, or in adjacent streets, such as Water and Cherry, are located many places of infamy.

Investigations made in a very large number of cases where bodies have been found floating in the water showed that the victims were last seen alive in the company of female frequenters of these dens of the metropolis or in the dance-houses. In most cases of this kind no valuables of any account were found upon the remains and rarely any external injuries were developed in a post-mortem.

These facts led Dr. Harris to the conclusion that many, if not all, had been inveigled into the low resorts by women, where they were drugged to death by some subtle poison administered in liquors, and then, in the silent hours of the night, the inanimate body, after being stripped of money and valuables, would be carried by the male murderers to an adjacent dock and quietly dumped into the river. In due time the remains would be carried to the surface and found by a boatman or the river police. The deadly drug had left no tell-tale mark. The police would investigate, and that was the end of the matter.

So impressed was I with the conclusions arrived at by Dr. Harris that I communicated with a personal friend on the detective force my suspicions that a certain house in Water Street, which I had occasion to pass as late as 2 A. M. daily, was a den of thieves of this class. He readily consented to join me in an effort to discover something positive regarding the place, which was a resort of abandoned women, sailors and countrymen, with a bar attached. One night at 11:30, dressed and disguised as Jersey countrymen, Detective T. and I entered the main room on the floor even with the street. In it were four or five half-drunken women and half-a-dozen sailors. In one corner was a small bar, presided over by a villainous-looking, pock-marked ex-convict, and in another corner was a fiddler playing for the dancers. We spent money freely in treating all hands, talked about the price of country "truck," and the best market in which to sell, and promised to go around next day after we had sold our produce and have a good time all around, remarking that we wanted the fiddler, so we could have a dance.

The convict boss of this den chuckled at the proposition and readily assented to the further proposition that no "sailor fellers" should be admitted while we were guests, as we weren't used to "thar rough ways," and wanted to have "a clear swarth all to ourselves."

A little before noon on the following day, well disguised, we entered the resort. But two women and the proprietor were there, and an air of quietude—in striking contrast to the boisterous secret of the previous night—pervaded the place.

Each of us had provided ourselves with a sponge, hidden away inside of our coat-sleeves, and, as we had previously arranged to drink nothing but small glasses of wine, it was an easy matter by a dexterous movement to deposit the contents after taking it from the glass, into the sponges. My companion drank freely, or at least appeared to drink, displayed considerable money, and after the fiddler had been sent for

and the doors were locked, indulged in several waltzes.

An hour was thus passed, when, to all appearances, the "Jersey farmers" were "pretty well fuddled," so well had we simulated intoxicated men.

As our object was to see more of the premises, we offered no resistance when the women urged us to retire to a rear room. There more drinks were called for, and in half an hour we were both apparently unconscious in a drugged and drunken stupor. The women retired from the room, which was dimly lighted by the kerosene lamp, and we were left side by side on a mattress in one corner for some time. There was a peculiar taste to the wine that satisfied us it contained a drug.

In a little while "Big Charley," the boss, returned with one of the women, who passed as his wife, and, stooping over us, he remarked: "I'm blowed, Hannah, if them tellers isn't good game. Now you hold the door an' hold the light, an' the fiddler an' me'll soon lay 'em away till night. They're well salted, and we'll fix them at midnight, when all's still."

The fiddler was called, and we, lump, and apparently insensible, were carried down a rickety stairway to a sub-cellar and quietly deposited on the floor, which was of stone. Our entertainers retired, leaving the lamp burning dimly.

My detective friend got up and cautiously explored the place.

I confess I was not pleased with his report.



ASTOR HOUSE.

On one side he found a blind door leading into a dark passage-way, which, from the sound of running water, he supposed to be one of the city sewers, through which they carried their victims. I was so alarmed that I suggested we had seen enough, but he was inexorable.

"Let us see the end," he said. "We are well armed; we're enough for them. Why, if I only showed my shield they'd beat a retreat. Keep quiet and watch me."

We did not wait long in suspense. "Charley" and the woman entered.

The former examined us critically, and, turning to the woman, said: "You go up and tend bar, if any one drops in; send Lize down to watch the clodhoppers, and have her pour a little more of the 'stuff' down 'em in half an hour. I must now go over the river and get Bob to come over and help me plant 'em after we close in the mornin'."

Again we were alone.

The detective whispered his plans to me, and a few minutes later the woman Lize came down with a bottle in her hand, and, sitting down on the only chair in the cellar, engaged in the occupation of knitting.

Half an hour must have passed—to me it seemed two hours—when the woman picked the bottle up from a shelf and walked deliberately over to our corner. With closed eyes I felt her warm hand on my forehead; then she turned my head over, face upward, and forcing open my

mouth when my companion, with a quick movement, threw himself over and drawing a pistol, hissed, "Ah, Lize! I've got you! Now open your head, and I'll blow it off! See this shield? Ha! ha! trapped at last, eh?"

So sudden was the thing done that the woman crouched down quietly, as the detective threw off a wig, and she identified him as one who had twice arrested her for shoplifting.

To be brief, the woman "Lize made a clean breast" of the fact that sailors and countrymen were drugged and taken to the sub-cellar, where they were visited by "Big Charley," his wife and two men.

What disposition was made of the victims she never knew, or professed to know not. The officer promised her protection if she would aid him in solving the mystery of the removal of the drugged victims who might visit the place in future, at the same time warning her that he would have her watched, and it would be useless for her to attempt to flee the city. It was also arranged that when the sub-cellar again had an occupant she was to find means to hang a white cloth from the front window as a signal, and at all events to meet him at a place appointed a week hence. She then released us through a side door.

Daily the house was watched—no signal. The trying time arrived, and Lize came not. Over another week passed without other news of the woman. It was supposed she had escaped the detective's vigilance. Reading the description

of the body of a drowned woman found at Fort Hamilton, the detective believed it was Lize. He went there and recognized her as the Water Street woman.

The detective always maintained that he believed "Big Charley" and his gang, suspecting Lize of treachery, had murdered her and thrown her body into the river.

Shortly after this, my friend, who still had the house under surveillance, became insane, and a few months later died.

The Water Street den has been demolished to make way for the Brooklyn Bridge, and the inmates are scattered. Yet I still firmly believe that Dr. Harris was right, and that there still exists in this city, under the very eyes of the police, one or more organized gangs whose business is the inveigling of strangers into suspicious places, the robbing of their persons and the consignment of their bodies to the waters of the rivers and harbor.

Where is the Vidocq who will fathom the secrets of these malefactors?—From

"Glimpses of Gotham," Published by Richard K. Fox.

THE CHINESE AND ITALIANS.

CHINATOWN is often mentioned in the papers. Any one who knows where Chatham Square is, could find Chinatown quite easily. There isn't much of it, though, when it is found: just one end of a shabby street, Mott by name. Some of the houses are tenements, with dark halls, rickety doors and windows and a perpetual bad smell. Others were once private houses, with high stoops and a moderately good appearance, but now almost as shabby as the tenements. Nearly every house has a sign in Chinese characters, and all the dingy stores have strips of yellow or red paper in the windows, inscribed the same way. Many of the door posts bear similar embellishments, each and every one of which is the most utterly incomprehensible Greek to all white barbarians. Go into Chinatown any time you please, and you will find Celestials on guard at almost every doorway. They seem to be merely lounging about, and to have no particular interest in anything, but they are watching sharply all the time. The gambling places, opium dens and lottery shops are never without pickets, who eye all passers very keenly and answer questions without any waste of words. "No sabe," is the invariable reply to barbarians straying around with conun-

drums. "As tight as a clam" and "as dumb as an oyster" are old phrases for reticence, but "as close as a Chinaman" would fit quite as well. A Chinaman can tell a reporter by instinct, and is closer than ever when a member of that worthy brotherhood drifts around after notes. He needs to be an especially energetic reporter who penetrates the picket lines of a Chinese gambling den or lottery shop. The barbarian can get into an opium "joint" without much trouble, but the other places are for Celestials alone. No one else could understand the games that are played, or what the queer lottery combinations mean. It is said that both the games and the lotteries are all square, but only the Chinese themselves knew whether they are or not. They are carried on in dark, foul places, as far from the street as possible, and only those who know just how to proceed can get in at all. The stores in Chinatown do not invite the barbarian's trade. No goods are kept but those which Chinamen buy. Very few luxuries are found in any, but the Celestial is not a luxurious animal. Opium doesn't cost much, and the indulgence in it is the height of his extravagance. The idea of luxury does not exactly harmonize with the hard fact of existence on fifteen cents a day. As to

THE NUMBER OF CHINESE

In Gotham, it is not easy to get at the actual figures. Those in Chinatown could probably be counted, or a fair guess made, anyway; but they don't all live in Chinatown, by any means. That place is merely their headquarters. The number scattered through other parts of the city, chiefly with a view to laundry profits, is larger, probably, than could be counted in Chinatown itself. All the way from the Battery to Harlem, the whole eight and a half miles of Gotham's length, these unassimilating Mongolians are to be found. A few years ago, when there was an outcry about a Chinese invasion, it was said the number in New York was not less than 3,000. When the census men of 1880 came around, however, they figured up less than 1,000. They probably got as near the mark as the guessers, anyway. But there has been a considerable increase since 1880, and the present number might be put at 2,000 for New York City. Counting in those in Brooklyn and the Jersey suburbs, the total may not be far from 3,000. All are workers at one thing or another; there are no loafers among them, and no dead-beats, so far as heard from. The Chinaman's cardinal principle is to earn his living, which shows a vast abyss of difference between him and some proud Caucasians. But then, if he can live on fifteen cents a day, the earning should not be very hard. There are very few, however, who don't pick up at least two dollars a day one way or another, and some contrive to make from three to five dollars.

THE ITALIANS.

In point of health, at least, many of the Italian tenements are more dangerous than any of the crowded and nauseating Chinese dens in Mott Street. A single house in Mulberry Street is occupied by nearly 200 Italians, and there are many others in other streets packed with these people in the same way. The occupants are all of the poorest and of the lowest class, and they seem to have no thought at all of comfort or even of common decency in their mode of living. Beds are unknown luxuries in some of the Italian tenements. An officer who entered one found the floor covered so thickly with human beings that he could not move about without stepping on a sleeper. It was the same on each floor, even down to the cellar. No particular complaint can be made of this class of Italians on the score of morality, except that most of them are always too ready to stab; but their manner of living, like animals huddled in a pen, is abominable. Sometimes three or four families occupy a single room, and not only that, but occupy it in company with a miscellaneous collection of rags, old paper, and dirty scraps of all kinds gathered in the streets during the day, and often reeking

with filth from the gutters. Yet there is good physical material even among these people, as any one may see by looking at them. Many of the men are sturdy fellows, well put together, and many of the women have fine forms and good faces. And it should be said, too, that nearly all are industrious. They work at one thing or another as steadily as any class, and most of them know how to save money, even out of their small earnings. If they could be taught to live in a civilized way, not much fault could be found with them for other things.

NIGHT BEGGARS.

The following graphic pen-picture of that wretched class of our population known as "Night Beggars" was written by Nathan D. Urner, and appeared some years since in the *New York Weekly*:

Out from the shadow of the deep, dark area—in the very noon of the starless, soundless night—out from the black mouth of the tunnel-like alleyway—right across one's path, as one is hurrying home, after long hours of exhausting labor with the quill, she flits, ragged and ghostly in the moonlight, or still more startling in the flickering glare of the gas-lamp—the Night Beggar of the streets.

There is nothing about her to identify her with others of her class or sex.

The gaudy pretensions of the "street-walker" do not show themselves in the poor, ragged garment which she draws so shivering round her

commences work at the entrance of theatres, minstrel halls, and other places of amusement, and then continues her vocation at any convenient shadow-hole bordering upon some great thoroughfare.

In the course of my journalistic experience I have made the acquaintance of several girls who may come under the general classification of this article, and the history of one or two of them is fraught with a homely romance.

The one I remember most intimately used to accost me almost nightly near the corner of Lispenard Street and Broadway. I was always late on the street—from midnight to three in the morning—and I shall never forget the sensation her first appearance caused me, as she glided out so noiseless and ghost-like from the shadow of the wall, and besought my charity with outstretched palm.

The face was a pale one—dead pale. The eyes were deep, black, shining holes in the face. The hair—jet black—was very luxuriant, though that of a girl, for the owner could scarcely have been over eighteen. My route was so regular, her station so constant, that a sort of intimacy grew up between us, and one evening I loitered some moments, and questioned her:

"What is your name?"

"Genevieve Marston."

It was a beautiful name, and I, not doubting that it was fictitious, paused, thinking that she too had caught the mandarin sentimentalism which lends the lie to the lips of the outcast, when she, perceiving my mood, said quickly:

"It is my real name, sir. I have lied very often, Heaven knows, but I would not to one who has been kind and generous to me, as you have."

From that time on through a long winter, in my lonely walk homeward, I always tried to have ten cents in my pocket for the benefit of Genevieve, of the corner of Lispenard Street and Broadway. Sometimes I would have nothing, and, as she would dit out before me from the bosom of her corner-shadow, I would say:

"Flat broke, Genevieve, and hungry myself."

Once, as I said this, the snow was deep upon the ground, and the north wind whistled bitterly. She looked poorer and more miserable than I had ever seen her. But she sprang after me quickly and exclaimed:

"You hungry, too? Take some of mine, won't you? I have eaten all I can."

She thrust a crust of bread at me—gnawed at the edges as if by hungry, ay, raven-

ous teeth, while in her own dark, hollow eyes, in every furrow which wretchedness and destitution had plowed in her young face, I read the great famine that was clutching at her heart. At first I was humiliated by the offer, but there was something so thoroughly noble in the charity extended to me that I speedily lost all other feelings in contemplating it.

She was not a bad-looking girl. Youth and beauty still gleamed at intervals through the mask of misery and long, unfruitful years; but it was her white, shining soul that I could see, as I then and there took her two hands in mine and gazed down into those poor eyes—so beautifully dark, so unnaturally bright—where the sweetness, the genius of woman, dwelt, still perfect, still shining after the terrible ordeal of her destiny.

"Why do you beg, Genevieve?—and why do you beg at night?"

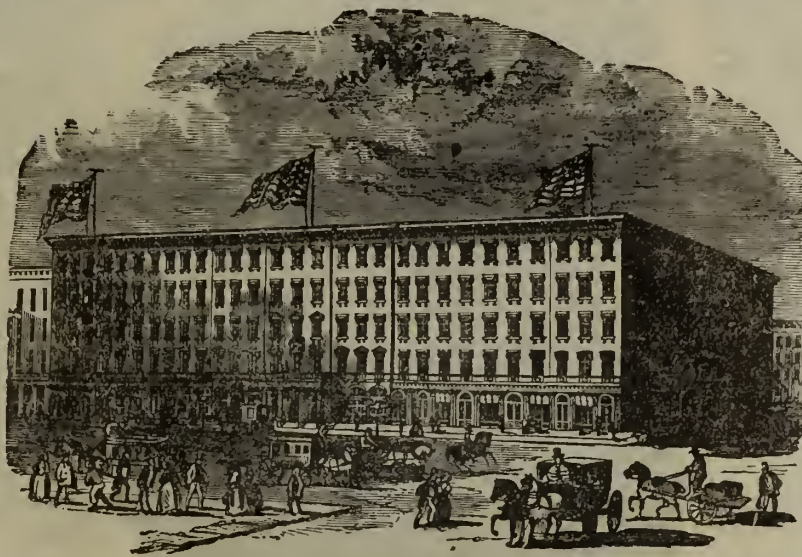
I said it to her so earnestly as not to leave any room for the studiously piteous falsehood which might otherwise have arisen to her lips.

"I beg," she replied, "for the man I love, who is at the point of death. Look at me—look at these rags that cover me, and say how I should venture to appear in Heaven's sunlight. This is why I beg at night."

She wrung my hand, dove into her shadows of the corner angles, and vanished from my sight.

For a number of nights thereafter I missed Genevieve. But one wild night, with snow in the air and under foot, and a shrill gale piping from the sea, I met her just as I was wheeling from Broadway into Canal Street.

She was singularly forlorn. Even the worst



METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

wasted form. Her lips are smileless; there is no ghastly attempt at mirth, or rollicking good nature in the large hollow eyes which speak of hunger and destitution, as eyes alone can speak; and the wan, thin hand, so tremblingly, beseechingly extended, is that of pure beggary—without the barest profession of giving anything in value received for that which it wildly craves.

Out from the alleyway, out from the area—Plutonian black and dismal—and out from the shadow of the street corner, have I had that wild, appealing hand thrust to me from the darkness. Almost a beggar myself at all times, I have not always been able to gratify the clenching earnestness of that clammy palm, but my heart has gone out to its owner strangely and yearningly, and, thus excited, my imagination has kept me awake many a night, with speculations as to the causes which prompted, the circumstances which led, and the state of society that superinduced so many girls and women to that condition of wretchedness which makes them, under the domination of this article, "Night Beggars."

The majority of our population—who are familiar enough with the various features of day beggary, including men and women of all ages and conditions—have little knowledge of these children of darkness, who are, nevertheless, akin to the general fraternity.

Yet our night beggars are a distinct class. They are rarely to be seen before nine o'clock in the evening, and they haunt the streets till the stars begin to pale along the sky. In a great city like New York, the night bath its wanderers, as well as the day, and it is to the hearts of these that the professional night beggar appeals. She

plaid shawl she had been accustomed to wear over her head and shoulders, in the cold term, was absent. Her long hair was loose, and blowing out in the wind. Her general demeanor was that of desperation and bewilderment.

She importuned two or three night-farers who were before me without success, and then fell upon me.

"Just a little—ever so little!" she exclaimed, wildly.

And then recognizing me, she burst out with a passionate feeling that would not admit of tears:

"Oh, sir, he is dead—dead—dead!"

It was Saturday night. I did not have the consciousness of a next morning's resumption of routine work staring me in the face—was, in fact, at comparative liberty. Even if it had been otherwise, there was no resisting the appealing agony of the poor woman, as she slipped down on her knees in the snow, and gave utterance to that heartrending exclamation:

"He is dead—dead—dead!"

I did not say a word. I lifted her gently, and by my manner indicated that I would follow her to her abode. We went to a dingy, dirty tenement in the neighborhood, and, stumbling through a lightless hallway, proceeded up eight after eight of rickety staircase, until we reached the topmost floor. Here we entered a room, dimly lighted by a tallow dip.

It was a strange room as well as poor. There was a stove, with the embers of a fire in it, and surrounded by a few pans, pots, skillets, and other utensils of cookery, though not the slightest sign of anything to cook. In a corner of the wretched room, just below the single dormer window, was a table littered with torn and half-written manuscripts, and on the floor, at its side, were a number of books—a dictionary, a thesaurus and a dozen blue-and-gold editions of the modern poets. There was no carpet on the floor, and the spiders had woven their festoons upon the ceiling.

In the dark corner of the garret was an iron bedstead, miserably furnished, considering the severity of the season. Upon this lay the corpse of a man, of thirty years or more. The face was handsome and noble in the extreme, but emaciated, as by long suffering and want. But the close-curling dark hair clustered around the transparent temples, and over the clear, still brow, in a way that reminded one of a fine portrait of the past.

But the passionate exclamation of the "Night Beggar" was none the less true. He was dead—dead—dead!

She bent over the poor clay, and kissed it wildly, impassionedly—cheeks, lips and eyelids. Then she turned to me, and said:

"Do you know what that is lying there? It isn't a dead man—it's a dead poet! He was a poet in every sense of the word. His voice was sweet—oh, how sweet! Every action of his life was in harmony with the poetry of the man. He also made money enough for us to live on—for a while. It was five dollars now, ten dollars here, and now and then, twenty dollars there, and we lived comfortably, for he was good and kind to me at all times. But he drank, and, at last, was cast upon this bed, from which he has never arisen. It was paralysis. At first, he would crawl out every day, and write a poem, or a sketch, by the sale of which I could manage to get fuel for our fire, as the saying goes; but at last he even lost this power. His friends deserted him, and I became a beggar for him. I was a day beggar—a genteel beggar at first; but the steps of degradation are inexorable, and at the last I became a 'Night-Beggar' for his sake—for his sake! Oh, Heaven! the game is up! He is dead—dead—dead!"

It would have been an insult to her grief to question its sincerity. It was so earnest as to rebuke inquiry.

"Oh!" moaned the poor girl, throwing herself on the dead body, and kissing the dead face with a wild, passionate sorrow; "they have done their worst by you, Jack, Jack! My poor, dead darling! They may sneeringly call you 'Bohemian' and 'penny-a-liner' now! They cannot harm you more! Dead—dead—dead! Do you know what killed him?" she suddenly exclaimed, springing to her feet in a sort of fury. "They may hold an inquest, and say he died of this, or that, or that; but I say he has starved to death! His poems may gem the albums of the rich and great, but he was starved to death! They may

repeat his jokes, and talk of his sparkling wit in their parlors and clubs, but he was starved to death! I stand here before Heaven—here on the brink of the hell-on-earth, which must be my doom—and swear it eternally: He was STARVED TO DEATH!"

She rolled over in a fit, with the red foam on her lips. I resuscitated her as speedily as I could, gave her all the money I had, and after promising to call on the following day, hurried away.

But on the following morning, a note from the managing editor of the newspaper on which I was employed, ordered me to the Capital at once—barely giving me time to pack my valise.

When I returned, a week later, the poet's garret was deserted, and Genevieve had disappeared. I have never seen her since, but often in my dreams, I see that white, imploring hand stretched out to me through the horror and the mystery of these Shadow-Scenes; and that wild cry, "Starved to death! Dead—dead—dead!" is still ringing in my ears.

THE DESERVING POOR AND THE IMPOSTORS.

"CHARITY covers a multitude of sins, does it not?" said a reporter to the superintendent of the Charity Organization Society, as a tramp entered the room with a letter purporting to be a recommendation from a prominent citizen.

"Yes, indeed," answered the gentleman, eying the tramp sharply, and so do the hats of

"Who are the greatest impostors you have to deal with?"

"The tramps rank first, and I can say that 80 per cent. of these are unworthy of aid. They usually come, like the one you saw with a frayed letter or hospital discharge, and ask for work—they want no aid. 'Give us work,' is the cry. When I make out a slip with the address of some one who will give employment to a needy man, they take it eagerly, and as they start to go they turn round and use such means as these: 'I'm so hungry that I'm afraid I can't walk to the place; won't you give me car-fare?' or, 'My leg isn't healed yet, but the doctor says I'll be all right in a day or so; can't you give me the price of a bed and a meal, so that I'll have new strength?' Next, and the most shame-faced impostor, is the 'temporarily distressed lady of good family, whose child just died, and who has a horror of the Potter's Field.' Why, only a few weeks ago a lady came to me weeping profusely (they always do), and asked for assistance to bury her child; \$5 was all she wanted, 'a friend would subscribe the rest.' On looking for the house she said she lived in, an empty lot was found."

DESERVING OF CHARITY.

"What do you do for the real worthy?"

"When we find a real worthy individual we send to the various aid societies, and they give temporary relief, and provide employment as soon as possible. If they are sick, besides being destitute, we give medical advice, and often remedies. Should the case require care more than medicine, then we provide good hospital accommodation for them."

"In what district is poverty the greatest?"

"The lower wards generally, although a good deal is scattered all over the city. It is a mistaken idea that the destitution is as great as pictured generally; most of it is due to chronic alms-asking, and no desire for work."

THE CAUSE OF WANT.

"What is the great cause of want?"

"Low gin-mills, where the parents spend the money, if judiciously expended, would comfortably provide for their families."

"Is it true that many real worthy people are never reached by you?"

"I am sorry to say that this is so, and often we find needy people from neighbors who have long seen the faces pinched with want, and they come here and report to us. On several occasions I have visited such as these, offered aid and met with a refusal to accept it on the ground that there was no necessity for it. Such people as these ought to get more than a share of what is yearly given in charity."

CAUSES OF NEED.

"What are the unavoidable causes of need?"

"Sickness, lack of employment, and often robbery."

"What do you mean by robbery?"

"Such cases as the following: Not long ago a lady with her child was traveling from the West to Boston. Between Elizabeth and New York she was robbed of her purse and ticket, and reached here perfectly destitute. She applied to us, and we gave her comfortable lodgings for the night, and on the morrow she was provided with a ticket to Boston and a little money for expenses on the trip. She promised to return it, and, true to her word, she sent it back a few days after."

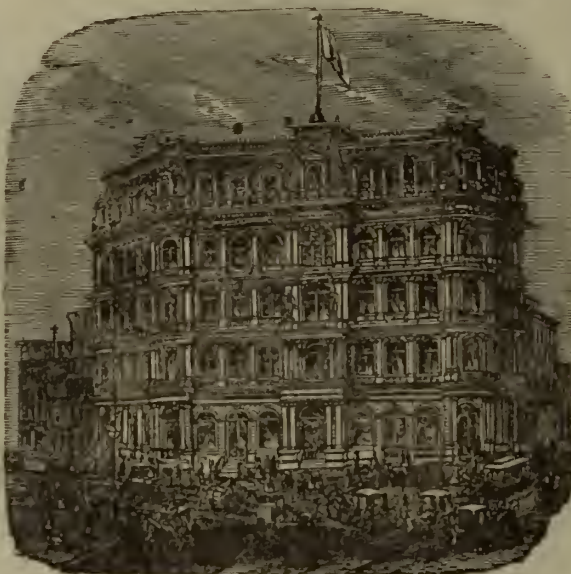
"How are you progressing in your work?"

"Very well; and before many years we will have the system so perfect that starvation and abject poverty cannot be found in New York. We are fast adding new districts in the six already established and soon the whole city will be covered by branch offices directed from the headquarters."

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

The following entertaining chapter is from Matthew Hale Smith's "Sunshine and Shadow in New York," published by the J. B. Burr Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn.:

The extreme value of land in the city makes tenement-houses a necessity. Usually they occupy a lot twenty-five by one hundred feet, six stories high, with apartments for four families on each floor. These houses resemble barracks more than dwellings for families. One standing



THE STAATS-ZEITUNG BUILDING.

many of our applicants for aid. Call around some time and sit here for an hour and you will see more needy people of all grades of poverty than could be described in a volume."

THE OBJECT OF THE SOCIETY.

"What is the object of the society?"

"The society does not give alms save in exceptional cases. Its chief object is the equal distribution of the money now given to the poor by the wealthy people of our city. According to the present way of dispensing alms some of the professional mendicants who make a business of begging get all the charity, while the more sensitive are left to perish in their pride. We propose to investigate all applications for aid and report upon the merit of the applicant, thus the money donated goes to the place where it does the greatest good to the greatest number. Only recently a lady called here and asked us to investigate the case of a man whose alleged sick wife and family she had supplied with money for more than six months. When we investigated the case we found that the fellow had no family at all and made a good, lazy living by imposing upon the credulity of several wealthy persons. The indiscriminate distribution of alms spoils the needy, and after a time they become so used to it that they find it the easiest way to live without work. By our method this is impossible; we investigate the case, give temporary relief, then provide work for the able-bodied and homes and hospitals for the sick and aged and those unable to work."

on a lot fifty by two hundred and fifty feet has apartments for one hundred and twenty-six families. Nearly all the apartments are so situated that the sun can never touch the windows. In a cloudy day it is impossible to have sunlight enough to read or see. A narrow room and bedroom comprise an apartment. Families keep boarders in these narrow quarters. Two or three families live in one apartment frequently. Not one of the one hundred and twenty-six rooms can be properly ventilated. The vaults and water-closets are disgusting and shameful. They are accessible not only to the five or six hundred occupants of the building, but to all who chose to go in from the street. The water-closets are without doors, and privacy is impossible. Into these vaults every imaginable abomination is poured. The doors from the cellar open in the vault, and the whole house is impregnated with a stench that would poison cattle.

A NIGHT TRAMP.

With a lantern and an officer, a visit to the cellars where the poor of New York sleep may be undertaken with safety. Fetid odors and pestiferous smells greet you as you descend. There bunks are built on the side of the room; beds filthier than can be imagined, and crowded with occupants. No regard is paid to age or sex. Men, women, and children are huddled together in one disgusting mass. Without a breath of air from without, these holes are hot-beds of pestilence. The landlord was asked, in one cellar:

"How many can you lodge?"

"We can lodge twenty-five; if we crowd, perhaps thirty."

The lodgers in these filthy dens seem to be lost to all moral feeling, and to all sense of shame. They are not as decent as the brutes. Drunken men, debased women, young girls, helpless children, are packed together in a filthy, under-ground room, destitute of light or ventilation, reeking with filth, and surrounded with a poisoned atmosphere. The decencies of life are abandoned, and blasphemy and ribald talk fill the place.

BAREFOOTED BEGGAR.

On one of the coldest days of winter two girls were seen on Broadway soliciting alms. The larger of the two awakened sympathy by her destitute appearance. An old hood covered her head, a miserable shawl her shoulders. Her shivering form was enveloped in a nearly worn-out dress, which was very short, exposing the lower part of her limbs and feet. She had on neither shoes nor stockings. Nearly every person that passed the girl gave her something. Believing they were impostors, Mr. Halliday approached them, and demanded where they lived. On being told, he proposed to attend them home. They misled him as to their residence. They attempted to elude him, and at length the younger said:

"Mister, there is no use going any farther this way; she don't live on Fifty-third Street, she lives on Twelfth Street, and she has got shoes and stockings under her shawl."

She was taken before a magistrate, and committed to the Juvenile Asylum.

A STREET BOY.

It is estimated that there are over ten thousand street boys in New York. They swarm along our parks, markets, and landings, stealing sugar, molasses, cotton. They steal anything they can lay their hands on. They prowl through the streets, ready for mischief. Mr. Halliday gives an interesting account of one of this class. He was the son of a widow. He played truant, and became a regular young vagabond. He was one of the young Arabs of the city. Mr. Halliday resolved to save him. He introduced him into the Home of the Friendless. He ran away and resumed his Arab life. He was sought for, and found on one of the wharves. The following dialogue took place:

"Where have you been, Willie?"

"Nowhere, sir."

"What have you been doing since you ran away from the Home?"

"Nothing, sir."

"What have you had to eat?"

"Nothing, sir."

"What have you eaten nothing these two days?"

"No, sir."

"What was that that fell out of your hand just now when you struck against your brother?"

"A soda-water bottle."

"Where did you get it?"

"I stole it."

"What were you going to do with it?"

"Sell it."

"What were you going to do with the money?"

"Buy something to eat."

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where have you staid since you left the Home?"

"On Tenth Street."

"Whose house did you stay in?"

"Nobody's."

"No one's house?"

"No, sir."

It had rained very hard the night previous, and I asked him again:

"Where did you stay last night?"

"Corner of Avenue A and Tenth Street."

"Whose house did you stay in?"

"No one's."

"But you told me just now you stopped last night corner of Avenue A and Tenth Street."

"So I did."

"And you slept in no one's house?"

"No, sir."

"Where did you sleep, then?"

"In a sugar box."



CORNER OF BROADWAY AND WALL STREET.

"In a sugar box?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you not get wet with the rain?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you get your clothes dry?"

"Stood up in the sun until they were dry."

He was again placed in the Home of the Friendless; again ran away; and finally was put into the Refuge, as all kindness seemed to be lost upon him.

A SAD SCENE.

In the so-called chapel of the prison sits a little girl amid a throng of dirty, drunken women. She is small, and only seven years of age. Her story is told in a single line—her father is in the Tombs, her mother is at the station-house. What she calls her home is a single room, nine feet under ground, without fire, though the thermometer is at zero. A portion of an old bedstead, a broken tick part full of straw, with a pillow, on which are marks of blood, lies upon the floor. The father was a cartman. He came home one night drunk and brutal, and knocked his wife down with a heavy stick. Afterwards he stamped upon her with his heavy boots until she was unable to speak. The woman died and the man was arrested. The little girl was sent to the Tombs as a witness, and was placed under

the care of the matron. When the trial came on, it was decided that the little girl was too young to testify. The man pleaded guilty of manslaughter, and was sent to the State Prison. It was a happy day for little Katy when she sat on the bench with those miserable women hearing a sermon preached. She found a kind friend in Mr. Halliday, and through him obtained a happy Western home.

GENTLE SUFFERING.

Sudden reverses reduce well-to-do people to poverty. Sickness comes into a household like an armed man. Death strikes down a father, and leaves a family penniless. One day a lady of very genteel appearance called at the Mission. Bursting into tears, she said to the superintendent:

"Sir, I have come to ask for assistance. It is the first time in my life. I would not now, but I have been driven to it. I could bear hunger and cold myself, but I could not hear my children cry for bread. For twenty-four hours I have not had a mouthful for myself or them. While there was work, I could get along tolerably well. I have had none for some time; now I must beg, or my children starve."

Her husband had been a mechanic. He had come to New York from the country. The family lived in comfort till sickness stopped their resources, and death struck the father down. The mother attempted to keep her little family together, and support them by her own labor. Five years she had toiled, planned, and suffered. Her earnings were small, and from time to time she sold articles of furniture to give her children bread. Over-exertion, long walks in rain and cold to obtain work, insufficient clothing, want of nutritious food, with anxiety for her children, prostrated her. She was obliged to call for aid on some of our benevolent institutions. She is a specimen of hundreds of noble suffering women in New York.

IMPROVED TENEMENT HOUSES.

Public attention has lately been called to the filthy and overcrowded pest-houses in the lower part of the city, and the result has been a great improvement in many of the old tenements, and the erection of several model lodging houses, which afford clean and comfortable quarters for laborers and mechanics, at comparatively reasonable rates of rent.

THE DARK SIDE OF NEW YORK LIFE.

People living or doing business in the neighborhood of the post office have noticed an elderly man, apparently warmly clad and of a refined appearance, lounging about the corners. He seemed to be watching for somebody, and frequently entered the Herald office and eyed the clerk who handles the letters. So queerly did he act that the attention of the police was called to him, for it was feared he was a "crank" who might do some one a mischief. An investigation led to the discovery of some remarkable facts. The old gentleman is versed in several languages, was formerly well off, and has been largely engaged in profitable business. Meeting reverses, he came to New York in search of employment, armed with letters of recommendation from professors in colleges and other distinguished people, addressed to leading publishing firms; yet he failed, and has for a fortnight lived in the street, and was actually starving when the police took him in hand. I saw him in the station-house last night.

"They tell me you are destitute and in want of food. Would nobody give you anything to eat?"

"Well, I never asked. I went into the Astor House the other day and saw three or four hundred gentlemen eating and drinking. They were ordering beefsteaks, and roast beef, and chicken, and oysters, and baked potatoes, and sandwiches, and pies, and brandy, whiskey, and ale. Some of them were having partridge and champagne, and nearly all were getting cigars when they paid their bills. I hadn't touched any food for nearly two days, and it made me nearly crazy with hunger to see so much to eat and not a penny in my pocket."

"But why did you not ask for help?"

"I did, but the one I spoke to swore at me for a tramp, and I lost all heart."

Of course, the old gentleman will be properly cared for; but just imagine the scene in that

gorgeous lunch room, where the ceiling looks like a dome of molten gold, beautifully painted with a tracery of vines and foliage, bearing the fruits of the world! Think of the feelings of this poor, old man, as he stood there among the feasters, actually starving in the midst of plenty and wasteful extravagance. Did Tantalus ever suffer such pangs as did this homeless, hungry creature? A penny from the pockets of each man in that crowd would have kept this man supplied with food for three days; yet his lips are closed by the brutality of perhaps the only brute in the gathering. Need I add anything to the picture? Is it not sombre enough in black and white? Could the pencil of a Dore add anything to its horror and despair? Yet this scene is probably occurring almost every day in this great city, where millionaires are counted by the hundred, and more money is wasted in extravagance than is spent in charity.

A MOTHER'S DESPAIR.

A few years ago I was standing on a street corner one bitter, cold night, waiting for a car. A young woman came up and peered into my face. Something told her I was in an amiable mood, so she asked me for half a dollar. The demand was so unusual I turned sharply around and looked at the applicant.

"Half a dollar! That is a queer way to beg," was my response.

"Oh, sir, I'm not begging, but my little children are starving."

I had children of my own living then, and the thought that this woman's little ones were suffering for food gave me a pang; but knowing the wiles of New York, I determined to miss my car and investigate.

"I will go and see your children," said I.

"Thank you, sir. It is only a little way."

Following my guide for a block or two, she led me to a miserable tenement building, and in the basement I found her three children. There was no stove, no furniture, not a table or a chair in the room, and no light. Striking a match, I saw the children huddled together on an old mattress, shivering and blue with cold. Two dollars produced some coal and wood to fill the empty grate and put some plain, wholesome food before the mother and her children. I afterwards learned that the woman had lost her husband a few months before, and having been brought up in ignorance of how to earn her living, she had gone from bad to worse, until she reached that state that she had gone into the streets to sell herself, body and soul, for the money needed to save her children. I brought the case to the attention of a society, and she was saved.

THE HOUSE OF DETENTION.

The New Yorker who would keep out of jail must be careful not to witness a crime. If he does witness one, the chances are that he will be indefinitely locked up, while the other fellow, who commits the crime, goes out on bail and has a good time. Some of these glorious republican institutions of ours have a few queer kinks in 'em.

Mulberry Street is not a bit like Broadway, except that it is paved with stones, which are very dirty all the year round. It is only a few blocks from Broadway, however, and it follows the same north and south line. Most of its houses are tenements, with an extravagant proportion of bar-rooms in their lower parts. A good many Italians live in Mulberry Street (which never saw a mulberry in its life), and a large number of Irish, and a few Germans, and some of the colored element, and just a sprinkling of Chinese, and in one part, down near Chatham Street, another sprinkling of Jews. So you see its population is somewhat mixed. But Mulberry Street has a few buildings that are not tenements. One is the printing house of the Methodist Book Concern, another is the general police headquarters, and the third, locally known as the Cage, bears the name of the House of Detention for Witnesses. It is bolted and barred from top to bottom, and the unlucky wight who once gets in may

as well make up his mind not to worry about getting out. For there's no telling as to that.

Suppose, for instance, that two ruffians with political influence get into a fight, and one shoots or stabs the other. The shooter, or stabber falls into the hands of a policeman. An "innocent spectator" (that ass of an innocent spectator is always around) goes along to tell what he saw. The ruffian is temporarily locked up, and the innocent spectator is sent to the House of Detention, to appear against him when wanted. Next day the political friends of the ruffian get him out on bail, and in one way or another his trial is put off and off, and in some cases dropped altogether. But the innocent spectator remains in jail. No bail for him. The law does not allow that. It is the criminal to whom the law is lenient. The witness of his crime is the one who suffers.

The plan of detaining witnesses in this way has been in operation some twenty years. It has been an outrage from the first and it is now admitted to be a failure. A bill for its abolition is before the Legislature. One incident affords a fair illustration of how it works: A countryman fell into the hands of some bunco men who took him to a room and locked the door. He was scared, and going to a window yelled for help. The bunco men then opened the door and let him out. They did not want to get into a scrape. At the door he met a policeman who had been attracted by his cries, and to whom he told his story.

"Do you want them arrested?" asked the policeman. And then: "If I arrest them you will be locked up as a witness till their trial."



HOUSE OF REFUGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND.

That was quite enough. The countryman did not want to be locked up, so the bunco men were not arrested. Instead of diminishing crime by making sure of the attendance of witnesses, the law has had a contrary effect by making it difficult to get witnesses at all. Much has been said and written about the hardships of Ludlow Street Jail. Much hardship is suffered in the House of Detention also, and always by persons innocent of crime—merely witnesses against the guilty. A woman bought \$113 worth of furniture on the installment plan. When she had paid up \$65 she got into the House of Detention as a witness against a young ruffian arrested for highway robbery. She was kept there three weeks. This cut off her means to keep up payments on the furniture. While she was locked up the furniture man went to her home and removed all that he had sold her, leaving her minus the furniture and her \$65 too. This is only one case of a hundred that might be mentioned.

A short time ago there was a curious conflict of authority about the House of Detention. It is a high building, with all the windows barred. In case of fire it would be a rather uncomfortable place. The Fire Department ordered fire-escapes put up and the iron bars in the windows removed. The Police Department refused, on the ground that fire-escapes would enable the detained witnesses to get away. The Fire Department replied that those persons must not be exposed to the danger of being burned up, and repeated the order for fire-escapes. The other department again refused, hinting that it was none of its business whether the witnesses were burned

up or not; its duty merely was to see that they were kept in safe custody. The matter was finally settled by a compromise, whereby the imprisoned witnesses have at least some chance of escape in case of fire, and need not necessarily figure in a holocaust.

THE MORGUE.

A narrow room, walled in by white, and with plenty of opportunities for the blessed daylight to stream into a place so utterly unblest.

Any one can find it.

The margin of East River, on Twenty-sixth Street.

It would be a cool, pleasant white room at any season of the year, were it not for the fact that two or three corpses almost continually grace the marble tables which are placed behind the glass cases, and which permeate the atmosphere with a dank, mysterious horror, peculiar to the place.

Yet this very horror is an attraction to hundreds of our Metropolitan visitors, who seek the morgue, and gaze upon its ghastly displays with mingled curiosity and disgust.

In some cases, this curiosity must be a good deal like that of the gay French woman of the Parisian *Demi-Monde*.

After a wild night of revel, she bade farewell to her companion, saying that she must go upon her usual "morning call."

"What is your usual morning call?"

"At the morgue—I go there every morning."

"*Mon dieu!* what can lead you there after a night of pleasure?"

"Merely to see whether my own corpse is not there," was the reply. "I know I shall come to it some day, and am sometimes uncertain as to whether I am not there already."

Our women are not quite so irrepressible as the French, but perhaps the comparison is made a little too intimate, but in some cases, at least, I know I cannot have erred.

In my many visits to the morgue, as a newspaper reporter, I have witnessed many strange and most unusual scenes, the narration of which would sound almost like the tongue of fiction.

One of my early visits was made just as the shadows of twilight were enfolding the city, though it was quite light enough to see everything distinctly.

I had crossed in a rowboat from the Long Island shore, and, weak and heartsick from an unsuccessful mission in the search of "exclusive news," felt inclined to proceed officward, and report

my failure, as fast as possible; but, passing along Twenty-sixth Street, the instinct to enter the morgue was too strong to be resisted, and I went in.

Death had not been so rife as usual.

A single corpse was laid out, occupying the table nearest the door.

It was that of a young and once vigorous man. The face—dark-haired, dark-bearded—was noble and gentle, and the trickling water fell drip, drip, upon the marble forehead, and flowed over the motionless form, in a strangely dreary, icy manner.

There was but one vestige of the death which had come upon him unawares—a bright scar across the temple on the left side—and even that had not disfigured the beauty of the corpse.

As I stood gazing at it in the light, which every moment grew more uncertain, as the shadows of twilight gathered down, a hundred strange images flickered through my mind, and seemed reflected on the blank white of the wall beyond.

I saw the dimly-lighted lonely street, with its single wayfarer, and the stealthy-footed garrotter springing in his track, his assistants lurking at convenient corners. Then the light tap on the forehead, the head thrown back, the deadly hug from behind, with the sharp wrist-bone pressed against the Adam's apple; and then three villains stealing noiselessly away, and leaving a senseless rified form on the sidewalk.

I had a fleeting vision of the dark, irregular pier at the river's brink, and the mad suicide rushing forward for the final plunge into eternity.

The concert-saloon brawl rose before me; the sailor from abroad, full of money and whiskey; and the sharp club-blow from behind the bar-counter, which stunned him and left him to be robbed.

The rowdy-fight in the street, and the stampede as the police approached, with the single, mangled, bleeding body left to grace the cold stones.

These, and a hundred visions more of a similar character, passed through my brain, and flickered on the blank-white wall of the Morgue, as I stood gazing in upon the single young corpse that lay there, when a sudden groan at my left startled me wonderfully.

I had thought I was alone—alone with the dead.

Recovering from my foolish fright, I saw that a stranger had entered the apartment unknown to me.

He was a tall, gaunt man, clothed in a heavy black cloak, which almost enveloped his entire form. A large slouched hat concealed his features. But I noticed that his frame trembled violently, and he gazed into the glass case surrounding the corpse with an apparent eagerness which was quite remarkable.

He was apparently entirely unaware of the presence of any one else but himself, and began speaking to himself in a wild and half incoherent manner, which I yet could understand.

"Great Heaven! here it is! It looks just as it did, though naked and cold! Oh, Heaven! why cannot I fly from it? I must still come and look, look, look! I think I must be growing mad! There is the gash—the very gash I—oh, Heaven have mercy upon me!"

He said all this in a very low tone, but with an intensity that made up for loudness.

Not thinking, at the moment, that he might be intimately connected with the deed of blood, I laid my hand upon his shoulder, and was about to speak consoling words, when he started from me as if my touch had been an adder's sting.

"Who are you? What do you mean? I didn't do it. I swear to Heaven I had no hand in it! Can't a man come into the Morgue to take a look? Go away from me! I had nothing to do with it."

Then, as his mud grew calmer, he controlled his feelings, and said, with a very gentlemanly and pleasant tone:

"Forgive me. I meant no rudeness. I am nervous, and my mind was cugrossed by many things."

I bowed my indifference, but must say that I viewed my companion with a feeling of repulsion which I had never before felt for a human being.

He extended his hand. I drew back, hesitating. "What!" he exclaimed. "Do you think? Do you really think?"

He said no more, but, rushing from the room, sped down the darkening street like a specter of guilt.

I really do not know what I did think; but I would not have had that man's nervous temperament at that time for my weight in bullion.—*Nathan D. Urner, in the New York Weekly.*

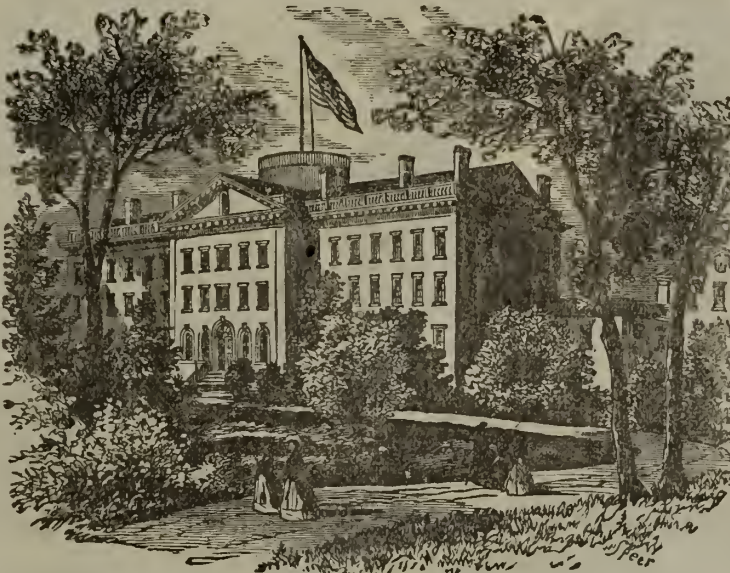
A FIRE ALARM IN NEW YORK.

A LOUD-SONDING bell breaks the silence with several imperative strokes following each other in quick and startling succession—the cause an electric current, the effect like the crack of doom in a limited area. The firemen spring out of their beds simultaneously, without losing a tenth of a second in hesitation or surprise; ten pairs of legs are simultaneously thrust into trousers by the bedside, and two hitches pull on both trousers and boots. The trousers close upon the hips, so that no time is lost with suspenders or belts, and the miraculous toilet is complete, while I stand confused by the distressing suddenness of things. The noise in the lower room is as though the foundations of the building were being blasted by dynamite. The bell is still striking, repeating the signal five times over, and the last fireman is half way down stairs before I recover myself and hastily follow him. Below stairs the horses are hitched to the engine, the driver is on the box, the furnace is lighted, the men have taken their precarious positions on the

tender, the doors leading to the street are wide open, and one minute has not yet expired since the first stroke of the bell! The engineer taps me on the shoulder, and orders me into a place on the narrow platform behind the engine.

"Hold on for your life!"

The advice is scarcely in my ear when the horses plunge forward, and the machine rolls off the smooth floor of the station on to the cobblestones of the street, which seem to fly out of their beds in the rebound of the wheels. The excitement bewilders; the stores and houses along the route are indistinct; for a moment our feet are shaken from under us as we sharply turn a corner; then a greater ease in motion tells us that we have left the cobblestones or Belgian pavement for asphalt or macadam; the tremendous finger of the steam-gauge indicates a high and higher pressure; the furnace blazes with increasing vehemence, and the smoke-stack emits dense wreaths of mingled smoke and sparks, which are blown back upon us, and inclose us in their suffocating blackness. The experience is thrilling beyond measure to a novice, and the absorbed expression of the men who have been used to the thing for years shows that it also has some effect upon them. The engine stops abruptly in front of a building out of which some smoke is drifting; the hose is uncoiled from the tender, a hydrant is tapped, and in less than five minutes after the first stroke of the alarm at the station a stream of water is thrown upon the fire by the engine, which gasps for breath, apparently, at the haste. Within those five minutes twelve or



BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUM.

thirteen men have been aroused from a sound sleep and have dressed themselves, three horses have been taken out of a stable and attached to vehicles, and the vehicles and men have traveled five blocks.

But if one should speak to the men about it, they would deprecate admiration. During the first visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to New York, an alarm of fire was sounded at the Clarendon Hotel, in Fourth Avenue, and a stream of water turned upon the building by an engine within two minutes and thirty-five seconds, the engine having been manned and brought four blocks in the mean time. It is not unusual for the engine to be out of the house and on its way to a fire within forty seconds of the moment when the bell first strikes.

We will not remain with the men at the fire, which may do little damage, and occupy them for an hour, or reduce millions of dollars worth of property, and occupy them for a whole night.

As soon as they return to the station, no matter how tired they may be, the engine is restored to its original condition of brilliancy, the horses are groomed, the harness is washed with Castile soap, the hose is re-adjusted on the tender, and an hour afterward, or less, the company is fully prepared to answer another alarm. Each man places his hat and coat in his seat on the tender, and puts them on after he has started for the fire; he also has a particular place and a particular duty assigned to him in hitching up the horses, which is done by electric snaps, and in getting the engine out of the house, the entire performance often consuming no more than ten seconds.

THE "DEAD BEATS" OF THE METROPOLIS.

GOTHAM's lazy Brotherhood of Dead Beats is recruited from all quarters. Pretty much every town big enough to raise a rascal contributes its quota. East, West, North, or South, it is all the same. Just as the sharpers, swindlers and miscellaneous rogues of every section drift toward the busy metropolis, so do the dead beats. Let a stranger from any part of the country put up at a New York hotel, and the chances are that before his first cigar is finished some fellow from his own place, who can claim some acquaintance, will find him out and try to make a strike. "The hotel game" is a favorite one. It is worked every day, and often with a good deal of success. That was how Franklin Moses, ex-Governor of South Carolina, made out for a couple of years before the crooked affair that landed him in the penitentiary. Moses was known in one way or another to a good many Southerners visiting New York. Most of them had a mighty small opinion of him, but he had a smooth tongue and a fair share of the ingenuity of the natural born rascal, and when he approached them in shabby clothes and told a pitiful story of hard luck, there were not many who would not say to themselves: "Well, I'll give the poor devil a dollar, anyway." Moses hung around the hotels nearly all the time. The detectives and porters knew him and kept an eye on him, but he did not mind that so long as he had a chance to pick up an odd dollar or two. He lodged wherever he could, according to the

state of his pocket, and got his meals, such as they were, in the same way. A year before the police took him in charge he rang an old Columbia acquaintance out of bed after midnight to borrow twenty-five cents to pay for a bed. That was rather a come down for a Governor, but not quite so bad, perhaps, as being yanked off to the penitentiary for the meanest kind of fraud. An old man was swindled by a professional sharper. Moses went to him, said he was a lawyer and could get back the money, and so wormed himself into the old man's confidence that he got more money out of him. Then a police court and the penitentiary, and ex-Governor Moses passed out of sight.

THE HOTEL BEAT.

A different type of the species is the dead beat who gets a living out of the hotel men themselves. Probably a more proper classification in this case would put him in the category of swindlers, but then, nearly all dead beats are swindlers of some sort. The hotel beat is pretty well known everywhere.

His clothing is always a trifle shabby, but he generally contrives to spruce up in such a way that the shabbiness is not much noticed. His manner is sometimes easy and sometimes lofty, and his main object at all times is to disarm suspicion. He makes his rounds with a minimum of baggage, a maximum of brass and a fair average of cunning, the brass and the cunning always working in harmony. Some years ago the hotel men formed an association for mutual protection against miscellaneous frauds, including the habitual beat, and since that time he has not been able to make out quite so well. An old stager is pretty sure to be known, and treated with such gross and summary disrespect as would disgust and humiliate a Kentucky mule. He may even find himself expelled so suddenly that he does not know how the thing happened till it is all over. The new hand, though, still has a fair chance. Even the detectives, who are always on duty around the hotel offices, may not discover anything suspicious in him till he is ready to slip out and play his game somewhere else. In some cases he pays up for one week in order to clear the way for a second, but his general rule is to pay nothing and get all he can. The proverbial black sheep of every family is pretty sure to be a hotel beat at one time or another. One young man of this kind has swindled nearly every hotel in New York in the course of his swift career, and is now cavorting, so to speak, somewhere out West. His family cut him off long ago as a hopeless case, but he still uses the family name as capital in his dead-beat enterprises, and as it is

pretty well known he gets a living out of it, at all events. As the son of Vanbueren Blank, produce dealer, he is supposed to be good for his board bill, any way, and, possibly, the \$10 or \$20 he borrows for an hour of so, and his true character is not suspected till after he has used part of the money to put a few hundred miles between himself and his victim.

BEATS AT THE CLUBS.

The genus beat is probably as well known in the club-rooms as anywhere else. Every club in New York can make a fair exhibit of specimens. The club-room beat must necessarily be of a higher type than most of the others. He needs social standing in order to get into the club, and he needs to dress well and be able to play the gentleman to maintain any status afterward. Two types of the beat are familiar to club men. One is the genial, pleasant fellow who is always in need of a loan, which he always forgets to return unless it is dunned out of him, and the other is the affable, plausible, wide-awake man about town, who is up to all the points at cards and can handle a billiard cue like an expert. The chronic borrower comes to be looked upon after awhile as a nuisance, unless, as is sometimes the case, his geniality is sufficient to overcome annoyance at his importunities. Most men find it hard to get out of humor with a thoroughly pleasant fellow and cut him altogether, even though he has a weakness for borrowing. As for the card and billiard man, whose whole existence, almost, is passed at the club, while he probably would take great offense at being called a beat, the name seems to fit him much better than any other. As a rule he follows no business outside of the club-rooms. Inside he is not often idle. He may be found in the card-room or billiard-room at all times, and he is always ready to play. As a matter of course, his play must be fair, else his company in any respectable club would soon be dispensed with, but he has made the play a close study, and is more expert at it than most of his fellow-players. Some men of this class make a comfortable living at the clubs at the expense of their associates. I hear of one who clears an average of \$3,000 a year at whist alone. Others are satisfied with less, but all make enough for current expenses on a moderate scale. An odd thing is that members who have been worsted by them over and over, and made to contribute freely to their exchequer, keep on meeting them, and being worsted, and making contributions, just as though the whole thing were a novelty. In this case, at any rate, the adage about burned children and the fire isn't worth a cent.

DEAD BEAT LAWYERS.

The legal fraternity also has its share. I know one lawyer, a rascal as well as a beat, who probably has not earned an honest dollar in ten years, but who has managed to live in pretty good style, nevertheless. Nothing would please this man better than a chance for a libel suit, so I shall take care not to designate him too plainly. He turned up in New York some fifteen years ago, got in with the Tweed politicians and pocketed some of their plunder, and has since beaten landlords, boarding-house keepers and a good many others out of their just dues by bullying and making threats of the law. One day an old acquaintance met him in the street and asked him casually about a certain matter, and next morning received a bill for \$25, consultation fee. He paid the bill, but dropped the acquaintance. Another lawyer who appeared here about the same time, from a Southern city, made a round of all to whom he could obtain an introduction (the circle was large, as his wife's family was well known and highly esteemed) and borrowed in every case where a dollar could be raised. He had military rank, a fine appearance and an imposing manner, and he rarely failed to get money.

When he had exhausted the possibilities of borrowing he returned South, and is still there, while his wife, who has had to give him up altogether, supports herself in New York by teaching. One of the shabbiest figures to be seen on Broadway is that of a lawyer, who was in good circumstances not many years ago. How he fell to his present condition I do not know, but he now ekes out a miserable living by going around to law offices, where he was known in better times, and accepting any sum that may be offered. He does not ask for money, but his object for calling is always known, and he rarely goes away empty handed. He does not even say "good morning," or "thank you," but takes what is given him, and goes away without a word. This man seems to have fallen into a morbid state that will probably end in insanity.

THEATRICAL BEATS.

The theatrical beat (I don't mean the chronic dead-head, who, however, is as much a beat as any beggar on the streets), is familiar wherever the profession has a rendezvous of any kind. He is not a bad sort of fellow, but he is always hard up, and forever disregarding the advice of Polonius as to borrowing. A calling so uncertain as that of the "snap" actor is pretty sure to produce a fair proportion of beats, as nearly all callings do, for that matter. This particular beat haunts the places where actors meet. He hangs around the dramatic agencies, the front doors

pretense of philanthropy to make an easy living for himself. New York offers a fine field for this kind of fraud. The numerous charitable societies afford both opportunity and facility. Both men and women attach themselves to them for the sole purpose of providing for number one. I do not speak now of the swindlers of both sexes who start "asylums," "homes," "shelters," "folds," and so on of their own, and make personal use of two-thirds of the cash they manage to collect, but merely of those who connect themselves with recognized societies and institutions, and live on them in the name of philanthropy. A favorite dodge is to get credentials and a collection book, and then appropriate fifty per cent. of the receipts. Men who resort to this way of making a living usually work up a benevolent aspect, an impressive manner and a tone that combines piety and persuasion. Now and then a vulgar fellow of the Stiggins type tries his hand, but his success does not encourage him to stick to the business. He can make out better at some other kind of fraud. Again, there are persons, of both sexes, with a special aptitude for collecting for charity, who make a good living in a way that the societies consider quite legitimate. They receive a large percentage on the money they collect in lieu of a salary. In some cases the allowance is as much as thirty per cent., and amounts to more in the aggregate than the collectors could make at any kind of work. Of course, the persons

who give money for charity do not know that one-third of it goes into the pockets of the collectors. Then there are the people who manage some societies and institutions on a purely commercial basis, so far as their own interests are concerned, holding on to good places at good salaries year after year, and making every point count in their own favor. I do not hesitate to say that a large number of the agents and servants of charity and general philanthropy in New York are dead-beats, pure and simple—no, not simple, for they keep Number One first all the time.

BEATS OF THE STREET.

The variety of dead-beats who pick up a living on the streets, as common beggars or plausible impostors, is also unlimited. The figures of some have been familiar for years. One in particular has often interested me. It is fully ten years since I first met the old man, who sometimes introduces himself as the father of Jim Fisk, and again talks about the sick wife who is dying for want of food. At first he haunted the neighborhood of Union Square, but latterly he has established himself in an up-town section, of which the Windsor Hotel is the center. No one meeting this venerable hump for the first time could fail to be impressed. His appearance combines the imposing and the picturesque. He is over six feet high, with broad shoulders which lean forward just a little, and a physique as sturdy as a plowman's. His face is smooth, and suggests the daily use of a razor. The features are strong and regular, and might be those of a minister or a doctor. His hair, almost white, falls to his shoulders, and with the strong, smooth face, gives him an aspect of respectability. He is always comfortably clad, and he always carries a stout stick in his left hand, holding out the right for any odd change that his appeals for help may draw from the unwary. This old man, who is simply a chronic beggar, a liar and a first-class beat, looks as if, with a little fixing up in dress, he would adorn the United States Senate. His story about being the father of Jim Fisk takes in a few of the especially gullible, and the story about the sick wife has its effect too. At all events he picks up a pretty good living, and it is said that he has some money laid by.

The New York Bowery received its name from the many trees on it. The last one remaining, a button-ball at least seventy years old, was cut down to make room for the elevated railroad.



HIGH BRIDGE, NEW YORK.

and stage doors of the theatres, the entrances to hotels where actors stop, and the bar-rooms where they sometimes drop in for a drink. His clothes are generally seedy, but he wears them with a jaunty air, and occasionally he poses and struts in a way that recalls the ludicrous Fitzlamont of poor Sothorn. Union Square is his favorite stamping-ground in New York, for it is there the Thespian resort, and his chance of picking up something is best. The poor fellow is often actually hungry, and the price of a meal in a cheap restaurant is a godsend. Only a few actors even of this kind are really dissipated, but all are ready for a glass of beer, and nearly all have the common failing of forgetting to pay up when they happen to be momentarily flush. When one does abandon himself wholly to drink and dead-beatism, he still finds a sympathetic spot among his more reputable brethren, and is rarely turned off with a curse or a kick, as some others who get down in the world are likely to be. The boys may swear at him a little for not taking better care of himself, but they generally give him a trifle. The theatrical beat hardly ever sponges outside. His operations are confined to the circle of his own calling, and he troubles the general public very little indeed. This much, at least, should be put down to his credit.

THE PHILANTHROPIC BEAT.

In the whole brotherhood of beats there is none more contemptible than the fellow who uses a

DETECTIVE FORCE OF NEW YORK.

The following article upon the Metropolitan Detective Force is taken from Matthew Hale Smith's "Sunshine and Shadow in New York," published by the J. B. Burr Publishing Company, of Hartford, Conn.:

The system of detectives is not old. In former times the idea of a sharp criminal officer was expressed in the adage "Set a rogue to catch a rogue." The modern theory is, that integrity, tact, industry, are the best qualifications of a good detective. For many years there existed a set of men in London known as Bow Street officers. They were remarkably shrewd, were more than a match for the sharpest villains, and could ferret out crimes and outwit the shrewdest rogues. When the London Metropolitan Police system was adopted, an order of men were introduced, called *detectives*. This force was composed of men who seemed to have a gift for detecting crime. They could scent out a murder, and track the perpetrator over oceans and across continents. They could unravel the mysteries of a robbery, and bring to light things of darkness. Under Mr. Matsell, in this city, a small force was gathered, and were known as *shadows*, because they silently and persistently followed their victim. In 1857, the detectives, as a distinct corps, were created. The force is small—about twenty-five men. It is very efficient. Captain Young, the chief, who has had many years' experience, is cool, keen, brave, clear-headed. He is so adroit in catching rogues and restoring stolen goods, that many persons, after their property has been returned to them, go to the commissioners and demand that Captain Young shall be tried for complicity. They do not believe that a man could bring back stolen property unless he has some share in the original theft.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A DETECTIVE.

Good detectives are rare. An unblemished character is indispensable, for the temptations are many. A detective must be quick, talented, and possess a good memory; cool, unmoved, able to suppress all emotion; have great endurance, untiring industry, and keen relish for his work; put on all characters, and assume all disguises; pursue a trail for weeks, or months, or years; go anywhere at a moment's notice, on the land or sea, go without food or sleep; follow the slightest clew till he reaches the criminal; from the simplest fragment bring crime to light; surround himself with secrecy and mystery; have great force of will; a character without reproach, that property and persons may be safe in his hands; with a high order of intellectual power. The modern detective system is based on the theory that purity and intelligence has a controlling power over crime. Detectives must be pure men, and, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion when they come out from the ordeal through which they have to pass. To obtain the right kind of men, the force has often to be sifted and purged.

OLD HAYS.

So the old High Constable of New York was known. He was the first real detective of the city. He was a short, thick-set, stout-built man, looking as if nature intended him for a giant, and altered her mind. He had a round, stolid face, of the hue of mahogany—a genuine Jewish physiognomy. He was an honest man, of high moral and religious character, and a consistent member of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, then worshipping in Grand Street. He lived in the time when the guardians of the city were watchmen. With their old camlet cloaks and hump lanterns, they prowled about the city at night, and were known as leatherheads, from the leather cap they wore. Hays had a small office in the Tombs. He was a regular autocrat, and held the monopoly of catching thieves. He was about the only police officer in the State who did any business. He was really a great man. So successful was he as a detective, that his fame spread over the whole civilized world. He was as well known in London as New York. He was a terror to evil-doers. "Old Hays is after you!" would send juvenile scamps off at any time. He could track a rogue by instinct. Men believed he was in league with criminals all over the world, and that his religious profession was a sham and a blind. If a robbery was committed in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Liverpool, or London, the matter was put in the hands of Old Hays. Fifteen years after his death, letters came from the chief of police, London, pertaining to criminals and crime, addressed to "Jacob Hays, High Constable of New York."

HOW THE DETECTIVES DO THEIR WORK.

Crime is not only systematized, but classified. Each adroit rogue has a way of doing things which is as personal as a man's handwriting. We have really low great men; great orators, men of mark, distinguished authors, or men of towering success, are few. If a princely donation is made, or a noble deed done, and the name withheld, the public at once point out the man—it would be so like him. Bad talented men are few. Adroit rogues are not many. Men capable of a dashing robbery, a bold burglary, or great crimes, do not abound. If a store is broken open in New York, a bank robbed in Baltimore, or a heavy forgery in Boston, the detectives will examine the work and tell who did it. As painters, sculptors, artists, engravers, have a style peculiar to themselves, so have rogues. A Chicago burglar, a safe-breaker from Boston, a bank-robbor from Philadelphia, a New York thief, have each their own way of doing things. They cannot go from one city to another without observation. If a crime is committed, and these gentlemen are around, detection is sure to follow. The telegraph binds the detective force together in all parts of the Union. A great crime is telegraphed to every leading city. When an adroit rogue leaves the city, his whereabouts are sent over the wires. The detective on his track is the gentlemanly-looking, affable personage with whom he has been chatting in the railroad car. The rogue lands in New York, and the friendly hand that helps him up the gang-plank, or off the platform, is that of a detective. A keen eye is upon him every moment till he is locked up or departs from the city. When he leaves, the car is not out of the station-house before the telegraph announces to some detective far away the departure and the destination. His haunts are known, his associates, the men who receive stolen goods, and his partners in crime.

WHY ROGUES GO CLEAR.

The detectives often recover goods and money while the criminals escape. People wonder why the criminals were not brought to punishment. The first duty of the officer is to bring the offender to trial. But this cannot always be done. The evidence is often insufficient. The next best thing is to secure the money or property. Many robberies are committed in places of ill-repute. Parties are compromised. Victims from the country, who are respectable at home, do not like to read their names in the newspaper. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually returned to their owners through the detectives, which would have been lost without their vigilance. But in many instances dishonest detectives deliberately divide with the thieves. This has been done in several cases of bond and bank robberies. By "arrangement" possibly two-thirds of the plunder has been returned, and the remaining third shared by the thieves and the catchers. This business enables some of the force to wear big diamonds, and own and live in brown stone fronts, on a salary of \$1,200 a year.

HEADQUARTERS.

In the elegant marble building on Mulberry Street, where the Metropolitan Police force center, there will be found the headquarters of the detectives. Though it is under the charge of the general superintendent, the detectives are an independent body within the police force. The chief, Captain John S. Young, has been many years at the head of this department. He is a heavy-built, stocky person, with an immense head and face, sandy hair, somewhat curly, a stolid and heavy look, and nothing but his eye indicates that he is the sharpest, coolest, bravest, and most adroit detective in the civilized world to-day. His room is homely, ill-furnished, and unsightly. He never seems to be doing anything, or to have anything on hand, or to be interested in anything. His associates in the room—a dozen men, more or less, dressed in ordinary citizen's clothes—he round on the benches, straddle the chairs, lean up against the wall, talking, smoking, and doing nothing, looking like a band of idle loafers without a purpose. In this group the uninitiated would fail to recognize the company of the most talented, persevering, sharp-sighted, keen-scented, and most successful criminal detectives; men who have been in the criminal business from their boyhood; men who have been selected from hundreds, and who have been in the force for a quarter of a century. They are silent, suspicious, secretive. They never talk of what they have on hand. Of the past they will speak, of the future they have nothing to say. They have incidents and adventures

in their possession more thrilling than any criminal novel ever written. In their room I passed a night not long since, and learned from them the romantic incidents that I am about to state.

THE ARREST OF A PICKPOCKET.

Said one of the detectives, "The chief called for me one day, and put a case in my hands, which I was required to work up. A gentleman of the city, who was supposed to be worth a fortune, suddenly failed. His failure was a bad one, but his honor was without a stain. He was guardian for two orphan children, and took the cars one morning for the purpose of investing some three thousand dollars that he held in the name of the children. When he reached the office up town, where the investment was to be made, he found his money was gone. He had been robbed in the cars. In great distress he came to the office, and communicated his loss to the chief. He said, when he was rich his tale of robbery would have been believed; now he was poor, it would be said that he had robbed himself. I examined the man closely, and had no doubt that his story was a true one. He had but little light to throw on the robbery. The car was crowded, and he stood on the platform. He remembered that during the passage, as a person got out of the car, a young man was thrown against him. He had a dim recollection of the person, thinking no wrong at the time. Car-robbing is very common, but it is very delicate business, and few can do it well. I had my suspicions as to who committed the robbery. I took a car to go down town. In it was the very person I was in search of. His new clothes, new hat, and boots, and watch, indicated that he was flush. I stopped the car, touched the young man on the shoulder, and told him to follow me. His face crimsoned in an instant, and I knew that I had got my man. I took him to the station-house, and accused him of the crime. I told him that the man who had lost the money would, in the language of pickpockets, 'buff him to death' if he did not restore the money; but if he would 'turn up the money' he might clear out. These robbers, all of them, have accomplices. They never can tell when they 'peach.' I had no evidence that would convict this person. No judge would hold him a minute on my suspicion, but the thief did not know that. He pulled off his boots and the money came back, all but one hundred dollars which he had spent. The grateful merchant received it with tears of joy."

AN OLD MAN IN TROUBLE.

"Very few men who come here for relief," said one of the officers, "tell the truth. They make up all sorts of stories to impose upon us, to save their reputation, and to keep themselves out of trouble. If a man tells us the truth, if he has been robbed at a bad house, and describe the parties by whom he has been robbed or wronged, we can relieve him. We can go on board of a train of cars filled with hundreds of people, and tap a pickpocket on his shoulder, and say, 'I want to see you, sir,' and never make a mistake. We can take a telegraphic description of a rogue, and with it walk up Broadway, where thousands are rushing along, pick out our man and march him to the Tombs, and never get the wrong person. One day a sedate-looking man from the rural districts called at our office. He was a merchant, he said. He came to the city to buy goods. He had been robbed of fifteen hundred dollars, which he was to pay that day. He was a ruined man unless he could recover his money. He named the hotel where he staid, and in which he had been robbed. His room-mate, a man unknown to him, was asleep when he went to bed, and asleep when he left the room in the morning. He had not been out of the hotel since tea, till he discovered his robbery. The man must have robbed him, and he wanted him arrested at once. Captain Young was satisfied that the man was not telling the truth. He put the case in my hand, and ordered me to work it up. I went to the hotel, and found everything right there. The room-mate was a merchant from the West, of unquestioned integrity. I came to the conclusion that the man had not told us the truth. I knew that he had been out of the hotel, had been into disreputable company, and had been robbed. I sent for the victim, and he came, accompanied by a friend, who promised to vouch for his honesty. I said to him, 'Sir, you have lied to me. You lost your money in bad company by the panel game.' At first he denied it with great vehemence, then he evaded, and finally confessed. With a slight clew as to the locality, I found the panel thief, and brought back the money."

A MINISTER IN TROUBLE.

"One day some very excellent people came to the headquarters to complain. The city was unsafe for respectable men; people could not walk about the streets without assault and robbery. It was a pretty state of things if gentlemen could not walk the streets of New York at reasonable hours without being beaten, bullied, and robbed, and their life endangered. 'And what is the matter now?' said the officer. 'We are respectable citizens,' said the complainers, 'and officers of a church. Our minister was assaulted, and beaten, and robbed last night in one of the streets. He came over to New York yesterday afternoon on business. He was returning through Beekman Street about ten o'clock. When near Cliff Street a band of rowdies assailed him, knocked him down, beat him, muddled and tore his clothes, robbed him of his watch and money, and he reached his affrighted family almost dead.' The case was put into our hands. The night on which the assault was said to have taken place, was a beautiful, bright moonlight evening. The place of assault was so near the station-house, that the cry of distress would have been heard by the captain at his desk. At that time of night a man would have been as safe on Beekman Street as on Broadway. It so happened that two of our officers were on that spot within five minutes of the time the assault was said to have taken place, conversing on matters that detained them ten or fifteen minutes. I was satisfied that no assault had taken place, that no robbery had been committed; that the whole story was trumped up to hide some disgraceful conduct in which the party said to have been wronged was engaged.

"With this impression, I sent to the minister. He was greatly annoyed that his people had taken any notice of the matter, or brought it to the attention of the authorities. I told him it had been brought to our attention; that we were censured for neglect of duty, and that the fame of the city suffered; that we intended to probe the matter to the bottom; that we intended to follow him every step that he had taken that afternoon, from the time he left home till he returned. We would know all his companions, and all the company he had kept that day. I told him his story was an improbable one; that it was impossible that the robbery could have occurred at that time or place; the night was too light, the hour was too early, it was too near the station-house, and more than that, two of our captains were on the spot at that time, and they knew the story was not true. If he had a mind to make a clean breast of it, and tell the facts as they were, I would keep his name from the public; if not, I would make a thorough investigation, and publish his name to the world. He was greatly agitated, blamed his friends for meddling in the matter, began to cry, and at length made a clean breast of it. He had been drinking that afternoon, went where he ought not to go, and was robbed of his money and his watch. He must account for his situation, did not want to be disgraced, and so had trumped up the story he told to his elders. The affair was hushed up."

A SEA CAPTAIN IN DIFFICULTY.

"The harbor police notified us," said one of the detectives, "that a ship was lost off Sandy Hook by fire. As the case was reported, there were some things about the loss that did not look right. The next day the papers blazed with an account of a hold robbery. It was said that a sea captain lost a large sum of money at Barnum's. The captain was said to have been peculiarly unfortunate. He lost his ship by fire off Sandy Hook. He had just been paid his insurance, a very large sum, which he was to take to his owners in New England. He visited Barnum's with the money in his pocket, and on leaving the place it was gone. The audacious robbery flamed in every paper. The statements were so nearly verbatim, that it was evident the captain had written them himself or furnished the material. The captain issued handbills, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the recovery of his money. The handbills were circulated only among the shipping and on the wharves. In a few days we received a visit from the captain at headquarters. I was put in charge of the case, and I took down the captain's statement. It differed but slightly from those made in the papers. I was satisfied that he had not been robbed at all. I strongly suspected that there was foul play in the destruction of his vessel, and that the captain intended to appropriate the money. Making up my mind how he did this, I directly accused him of the fraud, and described the manner in which the

affair was done. He supposed I knew the whole matter, although he could not imagine how I got hold of it, and was greatly excited. He was astounded when I told him that the money was in his inner vest pocket, and that if he did not take it out at once I should search him, and he must take the consequences. I hit the thing exactly. He had his money hid away in the place I had designated. In tears and in terror he brought forth the money, which was restored to the owner. We could not hold the man for a criminal trial on the evidence we had, and so let him run. He has never sailed from New York since."

BURGLAR DETECTED BY A BUTTON.

A large silk house in New York was robbed of silks and velvets valued at many thousand dollars. The burglars hired an old building adjoining the store. They cut a hole through the wall, entered the store, and carried away the goods. The job was a clean one, and no trace of the robber was left. The police shook their heads, and the merchants feared they were ruined. One of the shrewdest detectives had the case put into his hands. He examined the premises carefully. The hole in the wall was a small one, and the burglar squeezed himself through with difficulty. In a little crevice a button was found of a very peculiar fashion. A little plaster adhered to it, indicating that it had been rubbed off as the robber passed through. The detective put the button in his pocket. He had a clew, very slight, but still it was a clew. There are certain resorts in this city for thieves, burglars, and rogues. Here they can be found when off duty. Detectives pass in and out among these desperate men. They never meddle with them on ordinary occasions. They are seldom disturbed by the desperadoes, or resisted if they make an arrest. It is well known that the detectives go armed, and have no delicacy in the use of weapons. They are selected for their personal bravery no less than for their intelligence and integrity. The detective, with the button in his pocket, visited more frequently these haunts than he was accustomed to. The burglars knew something was the matter; but as the detective said nothing and molested no one, the rogues were not disturbed. One evening the detective stood at the door of one of our low places of amusement. A man passed him who had peculiar buttons on his coat. The buttons resembled the one the officer had in his pocket. He was sure that he had found his man. He followed him to his seat, sat down beside him, and seemed intent on the play. He was not so intent, however, but that he saw that the party he was watching had one button less on his coat than he ought to have. He immediately left his seat, went outside, and made arrangement for aid to make an arrest. He came back to his seat, touched the astonished stranger on the shoulder, and invited him outside. Here a corps of policemen were waiting to receive him, and he saw that resistance was useless. Knowing that the man could not be held an hour with no proof but a button, the detective set himself to work to get the goods. He accused the man of the robbery, showed him how it was done, and hit the case so exactly that the burglar believed that some of his confederates had made a confession. He led the officers to the spot where the goods were concealed. The party was tried and sent to the State prison for a term of years. The button did more than that. The arrest of this man put the detectives on the track of other burglars. They followed up the matter for months, broke up a den of the most desperate robbers, lodged many of them in prison, among whom was the famous Bristol Bill of England.

A SHADOW ON THE PATH.

Small sums of money from time to time were taken from one of our city banks. No clew to the robbery could be found. A detective was consulted; he said that the robber was in the bank. A watch was put on all employees, but in vain. The money continued to go. The affair was put into the hands of a detective. All unknown to the clerks, this officer visited the bank at all hours, came in various disguises and under various pretences. He was satisfied that the robber was in the bank, and he fastened on one of the clerks as that individual. He followed the clerk fourteen days, at the end of which a written statement of the whereabouts of the clerk was presented to the bank. It was a perfect encriosity. The detective had not lost sight of the whereabouts of the young man a single hour. The clerk lived out of town. The detective rode on the cars with him every day. He sailed on the boats, walked in the country, rode in the city. Every place the clerk went into

was written down, how long he staid, what he ate and drank, and whom he talked with. A description was given of each person he talked with, the places of amusement he visited, and what he paid out. Among other things the record told, was his visits to gaming and other houses; what time he went to bed; and twice he rose at two in the morning, left his house, and met certain parties, who were accurately described. How a man could be followed fourteen days, especially in the country, all that he is doing be known, everybody he speaks to described, and the man watched be ignorant of it, is one of the mysteries of the detective system. The clerk was called into the president's room and charged with the peculations. He was overwhelmed with the accuracy with which his coming in and going out were noted. He confessed his guilt. The directors were merciful, and did not subject him to a criminal prosecution.

PRIVATE DETECTIVES.

The success of detectives in criminal matters, as a part of the police, has created a private detective system, which is at the service of any one who can pay for it. It is a spy system—a system of espionage that is not creditable or safe. Men are watched and tracked about the city by these gentlemen, and one cannot tell when a spy is on his track. A jealous wife will put a detective on the track of her husband, who will follow him for weeks if paid for it, and lay before her a complete programme of his acts and expenditures. If a man wants a divorce, he hires a detective to furnish the needed evidence. Slander suits are got up, conducted, and maintained often by this agency. Divorce suits are carried through our courts by evidence so obtained. Sudden explosions in domestic life, the dissolution of households, and family separations originate in this system. It is not very comforting to know that such shadows are on our paths.

THE RIVER-PIRATE.

MANY interesting articles in this work have been culled from Nathan D. Urner's contributions to the *New York Weekly*, and the following is from the same source:

Infinitely less courageous and manly than his bolder prototype of the open sea, but quite as ruthless, treacherous and deadly is the representative of that class of criminals who, from the nature of their vocation, have received the general denomination of River-Pirates.

They haunt the harbors of all large sea-ports, and scores, even hundreds of them pursue their nefarious calling, under the cover of darkness, in the waters surrounding the island city of New York. They generally live on the outskirts and in the thinly settled districts, usually occupying some wretched cabin between the water and the edge of some marsh, whose low-lying ground prevents its being generally built upon; but many of them also live among the vile sailors' haunts which skirt the North and East rivers in the lower portion of the city. Their near-tethered boats, a pair of oars and a few boat-hooks, constitute their sole mode of operation. And with these, on dark nights—the blacker and stormier the more favorable—they issue forth, singly, in pairs, or in groups of three or four, on their missions of evil.

Barges, canal boats and rafts are stealthily boarded, when it can be done with comparative safety—for the sneak-thief of the water is a coward, though, rat-like, he will mostly turn when brought to bay, and fight with desperation—often to the death.

No variety of plunder is despised by the River-Pirate. Everything that comes to his felonious hand—from a landful of oakum, or a raveled rope-end, to a quadrant, telescope or a package of freight—speedily finds its way into his little boat, as it rocks upon the somber tide, and is thence conveyed to the shore for "planting" (i. e., burying), or to the numerous thieves' "fences" which exist for this specialty of plunder all over the city.

The larger vessels—steamers, ships, barks and brigs—are mostly shunned on account of the numerous watches patrolling the decks; but small coasting schooners and sloops, which, while at anchor at night, are usually left in the charge of a woman or boy, or a single seaman, are looked upon as peculiarly excellent sources of robbery. Indeed, cases are not infrequent where the water-robber ventures to attack and overpower the watch, and at such times there is an element of romance even in his ignoble and villainous calling.

The tempest is dark and from shore to shore
Gurgles and groans the incoming tide,
As, with noiseless keel and muffled oar,
Like a phantom he glides o'er the waters wide—
Heartless, with barely a soul to save,
The cowardly, low-browed thief of the wave.

Swinging alone on the swells of the stream
Is the anchored schooner just home from afar,
While the storm-lit heavens relieve, like a dream,
The taper-beauty of mast and spar—
On her deck a single lone watcher a-drowse,
While his comrades away in the city carouse.

Not the sound of an oar in rowlock or wave,
Nor the skiff of the robber swims swift as a gull;
Cat-like and agile, but still as the grave,
He clambers the side of the low, dark hull,
And, crouching, glides like a shadow along,
While the sailor smokes, and hums a song:

A song of the shore and of friendly calls,
Or a rollicking ditty of devil-may-care,
When crash! the cowardly budgeon falls,
And Jack lies, bleeding and moveless, there.
He has voyaged his last, and silent and dim
The port of the Infinite opens for him.

From deck to deck the plunder roves,
Then, with noiseless keel and muffled oar,
Away from the low, dark hull he shoves,
And his laden boat moves back to the shore.
Of the theft and the crime of poor Jack laid low,
Only the stream and those black piers know.

Through the obliging good nature of a detective policeman, I once had an opportunity of inspecting the interior of one of the "fences" established for the convenience of the River-Pirates. It was in a deep, filthy basement, not a stone's throw from the rear wall of Trinity Church—and was, altogether, one of the strangest places I was ever in.

After stumpling down a dozen moist and dirty stone steps, the proprietor lighted us through a long passageway to the rear basement. This was quite roomy, and was filled with every description of stolen ship's property. The floor was littered with casks, boxes, baskets, packages, and heaps of oakum, tow, tarred twine, and pieces of rope; and a bright looking negress occupied a chair in the middle, busily engaged in assorting oakum. The shelves surrounding the apartment were heaped with articles of a nicer nature, and upon a small counter I noticed a first-rate compass, a costly ship's quadrant, and a large telescope, which appeared to be brand new. A close, tarry smell, like that of the hold of a ship, burdened the atmosphere very unpleasantly.

Whilst we were inspecting this curious hole, an ill-looking ruffian, in muddy top boots, greasy pea-jacket, and frayed fur-cap, tramped noisily in, bending under the weight of a coil of bright new Manila rope, which he cast down with a grunt of satisfaction, but started back alarmingly as he caught sight of the detective.

"It's all right, Moody," said the fence-keeper, looking up from the rope which he had stooped to examine. "The gentleman is not here on 'business.'"

The two retired together, I heard the clink of coin (it was before these days of greenbacks), and the proprietor presently returned alone. He was an Irishman of about sixty, whose personal appearance—which could never have been prepossessing—was no means beautified by the fact that he had only one arm, one eye, and a ghastly scar on his left cheek. He made note of my scrutiny, and said, in a half-apologetic, half-explanatory way, and with a grin which rendered his features ten times more repulsive:

"I was meself one of the b'yes at one time, sir; but I got so badly cut up by the harbor-cops" (harbor police) "that I retired from active life and became a merchant, as you see for yourself."

He offered to go into a long, rambling sketch of the manner in which he received his mutilations, but I was sick with the noisome atmosphere of the place, and restrained him, though I have since had occasion to regret that I did so.

"Is all this stolen property?" I inquired.
He grinned assent, but did not speak.
"And how do you manage to dispose of it with safety?"

"That," said he, with a wag of the head and a knowing air of reticence, "is one of the thricks of the thrade."

As it was evident that he would disclose nothing of interest regarding the "thricks," and the smell of the place had grown almost unbearable, we speedily quitted it and gained the open air.

Owing to the vigilance of our harbor-police—probably one of the best organized and most efficient forces of its kind in the world—the New York River Pirates of the present day, though far more numerous, are less bold and extensive

in their undertakings than they were some fifteen years ago. At that time the harbor-police were comparatively few in numbers, and though composed of sterling, hardy men, worked with but little system. They also patrolled the waters in row-boats nearly altogether, which, of course, gave the water-thieves a much better opportunity of eluding pursuit than in the present day of swift steam-tugs and the all-ramifying wires of the police telegraph.

The deeds and tragic end of Atlantic Craig, a somewhat notorious River-Pirate, who flourished about fifteen years ago, in the vicinity of New York, related to me by an old ex-policeman—himself one of the chief actors in the scenes he depicted—contain enough of the dramatic and romantic, I think, to admit of its concluding this article appropriately.

Atlantic Craig lived with his wife and daughter in a little cabin, situated near the water's edge, in a singularly lonely place in the neighborhood of Greenpoint, Long Island. He was a river-robber for many years, and though bold and reckless in his enterprises, there was a method in his madness, a shrewdness and perfect knowledge of his calling, which long enabled him to pursue it in defiance of the authorities. He was also a power among his fellow pirates, who looked up to him as a sort of chieftain, and under his leadership many an extensive ship-robbery was executed so cleverly, and the accruing spoils disposed of so adroitly as to render discovery all but impossible. It was also known, almost to a certainty, that he had committed numerous murders; but the evidence was wanting to bring them home to him, and, unwhipped of justice, he still continued to roam, the terror of the streams.

Little was known of his private life save that he had a pretty daughter, who had more than once excited the admiration of the passengers on by-going packets, as was, now and then, seen moving bare-footed and bare-headed through the long grass of the marshes, or, perhaps, mending a fishing-net in front of her father's hut. It was also said that she was identical with a certain *anonyma*, of extraordinary beauty, who was occasionally seen on the Broadway promenade, and the elegance and costliness of whose attire attracted great attention and enhanced the mystery in which she moved; but I know nothing of the truth of the report. At any rate, it was known that her father would not scruple to lavish any amount of his ill-gotten wealth upon her, were she inclined to use it.

For months and years did the hardy patrolmen of the harbor police strive to bring some deed actually home to Atlantic Craig, but he was too agile and shrewd for them. One of the best and sturdiest oarsmen of our time, he would issue, under cover of night, alone in his boat, from the sedge margin of his home, and explore the waters for miles, baffling or eluding pursuit by the power of his oar, and returning home with valuable spoils, which he knew only too well how to conceal from the prying investigation of a search-warrant.

One night, however, a coastwise steamer, richly laden, was partially wrecked and deserted by her crew, on the rocks of Hell Gate, just as it opens and surges into the river from the sound.

The police received intelligence, through some means, that the River-Pirates, under Atlantic Craig's guidance, would "gut" the vessel of everything valuable before morning; and seizing the opportunity of taking their olden enemy, an official long-boat, manned by twelve of the best oarsmen in the force, and containing six of the boldest, hardest officers, was dispatched to the scene of the wreck.

It approached so swiftly and cautiously that the pirates were surprised in their work of plunder. Several were captured, and the rest scattered away like a flock of cranes. Atlantic Craig's boat, distinguished by a belt of crimson round the sides, plainly seen in the moonlight, was observed far away fleeing, like a phantom, toward the boiling waters of Hell Gate, and the police-boat pressed on in pursuit, giving little of their attention to smaller fry, that might have been easily captured.

There were twelve rowers to one, and at first they steadily gained on him. But soon they entered the troubled waters of the Gato, where the waves swirled and tumbled over the half sunken rocks, like the rapids of a cataract.

It was half-tide, which rendered it still more perilous, and the long-boat had to pick her way with some caution among the wild eddies and whirlpools of the ocean pass. But the light boat of the Pirate danced like an eggshell over the boiling surges. The long sweeps and strong arms of the oarsman, together with his perfect knowledge of every inch of the way, enabled him

to obtain a signal advantage over his pursuers. But his overconfidence proved his ruin. Disregarding his customary caution, he fearlessly breasted a huge wave that came rolling in on the increase of the tidal action, and in an instant was cast upon a broad rock that rose like the back of a huge tortoise from the troubled stream.

Dauitless still, he dragged his shell away, sprang in again, and was once more afloat and dashing down the rapids. But the delay he had sustained by the accident had afforded a great advantage to his pursuers, who were now but a few yards in his wake. They were approaching smooth water, where he knew that the strength of the dozen strong oars would speedily overhaul him.

Something must be done at once. The Pirate chose the last resort of desperation. He dropped his oars for an instant, raised a pistol and fired.

The bow oarsman in the official boat uttered a shriek and fell forward, dead, while the long, important sweep fell, useless, from his nervous grasp.

The Pirate resumed his oars, and, with a wild laugh, sped onward like a sea-bird. Everything was at a stake with him now—he had sealed his life of infamy with the crime of witnessed murder—and he pulled with desperation.

But the confusion on board the long-boat was but of momentary duration. An officer sprang to take the place of the fallen man, and again they were hot in the wake of the fugitive.

Shot after shot was discharged at him, but still he sped on. When within a few yards of the shore, he sprang from his boat, capsizeing it in doing so, gained the land, and, tottering forward, fell upon his face at the door of his own cabin.

When the officers landed, two women—wife and daughter—were moaning and weeping over the fallen form; but Atlantic Craig, the Robber of the Stream, was stone dead, having been pierced by four pistol-balls.

The above sketch—which is perfectly true, except that the name of the principal actor is altered—narrates an incident which will hardly be repeated again in the annals of river-piracy. The two women quitted their cabin shortly after the death of Craig, and were never heard of again; but the tragic end of this captain contributed greatly to intimidate his fellow pirates; and criminals of this class are now mostly of the sneak-thief order.

HALF A DAY IN CHINATOWN.

A REPORTER who had been so often to Mott Street on newspaper errands that he was credited with knowing a great deal about the Chinese, made a tour of that thoroughfare with Mr. Wong Chin Foo recently, in order to justify his reputation and really find out something about those queer people. Nearly all that has been written about the colony relates to the gambling and opium dens, and he resolved to avoid those places and try to obtain a little closer knowledge of the people themselves than has been gained by mere observation.

The reporter began by finding out that his companion is not surnamed Foo, as one would suppose, but is Mr. Wong, Foo being his first given name and Chin his middle name. In order to be thoroughly consistent and contrary, the Chinese always put their family names first. When they omit their given names, they put "Ah" ahead of their surnames and call themselves Ah Wong or Ah Lee. Mr. Wong could not explain this satisfactorily, but the reporter got the idea that Ah means something like our Mr. Next the reporter discovered that the names by which we address our laundrymen, and which we take the pains to learn from the signs in front of their shops, are in most cases not their names at all, but merely represent the best efforts of the sign painters to convey in paint the sounds their customers tell them they want on their signs; consequently there is no such name as Moon Shine, which is painted over a Third Avenue laundry. That is merely painters' Chinese.

Mr. Wong is the editor of the *Chinese American*. He talks English better than many of our largest Broadway merchants, and has grown bold enough to make jokes in it. He writes it with even more courage and confidence. He is 31 years old, and was born in the northern part of China, whence, after declaring war on the Emperor, he fled to Grand Rapids, Mich. Here he cut off his pig-tail, put on button shoes, a frock coat, linen shirt, and Derby hat, and became an American citizen. Now he eats alternately Chinese and American meals, and mixes, in moderation, lager beer with rice brandy. His editorial room differs from the others in this country in possessing

four bannerels, each bearing a picture of a Chinese woman, and representing the fashions in female attire in the good old days of about 1100 B. C., before modern mistakes in dressmaking began to creep into the sealed empire. Mr. Wong says that the dresses represented in his pictures are beautiful. Doubtless he is right from his point of view. The excellence of his taste is shown in his positive statement that now-a-days the Chinese women do not dress beautifully.

He says that he is the only man from northern China in New York. He comes from one of the three provinces in which the people speak the Mandarin or court tongue. That is the language in which all Chinese books are written, and any educated Chinaman can understand him when he speaks it. Every Chinese province, except the Mandarin provinces, has a language of its own, and Mr. Wong says that the Chinese in New York are from a southern province, and that he has had to learn what is practically a foreign tongue in order to associate with them.

"They are the Yankees of China," he said, "and have always shown a courage and enterprise that distinguishes them from the rest of their countrymen. At home these New York laundrymen were farmers and small shopkeepers. There are some among them who were poor, and had to borrow to come here. They came alone or with strangers, trusting to their own ability to get along, realizing all the chances they ran, but mastered by the strength of their desire to make money and return and keep themselves and their families in comfort. Among them are many who quitted China at the ages of 12, 13, and 14, unaccompanied by friends, and without friends to meet them here. They are like Jews, able to make money anywhere and under almost any circumstances. There is in this city now a boy of 14, who brought money with him, and has hired some Chiamen old enough to be fathers to him and has opened a laundry. Where will you find such a people except in China? In comparison with what they do in coming here, the Germans, Irish, English, and others who immigrate, leaving one set of Caucasians to mingle with another set, are not venturesome at all."

"If they are so bold and confident, why do they not in many cases bring their wives here? Their failure to do so has strained their welcome; and the general belief that they are only here to accumulate and carry away money."

"Those charges against them are all true," Mr. Wong said; "they do not expect to stay here. They come here to hoard and take away American money. Their emigration to the neighboring countries of Asia has been marked by a different feeling and attitude. They are to be found in India, Japan, Tibet, Burmah, and Turkistan, and are content to stay there with their families, but they realize how wholly distinct they are from you Caucasians, and the barrier nature has set up between you and them they acknowledge and do not try to overcome. They simply hope to make enough money here to go back and buy houses and farms. They behave in this respect exactly as Americans or Europeans would do in China if they went to that country in great numbers. They do not try to compete with the Americans in skill or art, because they see that all your notions of those things are widely different from theirs. So they settle down to make money at hard labor. They look forward to a return to China just as a good Christian hopes to get to heaven."

"How did they all become laundrymen?"

"Ten years ago probably not one Chinaman now in New York ever heard of such a thing as a laundry. Many who are in the laundries never saw a laundry until a year ago. They learn the trade from one another. The first ones learned it in San Francisco. After that every Chinaman who came to this country first put up at a brother Chinaman's laundry. He had to make himself useful, and from observing what the men around him were doing, he found out how to do it himself. Having mastered the two secrets of the trade, how to make starch and the use of the polisher, he was ready to hire out as a workman or to open a laundry himself."

"They like New York better than any other city in America. They speak of it in their language as 'a great forest.' See, here is the *Shang-hai Zu Lem Ye*, a Chinese paper. The name means 'literature of the forest,' and the word forest refers to the houses, which in numbers are to be likened to the trees in a great wood. So they find New York a city big enough and sufficiently cosmopolitan [these are Mr. Wong's words.—*REP.*] for them to stay here without attention being attracted to their dress and manners. They are treated better here, and get

more even justice when trouble arises, than in any other city. They now number fully 5,000 in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, and counting in all the suburbs there are about 7,000. They have 500 laundries, and there are 400 or 500 cigarmakers, 200 to 300 sailors, and a large floating population of gamblers and others who do not earn their living, and who, I suppose, are, in America, to be called gentlemen. Among them all are fifty or sixty American citizens, but very few Christians."

"They have no churches?"

"No; but in all houses where several are gathered together, and in the stores and more or less public places, they set up their altars. Every such establishment has its 'holy place,' usually opposite or just at the side of the main entrance. This holy place consists of a picture put up against the wall, with a table or stand beneath it, on which are put the lighted tapers, the burning of which is part of the ceremony of worship. The picture is in nearly every case a portrait of Gwen Goon. He was a warrior who brought together the one hundred tribes that now form China. In him were blended goodness, grandeur of character, humanity, generosity, piety, and all the qualities we should admire. I'm going to write a book about him. The Chinamen worship him by lighting tapers, and then with bended heads offering up in silence the prayers that spring from their hearts. Some do this every day, but most do so only on holidays."

"There's one curious thing that you would never suspect about them," he added; "they are delighted with the action of the Government in prohibiting further Chinese immigration in this country. They would not read my paper if I should discuss that unjust measure upon philosophical, humane, or political grounds. They do not want any more of their countrymen to come. They are making money and monopolize the laundry business, and newcomers would cut into their profits."

Mr. Wong, while arranging his office affairs in order to go out, produced a counting machine, such as one sees wherever a Chinaman is set up in business. It differs from the abacus, once used in American primary schools, in that the frame is divided by a wooden crosspiece. On each wire there are five buttons above and five below the crosspiece. Below the crosspiece the wires represent units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, etc. Above the crosspiece the strings of buttons represent 5s, 10s, 100s, 1,000s, etc. There are five buttons on each half of each wire. The manner in which the swan pun, as they call it, is used is very simple. To count 4 and 1, they put up four beads on the first wire below the crosspiece, and then the remaining one bead on the same wire above the crosspiece; but to count 8, they put one of the 5s on the upper wire down to the crosspiece and push up three of the 1s. To count 11, they push down one of the 10s on the second wire and push up one of the 1s on the first wire. Mr. Wong understands our methods of calculation thoroughly, but can calculate more quickly with the swan pun than with a pencil and paper. The reporter, who is rather quick at figures, was unable to add or subtract sums of three or four figures as quickly on paper as the Chinaman did the same sums with the beads. Mr. Wong says that educated Chinamen are able to perform calculations in algebra on the upper set of beads.

In Mott Street he explained that the red and yellow papers pasted on some of the walls are advertisements similar to the "help wanted" and "situations wanted" notices in American papers. The street signs simply bear the names of the storekeepers, or members of partnership firms. He took the reporter in a store, and the instant he entered there arose a cackling not unlike that which would follow the arrival of a sudden addition to a flock of ducks. It came from the mouths of two or three Chinamen on stools between the counters and two or three men lolling across the counters. Mr. Wong pulled out a stool and bade the reporter sit down, saying that it was not the fashion in China for a man to introduce a companion to whatever friends of his they chance to meet. Presently the talking ceased, the men on the stools humped themselves up with their knees and chins closer together than if they were shoemakers hard at work, and one fell to smoking a pipe with a stem half as thick as a lamp-post, another closed his eyes and dreamed, a third stared at the reporter, and one of the men behind the counter struggled with a pair of scales consisting of a piece of wood like a walking stick, with a tray at one end, a weight dangling at the other end, and three loops above the stick. Mr. Wong explained that to weigh light things you hold the loop nearest the tray; to weigh middling heavy things you

hold the middle loop, and to weigh very heavy things you hold the third loop, which is in the middle of the stick. He said the man was weighing drugs. He added that the rows upon rows of box-like drawers on one side of the store were all full of drugs.

"We don't believe in American doctors or American drugs," said he; "we bring our own with us. There's a doctor in this store and a doctor across the way in Tom Lee's, and there are very many more. They do not have diplomas, as your doctors do. Experience is the only diploma a doctor gets in China."

He showed the reporter what the store contained—piles of bags of rice from China, a barrel of ginger root, two barrels of fishes as big as the average flounder packed in oil in an inner barrel of zinc like sardines, barrels of strange nuts, barrels of dried fish, dried eels, and very fat and wholesome-looking dried and pressed ducks, boxes of American soap, bottles of Chinese wine and brandy protected by woven straw like Florence flasks, a barrel of dried mushrooms, dried eels, packages of beautiful blue silk Chinese shoes and of common white cloth shoes of the same shape, bundles of the curious frocks the Chinese wear, stacks of delicate tea cups, teapots, wine flasks, funny brass lamps, and a pile of counting machines. Everything was marked with Chinese letters—even a box of American matches was covered with them. The storekeeper's book, inkpot, and sharpened writing stick were at his elbow. In each of the wall cases was a square card covered with letters, telling the cost and selling price of everything in that case. The Chinese have no numerals. The reporter saw a barrel of chunky bamboo sticks two feet long. Mr. Wong hesitated, and then said they were to smoke tobacco in. Four Chinamen, one after the other, then eagerly repeated the word "t'backy." The reporter thought, from the appearance of the sticks and the manner of the Chinamen, that they were for opium pipes.

Mr. Wong took the reporter up-stairs to another store, in what was once the front parlor of a Sixth ward mansion. It was apparently a drinking, or perhaps what the Germans would call a delicatessen store. There were queer bottles and jars on the shelves, and barrels of nuts under the counter. From behind the sliding doors separating the store from the back parlor came the rattle of ivory and the excited voices of gamblers. The storekeeper's face looked a little like the visage of a pious monk, and a little like the chubby countenance of a baby. There was a holy place opposite the door, and the picture of the well-fed and terrible-eyed Gwen Goon was accompanied by those of his ferocious negro sword bearer, the first darkey ever seen in China, and his effeminate, wax-like private secretary. There were no tapers in front of the picture, but the baby-faced proprietor had thousands of punk joss sticks for sale, and a number of tiny hand-painted candles as well.

"There," said Mr. Wong, pointing to three broad bannerets of light red and light blue, with Chinese characters painted on them in a single column, "those in China take the place of the pictures you Americans are so fond of displaying in your houses. Pictures take a back place when a family is able to procure such things as those. Fine lettering is held in almost the highest esteem, and men who can paint Chinese letters beautifully are able to earn splendid wages. There is a story of one who, becoming bankrupt, pawned one painting of a few letters for \$2,000. Those letters spell something, but that doesn't matter. It's the beauty of the letters that is prized—not the sentiment. That one you're looking at reads, 'The beautiful birds in their glory, resembling the fishes and all their kind in the sea.' That big black letter on that red paper pasted on the wall reads, 'Prosperity.' That picture near the holy place is the portrait of the God of Good Fortune. Let's go some other place."

Sounds of revelry and the flat, rank smell of opium smoke came up from the cellars that were passed. The next store visited was peculiar only because it contained, in addition to groceries, hundreds of tawny, yellow-covered pamphlets. Mr. Wong said they were almanacs. Perceiving that they contained long chapters of solid type, the reporter asked:

"What kind of almanacs?"

"To tell lucky and unlucky days, and such things," said Mr. Wong.

They were dream books, the natural outgrowth of a society so steeped in gambling as that is. Mr. Wong looked at others, and pronounced them drug or prescription books. The store contained a large stock of drugs. The reporter wanted to buy some slippers, consisting of leather

soles lined with red cotton and straw uppers, that shone like gold.

"Let me do the buying," said Mr. Wong. So he provoked a tumult of gutturals that resulted in the payment of 35 cents. "They would charge you a great deal more," he said.

Tom Lee, who, though no longer a deputy sheriff, remains a Christian, a Republican, and a wealthy man, has moved his family into an up-town dwelling, and has established a restaurant where he used to live, over his cigar store. After the San Francisco fashion, he has built a balcony out from the second-story windows, roofed it over, and hung big and gorgeous lanterns from the roof. Mr. Wong led the reporter up a pair of ladder-like stairs, such as Caucasians mount into their garrets by, into a big, dirty, hot room. A few pine tables and rough chairs and stools stood about, and through an open door were seen blue-bloused Celestials pottering with kettles, chopping blocks, and flour, and dancing attendance upon a great range, over which was suspended a huge, smoke-begrimmed, inverted iron funnel, evidently designed to carry off the smells that, nevertheless, filled the next room. Mr. Wong had what appeared to be a violent altercation with the menials in the kitchen, though it proved that he was merely explaining that he wanted a dinner for himself and the reporter.

The dinner began with a plate of peanut candy, iced fruit cake, a plate of biscuits stuffed with baked nuts, and some very delicious tea—the leaves being put in the cups and the tea being brewed by pouring hot water on the leaves and fitting saucers over the cups. Chopsticks, which are merely ebony sticks twice as long and half as thick again as lead pencils, were served in place of knives and forks. They are very easily managed, and with a china scoop, such as the Chinamen use in place of a spoon, and chopped food, which is the rule, a Caucasian can eat as rapidly and easily with them as with a knife and fork. Three dishes, that seemed to be as many varieties of Irish stew, were next brought on. One stew was principally made up of beef, young bamboo, potatoes, and bay leaves; another appeared to be chicken, mushrooms, and boiled onions. The third had boiled duck and rock moss for its principal constituents. The duck and chicken had been chopped up, skin, bones, and all, and each of the stews floated in very rich and greasy gravy. Next came a dish of boiled fish, chopped up, skin, bones, and all, and mixed with pickled onions.

The grease, the rich pastry, the candy, and the nuts led the reporter to suspect that he had discovered why drugs in great quantities are displayed in all the stores.

"Do the Chinese ever have dyspepsia?"

"All of them do," said Mr. Wong.

Wine of a thousand fruits was served in tea-cups as small as egg-shells, out of a beautiful bric-a-brac flask. It was stronger than Roosevelt Street whiskey, and seemed to ignite on its way down the throat. The first cup of tea was too strong, the second brewing was too strong, the third was strong, the fourth was just right, and the seventh was pleasant. Nothing more was brought to the table, but in the four bowls was food for twenty persons. A saucer of sooy—a condiment, like Worcestershire sauce, but very salt—was recommended as an aid to digestion, and a curious pickle of dried fruits, spices, peppers, and vinegar appeared with the fish.

Other Chinamen sat at the other tables and ate in silence. Mr. Wong said that it is a rule that those who dine must not jest, curse, or, in fact, talk much at all, until the close of the meal. Chinamen who can afford it spend four or five hours at the table. After meals they partake of strong drink, and accompany it by a singular pastime. One diner shouts to his vis-a-vis any number that occurs to him, at the same instant holding up a number of fingers, the number of fingers differing from the number spoken. For instance, he calls out "six" and holds up three fingers. The other man at the same instant goes through the same formula, holding up a chance number of fingers, and calling out whatever number under ten occurs to him. If either has happened to name the sum of the two sets of fingers thus held up be loose, and pays for the other one's drink. Thus, if he calls ten and holds up two fingers, and the other calls five and exhibits three fingers, the second man wins, and the first one drinks at his expense. Both must speak at once, however, an instant before the fingers are shown. Mr. Wong declares that there is in this game the very essence of friendship.

In Tom Lee's other store, after the dinner, the reporter saw tea costing various prices between eighty cents and \$7 a pound, and put up in all

sorts of gorgeous packages. There were also Chinese banyos and fiddles hung in the show cases, and strings of Chinese coins, boxes of delicate scales for weighing gold, stores of moss and bamboo for Mott Street tables, and rice, ginger, and all the other Chinese edibles noted in the other stores were heaped upon the floor and on the shelves. Mr. Wong pointed out some curious little white brushes suspended between and attached to two thin blades of whalebone. He said they were tooth brushes and mouth washers, and added that every Chinaman, every morning before he eats or speaks to anybody, brushes his teeth, rinses his mouth, and then with the whalebones scrapes his tongue clean. Mr. Wong said that his fellow countrymen are also especially particular with their feet, and wash them every night before retiring.

"Mott Street is a wicked place," said Mr. Wong, in bidding his guest good-by. "It is the headquarters of the Chinese, and they flock to it whenever they get a chance; but when they come to it they are met by a band of gamblers, and even worse people, who cause them to part with all their savings in no time. There is no use appointing a Chinese policeman, as has been proposed. No Chinaman would take the post, and if one should, he would be killed, so jealous would the others be. But there really ought to be in Mott Street some Chinaman secretly paid to help the police in ridding the colony of those who prey upon it."

PEOPLE WHO LIVE BY THEIR WITS.

THERE isn't a city in the world more densely infested with the social parasites called "card fortune tellers" than New York.

Their style, their names, residences and characteristics generally have changed since poor Doesticks wrote his "Witches," but they exist in sufficient quantities to fleec the rural and the unwary generally, to trade upon the weak spots in human nature, which they have studied as closely as Balzac, and to make for themselves a very decent living.

Take up a morning paper, the *Herald* especially. Under the heads of "Astrology" and "Fortune Telling" you will find scores of advertisements, in which the advertisers profess to cast your horoscope, to show you your future wife or husband, and all for the remarkably cheap sum of fifty cents, ladies a quarter.

I could never understand the economical distinction made in favor of the ladies. It is probably based on the fact that they believe a great deal more readily than the others, and that they are more frequent customers.

I am sure that if I didn't like the first twenty-five cent fortune told me I would go again and to another shop. By perseverance and a liberal outlay of quarters it is possible to strike a "hummer."

It seems strange that those men and women should flourish in an age so enlightened as this and in a city which possesses the focussed civilization of the day, but it is true. I know personally one woman and one man who do nothing else for a living, and who have confided in me that customers are never scarce. But what is the use of speculating on such idiosyncrasies of fifty and twenty-five cent shrimps when a gilded whale like Commodore Vanderbilt frequently ran his business on the predictions of soothsayers, and was altogether as superstitious as a sailor.

There are two kinds of the lower class of fortune tellers—those who still stick to Egyptian mummy and come the red curtain and black velvet gown over you, and the other, more modern, whose office is very little different from that of a real estate firm, and who go about the business in a cold-blooded manner. Both styles take. The hysterical women and servant girls generally prefer the people with the strange names and the outlandish garb. It seems more like the genuine astrological affair, and is certainly more "or the money."

There are two or three of these mystery shops in Bleeker Street. The one I know is in Bedford Street. I have frequently been a concealed witness of a seance there.

If it wasn't that these poor wretches actually believe what is told them, that they are so dumb or superstitious that they cannot see that the whole system is conducted on the stale principle of telling every card in the pack after you have become possessed of the knowledge of one—if it wasn't for this which makes taking their money a species of revenge wreaked upon them for being so stupid—I could laugh when I am behind the Bedford Street curtains.

But laughter is impossible in the face of genuine tears and the quivering voice in which the

dead are asked after. When it is a light-headed girl, who is anxious about her future lord, the case is different.

Mr. Charles Foster is at the head of all fortune tellers in this country. He charges \$5, and his statements are as remarkable and startling, done as they are without any pretence of side-show business, as the drivellings of the Bleeker and Bedford Street astrologers are puerile and transparent.

I do not pretend to speak of him critically, and have introduced him simply to make the magic line complete. He has always more work than he can attend to, and is especially sought after by ladies. As many carriages have halted at his door as ever lined the curb at Grace church, and in many instances the equipages are the same. He gave me a setting once, and I shall never forget what he said to me:

"You must remember everything I say, young man, because I shall be in a trance, and will retain nothing of what passes from the spirit world to you through me."

Then he took off his coat for the day was very warm—lit a good cigar, and began.

What he told me doesn't matter now. It was nothing to smile at, I can assure you. What I want to do is to call attention to the peculiarities of his trance.

His cigar happening to go out he lit it with a fresh match, and then went on. Some one rapped at the door. He excused himself and attended to the business, which I think had something to do with dinner, after which we descended into Hades again. All this in a trance! I think he was still in the trance when he produced a decanter and gave me as good a glass of brandy as I ever tasted.

I can understand the success of such people, but when it comes to the shuffling of a greasy pack of cards by the coarse, red, fat fingers of an east-side seress, who ekes out her financial requirements by taking in washing, perhaps, I am willing to confess that I am puzzled; but as long as people won't sit thirteen at table, or undertake a new business on Friday, the half and quarter dollars will continue to flow into the purses of these operators from those of their dupes.

I could explain all the card swindles, spirit photographing and all the rest of the nonsense, if it was at all necessary. It isn't. The peculiar class making up the patrons of the astrologers are beyond the reach of reason. They have Napoleon's dream book in their bureau drawers, and they are as much sunk in superstition of the absurd sort as are the Voodoo negroes of New Orleans.

Another source of revenue for those who are smart enough to coin money out of the supernatural is the spiritualistic seance. The reader will at first think I mean shows given in halls by regular professors. Not at all. The people to whom I refer are ordinary citizens in the bumbler classes, who have discovered suddenly that they are "mediums." As soon as it is positively established that an Indian maiden in the spirit land has selected them as a speaking trumpet, then the vocation in which they are engaged is dropped, and all their resources are turned toward a cabinet show.

I have been to many, but the one in Grand Street, run by a Mrs. Wilson, I think, is perhaps just the biggest fraud of them all. You pay twenty-five cents to sit on a hard chair, between two long-haired disciples, and you are expected to believe that Mrs. Wilson, who disappeared in the cabinet, is still tied to her chair, and that the very hideous-looking gentleman, with the black beard, who tells us through the opening in the door how he was drowned in Lake Michigan forty years ago, is really "Uncle Billy," and not Mrs. Wilson with a mask and whiskers.

If there is any movement on the part of one of the doubters to get at Uncle Billy, he is immediately quelled, and if the spirit of criticism is too active, why the husband of the "medium," or some one else, declares that the spirits cannot work where there is perfect harmony.

That means translated—"we cannot continue to impose upon you unless you sit perfectly still and believe all we say."

Wednesday and Saturday evening these seances flourish all over the city. The price is generally twenty-five cents, but there are cheaper entertainments for ten cents. An inferior kind of angel is used at these.

I know a man and his wife, she being the "medium," who give cabinet entertainments at the house of the rich, just as the "Punch and Judy" man does, and for that matter just as Sarah Bernhardt recites or models before a drawing-room audience, or Nilsson sings, for so much a night.

No one in the Fifth Avenue parlor is rude enough to interfere, the parlor is always big enough to make the experiment a tolerably safe one, and the whole affair is only looked upon as an agreeable way of passing the time. A magic lantern is just as good.

It is the cosmopolitan character of New York City which makes all this aberration, if I can so define it, possible. We have every religion under the sun practiced in Gotham. The Koran and Veda books are read here as regularly as in the Orient, and I have seen with my civilized and Christian optics the temple of Joss in the Chinese quarter at a time when a Chatham Square cigar merchant was at his prayers.

I am not particularly acquainted with all its ramifications, but the Chinese religion contains the act of prayer reduced to a beautiful system. They are painted on fire-cracker paper, and are sold by a man who makes prayers a specialty. When you feel a little wicked, or are conscious of any sensation which calls for prayer as an antidote, you go to the Joss church in Baxter Street, and burn one or two of these slips. Certainly nothing could be more simple.

The Lascars also have their club room in that locality, and observe faithfully their religious devotions. There are by no means as many of them in the city as there are Chinese, but there are still enough to make a colony.

Traveling in Baxter Street takes me "Five Points" out of my way.

Let us return. The most magnificent attempt ever made to introduce a magico-religion into this peculiarly susceptible town was that made by Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott.

These two are now in India, riding around on elephants and otherwise deporting themselves. The madame had elegant apartments up-town, fitted up with gloomy magnificence. She used to hold seances there, and succeeded so well in making converts to the religion of Buddha that I believe she was enabled to form a regular church or society previous to her departure. As expounded by Mme. Blavatsky there is something solid and attractive in the Buddha faith, and if I should change, it would be to become one of her disciples.

Do not be surprised then if I should come down to the office sometime, wearing a black skull-cap, and a chintz night-gown with snakes worked all over it.

Why, you naturally ask, would so conservative a man as our Mr. Fowler, give up the faith of his childhood?

I'll tell you. All the other religions promise no felicity of an absorbing nature until after death. If Mme. Blavatsky has been correctly reported she has made a wonderful discovery, the utilization of which means fortune in this world in a very little while.

The secret is this—she can dematerialize articles, walk them to some objective point, and then by simple exercise of will, it being all the same whether she is one or a thousand miles away, she can cause the object to assume its original form and value.

Mind that, its value, for therein lies the application.

So far she has succeeded, so the story runs, with nothing but kid gloves. That's enough for me. Mme. Blavatsky is said to have sent a pair by the magic method from Bombay to London.

When I have learned to do this, and perhaps if I am a good Buddhist I may be able to handle lace and silk umbrellas also, I will have no need to consult any of the fortune tellers.

I will open a shop in Paris, and one in New York. By the use of my supernatural power I'll send enough kid gloves over here at Paris prices to break the market; a sufficient quantity of silk umbrellas to enable every young man to possess an elegant article to "put up," and lace to that extent that every back kitchen will have some brand floating at the windows.

In the meantime the custom house officials will gradually commit suicide one by one, or go to the asylum for the hopelessly insane.

The only cloud in the sky is that I don't believe the madame can do anything of the sort. She is a fraud, just as the Bleeker Street women are, the only difference being her noble birth, her magnificent style, and her intellect.—From "Glimpses of Gotham," published by Richard K. For.

NEW YORK'S ROGUES' GALLERY.

The photographs in the Rogues' Gallery at the Police Central Office possess a psychological interest. Usually the face of the rogue is an index to his character, there being a sinister ex-

pression of countenance, a leer in the eye, a drooping of the corners of the mouth, or some other mark of a villainous life. But there are some exceptions. A face is found here and there in the collection which might be taken for that of a poet or a clergyman. One of the portraits, in fact, bears a striking resemblance to that of Edgar Allan Poe. Some of the photographs of the most notorious criminals are hung near the door in order that the detectives as they pass in and out may become familiar with them and be able to pick out the faces in a crowd.

"Each photograph has a history attached to it," said Inspector Byrnes. "The age of the criminal is given, his height, color of eyes, hair and beard, and the class of crime he has engaged in so far as has become known to the police. An examination is made also for birth-marks or scars on his body."

"Are pictures taken only of criminals who live in this city?"

"When we hear of a noted thief or forger in any part of the country we send for his photograph in order that we may know him, should he come to New York, and be able to keep an eye out for him. Frequently by this means men are caught by our detectives who have escaped the vigilance of the police in the places where they have committed crime."

"Is the photograph of every thief who falls into your hands taken?"

"No, the gallery includes only the photographs of professionals."

THE THEATRES AND THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.

New York is the headquarters of the theatrical profession in the United States. The inhabitants of Gotham are lavish in their patronage of music and the drama, and places of amusement are numbered by the score. All the leading traveling combinations are made up here, and, in order to meet with favor in other cities and towns, a play must first have been a success in New York. The stereotyped phrase, "The Great New York Success," will be found upon nearly every play-bill displayed in other cities.

The leading "stock" theatres of New York are the Madison Square, Union Square, Wallack's and Daly's. Each of these employs a regular company of first-class artists, and during the dramatic season they produce many original plays, or those specially secured from foreign authors. The Union Square has been particularly fortunate in the production of successful plays, and is a favorite resort of play-goers. Its first great success was Boucicault's "Lad As-tray," which attained a run unprecedented at that time, and was followed by "The Two Orphans," "Rose Michel," "A Celebrated Case," "The Danicheffs," "Daniel Roehat," "The Banker's Daughter," "The Lights of London," and others. The Madison Square is one of the most fashionable of modern theatres. Its first production, that of "Hazel Kirke," which was played consecutively for more than a year, was a phenomenal success, and "The Professor," "Esmeralda" and "Young Mrs. Winthrop" met with almost as much favor. Wallack's, for a quarter of a century, has been known as the home of refined comedy in New York, and the new up-town play-house of Mr. Wallack is one of the most elegant in the city.

Of other theatres, the Standard, Bijou Opera House and Metropolitan Casino are devoted mainly to the production of the new comic operas, which all at once rose to enormous popularity. At Booth's most of the Shakespearean revivals have been given, but this house, after many years struggle against adversity, has at length been demolished. Haverly's, the Fifth Avenue, the Grand Opera House and the Windsor are what is known as "Star" theatres—that is, they employ combinations with the leading actors representing the same and not regular companies. At the Academy of Music and Abbey's new Opera House the Italian operas are given. Tony Pastor's, Harrigan and Hart's and Harry Miner's are the leading variety theatres, and of these there are many lesser lights.

Union Square is a favorite rendezvous of New York actors, and upon the pavements here, likewise in the various cafes and saloons in the vicinity, scores of actors may be seen upon any pleasant afternoon during the theatrical season. The Thespians lead a life of pleasure, and have their vices, yet no class of our population are more generous or ready to help those in adversity. With some few exceptions, actors are not recognized in New York society, but they lead a happy and careless life among themselves, and

apparently care nothing, beyond an appreciation of their art, for the public in general and society in particular.

Booth is the favorite tragedian, by virtue of his wonderful talents, and Barrett and McCullough are likewise well patronized. Lester Wallack, the Florences, Robson and Crane, Dion Bonicault and John E. Owens are the most popular comedians, while Lillian Russell and Catherine Lewis are the favorite representatives of light opera. Clara Morris is the best emotional actress that New York has ever seen, but being in poor health, she rarely appears now. Miss Mary Anderson is a great favorite in her particular line, though not more so in New York probably than elsewhere. A good actor or actress can command from \$200 to \$500 per week. At those theatres in New York where stock companies are maintained, the leading man and leading lady usually receive about \$200 per week each; subordinates are paid from \$60 to a \$100, and even those who assume the minor characters, draw salaries of \$25 to \$50. Adelina Patti, during her last visit to America, received the enormous salary of \$5,000 for every performance, yet so great is the desire to see and hear this celebrated vocalist, her manager made money upon the speculation. Edwin Booth's terms are \$500 per night, and first-class actors, no matter in what particular line, are invariably well paid. Altogether the Thespians have no reason to complain of their success financially, yet few die rich, for their money is usually spent lavishly. Among the most well-to-do are John E. Owens, who owns a large plantation in the South, and is said to be the richest actor in America, Joseph Jefferson and William J. Florence. These men are all moderately rich. E. A. Sothern left a substantial fortune, but our actors, like our Presidents, as a rule die poor. Mrs. Langtry is said to have \$100,000 in bank, the net proceeds of her visit to America, which would indicate that the Jersey Lily believes in laying up for a rainy day. Her popularity, however, is waning, and it is doubtful if another season would yield like results.

NEW YORK TENEMENT HOUSES.

The sanitary inspection of the overcrowded tenement houses, says a New York letter, is disclosing a condition of things that may well make even a New Yorker, familiar as he may be with those human hives, stand aghast, and ask, Are we not after all but half civilized? For instance, one house in Mulberry Street is reported as containing 171 occupants, thirty-six of whom are children; in many of the rooms persons were found stretched out on the floor, without bed or bedding. These were for the most part Italians. Another Mulberry Street rookery contains 112 apartments, occupied by 122 persons; a third, fifty-eight apartments, occupied by 112 persons; a fourth has thirty-eight rooms, occupied by 130 persons; a fifth, thirty-eight rooms, occupied by eighty persons, and in the rear, hedged in from light and air, is a rear building occupied by forty-seven persons. Down in Cherry and Water Streets there are some tenements under the roof of which may be found representatives of almost all the nationalities of Christendom, and some outside of Christendom—Chinese, Italians, Spaniards, French, Portuguese, Scandinavians, Irish, Germans, and here and there an African. In Baxter Street there are places where more than 300 of the people are huddled together, in utter defiance of the laws of health. The inspectors appear to think it a miracle that a pestilence has not broken out in these dens long before this, and as for trying to improve their condition, the thing, we are told, would seem to be out of the question. The only remedy is to stop building houses of this description, and this can only be accomplished by stringent legislation, to which, of course, the owners of all such property are resolutely opposed. The public health in such cases, however, should be superior to all considerations of personal or private interest.

The city of New York contains 425 churches. The cost of some of them is over \$1,000,000. If their average cost is but \$50,000 each, the total cost is \$21,250,000. If the sittings average 500 each, the total number of persons who can be accommodated is 250,000.

Among the New York lawyers it is said that David Dudley Field's income is \$375,000; Samuel G. Courtney's, \$200,000; Brown, Hall & Vanderpool's, \$225,000; E. W. Stoughton's, \$200,000; and Wm. M. Evarts's, \$150,000.

STREET CHARACTERS.

This great city of New York is a world in itself. It embraces within its broad boundaries nearly every phase of life known among civilized men. Upon its streets one may see represented almost every nationality and every kind



SWEET ORANGE CART.

of business. The Jew elbows the German, the Prussian jostles the Pole, the Irishman fights with the Negro, the Englishman treads on Brother Jonathan's toes, the Frenchman nudges the Swede, the Italian sings with the Swiss, etc. Broadway upon any day is a study, and all the other streets furnish curious scenes.

THE SWEET ORANGE CARTS.

One of the most picturesque scenes at night is the orange stands at the street corners. Sometimes these are simply tables set upon the edge of the sidewalk, or just off it in the street. More frequently they are four-wheeled carts, which are loaded at the Fulton or the Washington markets early in the morning and hauled to their respective positions before the tide of people begins to move towards the stores and shops. In the evening these carts are lighted by alcohol lamps, as you see in the picture, and are attended by a man or a woman—sometimes by both, who, in time of oranges, shout at the top of their voices, "Here's your nice sweet oranges, eight for a quarter," or some other rate, depending upon the supply.

THE OLD HAT MAN.

I often saunter down Broadway in the fresh morning, keeping, these hot days, on the shady side, and I rarely fail to meet the "old hat man" the artist has given us in the picture. Usually he has an old, uncouth hat on his head, set there as jauntily as if he were a boy of sixteen years. But this old fellow is never seen twice with the same hat on, and he has from two to half a score of all sorts slung over his shoulder, or carries three or four in one hand, holding on to the rim of each. He starts out early in the morning; he visits the offices and stores soon after they are opened, and finds the dapper young clerk reading the morning papers. They are in good humor. Along comes the old hat man, who hawks out at the top of his voice, "Any auld hats? Auld hats! Hats!" Sometimes he deals in boots also. A young clerk, who has a new style of hat on his head, and an old style stored on a shelf, calls him in, produces the old style, and begins to chaff the old man, who is ready with cute answers and for a bargain. And as he goes out of the door he sends back a shaft of humor that turns the laugh upon his customer. Up the street he goes crying, "Auld hats! Azy auld h-a-t-s?"

THE OLD BOOK-WORM.

I like to lounge about the "old book" stores on Beekman, Nassau, and Fulton Streets. There are a great many curious things found there. I sat, one day, looking and thinking of these wonderful histories, when my attention was arrested by the old book-worm you see in the illustration—books under his arm, in his hand, and manuscript in his pocket. The hot sun beat down upon his green umbrella as he leaned against the sidewalk stand on which the books were arranged. The throng of people of all sorts rushed past him, but he did not heed them, nor they him.

THE ITALIAN IMAGE VENDER.

"Faith, an' he's a luv of a bishop, pace be to his sowl!" I turned to see whence this benediction came, and saw an image vender laden with his wares presenting the image of a bishop to the Bridget you see in the picture. Cute fellows are these image venders. They study your eyes while you study their handiwork.

THE RAG PICKER AT HIS TRADE.

Of all the wandering lives lived in this great city, that of the rag picker seems to possess least attraction. The rag pickers are very numerous. They are seen at all hours of the day in some localities, but follow their calling most eagerly in the early morning, and thence on until noon. Sometimes it is an old man, as you see in the picture. An old bag slung across the shoulder, and a little hand basket carried by the side, with sometimes an iron poker, crooked at one end, comprise his implements of trade. Every half-burned bit of coal is carefully put into the basket, while the rag receives each piece of cloth or paper. It is dirty work; but the basket of coals will warm the rag picker's cold room, and the hag of "paper rags" will sell for a few pennies to buy bread; and so the worker patiently toils on.

THE YOUNG SIDEWALK ORCHESTRA.

The youthful musicians—wide awake, industrious, as sensitive as mercury to the condition of the social atmosphere in which they happen to place themselves. There is one little band much like those you see in the engraving, which has played at my dining-room window at dinner time, all the summer long. The violinist is a short, chubby, open-faced, black-eyed little fellow. That fellow leaning against the fence is of entirely a different type. His fiddle is played



THE OLD HAT MAN.

with the greatest care. The girl playing the harp has a matronly, business air, and seems to thumb the harp strings much as she would knit a stocking. At the corners of crowded streets, at the entrance of saloons, these itinerant hands make music. Their life is not an idle one.

SIDEWALK REFRESHMENTS.

The vicinity of City Hall Square abounds in refreshment stands, where pies, cakes, candies, coffee, colored lemonade and ice cream, one and all, are dealt out to those who desire, at a very cheap rate. The old women who attend them often acquire small fortunes. The cheapest dish



THE OLD BOOK WORM.

known to the sidewalk refreshment business is the penny ice cream.

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

Now and then, in the great city, we get a breath of the sweet pure country air, so to speak, when we hear a sweet voice crying "Violets, sir?" It all comes back—the old orchard on the hillside—and we turn to the little flower girl with a grateful heart, glad to get away from the confusion of this great Babel and to be for only just a brief moment a boy again. So we buy a bunch of the violets, and in the pauses between the cries of "Violets, sir?" we learn that the flower girl lives somewhere out in the suburbs. Most of the flower girls are Germans, and drive quite a thriving trade. Some of the flower girls get their bouquets ready made at the flower stores. These bouquets are the nicest seen on the street. Are there any so sweet, because so suggestive, as the little bunch of violets?

THE UMBRELLA MAN.

You see him out in a terrible storm, when the paving and sidewalks seem all afloat. You've no idea what rain and mud are until you set foot in a puddle of New York mud, in the midst of a New York rain-storm. You can observe "the Umbrella Man" better on a pleasant day. In front of nearly every house his peculiar cry rings out, "Parasols to mend? Umbrellas to mend?" It is a strange, monotonous cry, and maybe you fail to catch the words at first. Sometimes it is really musical, and greets the ear very pleasantly. The man carries his kit of tools under his arm, and is ready for work at once. Generally he carries a large bundle of old ones with him. We cannot tell where he lives, or how, though we often wonder, when we hear his lusty voice calling out so loudly, "Umbrellas to mend?"

THE PEANUT VENDER.

The peanut venders are perhaps the most numerous of all the sidewalk businesses. Peanut stands can be counted by the score in all parts of the city. Often a man and a woman attend one stand, as our artist has represented. The man is often a cripple—either he has lost an arm or a leg—and can support himself and family in no other way. The woman stands with him, not so much because the sale demands her services also as to help him to and

fro, and keep him company through the long day. Very dreary the days often are; very cold and disagreeable. Yet save in the severest storms the peanut venders are at their posts. They seem very patient. The stand shown in our engraving is not so extensive as many of them are, and more resembles those devoted to a mixed trade made up of chestnuts, hickory nuts, etc. Most of the exclusive peanut dealers have a goodly sized table, divided into two portions, one for the raw and the other for the baked nuts, with a sheet-iron arrangement in one end in which a spirit lamp or some charcoal is kept burning under a cylinder turned by a crank wherein the nuts are baked, and the whole placed on wheels. The trade never appears lively, yet some of the peanut venders acquire considerable property.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Here we have another picture from the suburbs. The Jew peddler is not often seen upon the city's crowded streets, but is more often observed plying his trade in the country than anywhere else. The one shown herewith, though, is of the old style, and we portray him more as a reminder of what was than as a picture of what is. He has shoe-strings in his hand, elastics on his arms, cheap jewelry in his box and in his "pack." The Jews are truly a people of wanderers. Ever since they were driven from Jerusalem so many hundreds of years ago, they have been going up and down all over the earth, and almost always as tradesmen.

THE BANCO SWINDLE.

I EXTRACT the following admirable description of this dangerous fraud from my old friend's, Phil. Farley, able work on American criminals. It hits the nail as squarely on the head as I could hope to:

One of the most seductive, delusive, and dangerous of the games by which the innocent people are despoiled of their money is the game of Banco. It is the means by which a whole host of sharpers prey upon unsuspecting visitors, and it flourishes in every city in America, though it finds its rankest luxuriance in New York.

Banco is so simple in its form, and so apparently honest, that it is calculated to deceive even the shrewdest. In reality, it is nothing more or less than the old English pastime of "Eight dice

and who had become too well known at his old tricks, adopted the game and gave it the finish it possesses to-day. He found it so remunerative that he bent his way to New York and opened a "magazine" here. He called his ven-



THE RAG PICKER.

ture the "Havana Lottery," and it answered to a charm.

The Banco offices in New York are generally conducted by a firm of two or three, and they employ an army of "ropers-in." These offices are furnished with all the appointments of first-class commercial houses, and have a substantial air that puts to flight any suspicion that may come into the minds of visitors. All the furniture, desks, maps, books, are of the very best material, and selected and disposed of to the very best advantage. There is a private room, a waiting room, a consulting room, and a general office. In the best "houses" glass partitions and glass doors abound, bogus clerks are always busy over portentous books, and an impression is made on the mind of the "customer" at his very entrance that large wealth is certainly at the back of the institution. Of course it is not easy to find these places. A sharp man might travel a large city for a whole day, and though there were a dozen of them in the town, as there usually is, he could not detect one. But a man with the unsophisticated air and awkwardness of a stranger will soon be approached by a Banco "roper in" and be saved the trouble of looking.

The Banco men travel in pairs, and work in the following manner:

The first one, or, as he is called, the "feeler," as soon as he notices an eligible stranger on the street, or in any large public place, accosts him in a warm, gratified manner as an old acquaintance. Taking the gentleman by the hand, he will pour out a volley on him in the style of the ordinary city gentleman, completely at his ease.

"Bless my soul," he will begin, "when did you come to town? Where are you staying? Why did you not come up to the house? Now, where's the use of inviting you every time you come to the city if you won't accept a fellow's hospitality? At all events you'll come and see us before you go. I sent the ironware on last week; I hope they turn out all satisfactory."

The gentleman is so overpowered with the good-nature and friendliness of this reception that he invariably replies:

"You are mistaken, sir. My name is Carter, not Wilson. I am in the dry-goods line, not hardware."

Mr. "roper-in" expects this, so he is not in the least taken aback, but with the most assured coolness in the world, goes on:

"Dear me, that's very strange. I would have sworn you were Mr. Wilson, from London, Ohio. Remarkable likeness, upon my word. You don't know him, I suppose?"

"No, sir; I am from Miles, Michigan."

"Well, this is the best joke of the season. When I see Wilson we shall have a good laugh at it. Good-bye, Mr. Carter; I am very sorry I have detained you so long, but I know you'll excuse me. I hope, though, we shall meet again while you are in the city."

And he moves off around a corner, where he is encountered by his partner, "roper-in" No. 2, or, as he is styled, the "catcher." Mr. "feeler" gives Mr. "catcher" all the particulars respecting Mr. Carter—that is, he is from Miles, Michigan, is in the dry-goods business, in the city buying goods, staying at such a hotel, and so on with whatever he has gleaned during his conversation with the merchant.

The "catcher" follows Mr. Carter and keeps after him until a favorable opportunity occurs for accosting him, when walking straight up to the merchant, with extended hand, he will say:

"Good gracious, Mr. Carter, why how do you do, and what are you doing in town? How are all the folks in Miles? I trust dry-goods are flourishing? How is Mr. Allcash?"

"Catcher" has found the name in the *Bank Note Reporter*, a publication he always carries in his pocket for instant reference, and knows it to be that of the president of the First National Bank of Carter's city.

Carter is at first surprised, and then half pleased at meeting some one, at all events, from his own part of the country. Still, with the caution of his class, he will answer:

"I can't say that I can place you exactly; but I—"

"Why, you know old Allcash's family, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, certainly, every one of them."

"Well, I ought to be heir to a large part of whatever is left there; but at present I am—"

"Not Obcdiah's nephew, surely, that was out east here at college?"

"You've hit it now."

"Well, this beats all; and you may swear I'm just the same. Now, we'll just go in here and take a little drink."

This is the start, and over their dram, Carter says:

"But now tell me, what are you doing with yourself?"

"Well, now, I want to confide a secret to you, Mr. Carter, and you must promise me not to say a word about it when you get home. It is the first time in my life I ever did such a thing, and I promise you it will be the last."



SIDEWALK ORCHESTRA.

"Don't be afraid. I'll say nothing of it."

"Well, as I was coming over in the cars I met a Cuban and I bought a Havana Lottery Ticket from him for a dollar. I showed it to the clerk in the hotel this morning and he informs me it has drawn a prize."



THE ITALIAN IMAGE VENDER.

cloth." It was introduced into this country about the year 1855, improved upon, and baptized Banco. California was the first place in which the game took root, and thence it spread all over the land.

A sporting man who traveled the Mississippi,

"That's not so bad," puts in Mr. Carter. "Though it is sort of gambling like, ain't it?"

"Yes, but I want to get what it calls for," continues "catcher," and I would like you to step over as far as the banking house with me."

Carter hesitates, but as he cannot refuse to



SIDEWALK REFRESHMENTS.

accompany a townsman so short a distance, he finally complies. They find the banking house, and walk in.

"Catcher" asks:

"Is this where you cash Havana Lottery tickets?"

"Yes," is the prompt reply. "Allow me to see your ticket."

"Catcher" hands a printed slip made to resemble a genuine ticket.

Spriggins behind the counter puts on his glasses, opens a huge account book, examines the ticket, hunts for the corresponding figures along the columns of his journal, turning page after page and masses of figures, going forward and then back among the pages, and from book to book in a most business-like way until finally he discovers the exact counterpart of the ticket. Then looking up with a solemn air, pregnant with the magnitude of the communication he is about to make, Spriggins or his representative remarks:

"Young man, this ticket draws \$5,000. You doubtless know that this is but the twentieth part of the whole ticket, and you are entitled to but \$201?"

"Yes, sir," replies "catcher," "I understand that."

"There is your money, sir," adds Spriggins, handing out the \$200, "and here is a ticket for the one dollar that entitles you to a chance in the special drawing. You are liable to get from five to ten thousand dollars, and if you are pressed for time you can call in to-morrow."

"I can't do it to-morrow," says "catcher."

"Then leave it with your friend; probably he will remain in the city a few days."

"Catcher," turning to Mr. Carter, asks:

"When are you going home, sir?"

"I intended leaving on Monday morning, but I'm afraid I'll be too busy to do it for you."

"Well," breaks in Spriggins, "as far as that goes, we may as well draw it now. Walk this way."

He introduces them into a private room, removes a piano cover from a seeming instrument, and reveals the Banco cloth all ready for business.

Taking his place at the inside center of the board, Spriggins explains after this fashion:

"Gentlemen, this is what is called the Havana Special Drawing. We keep this diagram here just for the benefit of persons who reside out of town. When they get one of those tickets they have but to come here and see the result decided in a few minutes.

"Now, a moment's attention, and I will explain it to you."

"Catcher" seats himself opposite to Spriggins and desires Mr. Carter to be seated also, as he may want to buy a ticket.

Spriggins quickly takes him up, saying:

"We do not sell tickets here. This office is merely for the accommodation of people who have been successful, and draw prizes."

This is thrown out to convince Carter that he was not brought there with the object of selling him a ticket.

With that remark as a parenthesis, Spriggins goes on:

"This is a branch of the Havana Lottery. As you see, there are forty-one numbers, but of these there are twelve star numbers and twenty-six prizes, which average from two for one up to \$5,000. What I mean by two for one is this—if you should draw this number, 22, it says two for one. You would get for four tickets, suppose that your tickets were for the amount of \$100, you would receive \$200, and so on. If you draw a prize, the more you have down the more you would take up."

At this point Spriggins takes from his pocket a roll of money and a parcel of tickets, running in numbers from one to six. Continuing his explanation, he says:

"The lowest number on the cloth is eight, the highest forty-eight. Between these are to be found all intervening numbers. By drawing eight of those tickets from this package, and adding the numbers together the same as with dice, you will get a result in round figures, and a correspondent to that result you will find on the cloth. Now, that combination made and the result discovered, I will pay you whatever that number calls for from \$1 to \$5,000."

"Catcher," appearing satisfied with the explanation, draws. Spriggins informs him that there is no prize, but adds:

"If you put one dollar with that one you can draw again, and if you get a prize I will pay you double the amount."

"Catcher" pays the dollar, and, turning to Carter, requests him to make a draw for him, as he, "Catcher," is unlucky.

Carter draws and receives \$40.

"Draw again, Mr. Carter," urges "catcher," "and I will put down one of those tickets for myself and one for you, so that if you should win the \$5,000 you share half without the laying out of a dollar."

Carter draws, and, as before, is paid two for

they have made another trial of fortune. The next draw represents a steer, and here Spriggins stops the game to point out that:

"Whenever you draw a steer you have the privilege of doubling up, and if you draw seven steers without taking a prize you are entitled to



THE UMBRELLA MAN.

receive all your money back. But remember you must represent, each time you draw, a steer. If you should get this number, 27, it has two steers. I should have to place \$500 to your credit, and that money would remain in chancery until the end of the seven draws. In case you then drew nothing but steers, you would take all you put on the cloth as well as the \$500 in chancery; so you see, gentlemen, by that management of the numbers you would gain a large amount of money. Now, you must represent every throw. This time it will take one more of your tickets, and you draw again."

With a grand flourish and much show of open dealing, Spriggins manipulates the numbers, counting them as he finishes with number twenty-seven and exclaiming:

"I have to place \$5,000 to the credit of each of you gentlemen."

"Catcher" becomes very excited, gambols about the room, and shakes hands several times with the verdant Carter. Spriggins coolly counts out the money, puts it in two silver vessels that stand on either side of him. He continues his exordium on the matter in hand, and works toward the commencement of a new deal with all the ease of a man entirely untouched by the great loss he has suffered—one used to the great game of life-losing, winning and losing.

"You have now but four draws left, gentlemen," the trained, well-modulated voice announces, "so that entails an addition of six dollars each to your tickets."

It is easy to understand what is the state of feeling to which the pair of swindlers have, by this time, roused Carter; he will quickly follow the example and advice of his newly-found friend.

"Catcher" puts up his six dollars and Carter's pocket-book is out in a minute and open. His stock of money is no sooner uncovered than its bulk is scanned by four sharp eyes, well practiced in this sort of work.

On goes the game, until it requires \$55 in money to back up the tickets, and but two draws left. The money is again placed in the bank, and then a star is spotted.

It now takes \$225, and but one more chance remaining.

"If you do not draw a prize this time," ejaculated Spriggins, "all you can lose is your tickets. You take back your money, and \$500 placed for you in chancery."

Another turn of fortune around and Spriggins appears to be attacked with the slightest possible shade of excitement.



THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

one. Both are then handed two tickets each by Spriggins.

When this period in the game is reached, the "catcher" usually suggests taking out some of the money, but Mr. Carter, or, as he is termed, the "sucker," will as generally object to it until

"This is your last hope, gentlemen, and it matters not what you draw, it must be a stud or a prize, and it takes \$1,250, which you must represent."

Carter, feeling that he has gone too far to retract at this stage, the spirit of the place and the thing being strong upon him, the money is handed over, though reluctantly, and Spriggins again moves.

If Mr. Carter should not have that amount about him, the scamps will chlige him by accepting a check, and that ceremony ended where it is required, all seem satisfied but the unhappy man they are fleecing, and he sits pale and hag-



THE WANDERING JEW.

gard on the ragged edge of expectation, hope and dread. Spriggins resumes the chorus, and on it runs to the effect:

"This is your last draw, gentlemen, and should you strike the blank or 'Banco,' you lose it. That number is twenty-eight, but you might be drawing numbers for six months and never strike that one. Indeed, our experience is that it is very seldom reached."

The last drawing is completed, the numbers on the tickets are counted up and make exactly twenty-eight. This is the point of the whole game, and one which the thieves are always endeavoring to reach. It is effected with very little sleight of hand, but it produces wonderful results.

"Catcher" jumps to his feet as Spriggins quietly puts the money in the drawer, and asks Carter to come along. Carter hesitates, and Spriggins looks up for a moment and remarks:

"Gentlemen, it's customary for us to take the names of those who lose or win money in this office during the day for publication in the newspapers as a guarantee of fair play to the public. Will you oblige me by signing in this register?"

This is the last straw on the poor, honest, simple camel's back. The prospect of being shown up in the New York papers as a gambler, a man who comes to town on business and begins it in a gaming-house, is more dreadful than the actuality of the loss of his money. He mutters something about never mind the register, and gets out as quickly as he can, hurls his goods on credit, pawns his jewelry to pay his expenses, and goes home a poorer and wiser man.

Now and then the Banco men got their fingers in the wrong pie, though.

As, for instance, in the case of the young Englishman a short time ago, whose acquaintance a "catcher" made at the Astor House. The Briton was steered in, put through the usual experience, and turned loose, short some \$700, all the money he had in the world. He went out, but he did not forget the location of the bank, and going to the British consulate got a friend and tallow John Bull to return with him.

He explained that he wanted to show his friend the new American game, and the sharpers, taken in by the apparent rawness of the two, consented to uncover the cloth again.

The consulate man had a big roll of money, and bet freely. Spriggins forgot his suspicions, and hacked the game heavily. When there was some \$1,200 on the table the swindled Englishman seized the pile of notes and put them in his pocket. Dealer and hangers on jumped up, but they were caught in their own trap.

They dared not make a noise, and so call the police down on them, and their late victim walked off, now their conquerors, with his losses in his pocket, with compound interest.

No one who plays lawn tennis with the Queen's English can get his nose inside that Banco room door now, not if he carries his pockets stuffed with currency. The burnt child dreads the fire.

—From "The Man-Traps of New York," published by Richard K. Fox.

THE GAMBLING MANIA AND ITS FRUITS.

FROM Matthew Hale Smith's "Sunshine and Shadow in New York," published by the J. B. Burr Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn., we extract the following interesting article:

The haste to be rich, by a lucky stroke of fortune, by hazarding a few thousands in Wall Street, is the same spirit that leads thousands to the gambling table. Lines of victims move in procession into the street daily to try their fortune. Into the great maelstrom money is thrown, earned in the mines of Montana, dug out of the rich soil of California, earned by hard toil on a New England farm. The surplus of a successful season in trade, the hard earnings of a mechanic, whose wife wishes to go to Newport and the Springs—the wife's dower that should be put down in government securities, the pittance of the orphan, by which it is hoped that one thousand will swell to ten if not to hundreds, are hazarded in stock speculations. However honest and regular as a class brokers may be, the gambling mania centering in Wall Street sweeps like the simoon of the desert over every section of our land. The whole business of the country has been thrown from its center, and trade generally partakes of the excitement and fluctuation of stocks in the market. A man who goes into Wall Street to do business, goes with his eyes open. He knows, or may know, that he is at the mercy of a dozen unscrupulous men who can swallow him up in an hour if they will. Among the thousand small brokers of the street, there is a perfect understanding that any one of them may go home penniless before night. The same combinations that lock up greenbacks and corner gold in the street, strike trade in every direction. Wheat and corn are subject to the same fluctuation and uncertainty that attends stock. A speculator in the street gets a private telegram that grain is scarce, or corn heated, or some news that affects the market. He goes immediately to the Corn Exchange and hurls and bears grain as he would stocks. The same men monopolize coal. The market is entirely brought up, or the miners are paid daily wages to go on a strike.

A CASE IN POINT.

Dry goods are as sensitive and as much subject to the gambling mania as money. Extravagant hotels, aristocratic groceries, from which goods are delivered by servants in livery, enormous drinking places fitted up like a royal palace, bespeak the extravagance of the age. In the vicinity of Union Park a snobby speculator, some time ago, set up a then princely mansion. It was brown stone in front, and radiant in gold and gilt. It was furnished sumptuously with gold gilt rosewood furniture, satin coverings woven in gold and imported from Paris, carpets more costly than were ever before laid in the city, and all the appliances of fashion, wealth and taste, were included in the adornment. It was a new day's wonder of the city, and, like other experiments of the same sort, it came to an end. The furniture was brought to the block and the family disappeared from among the aristocracy of the city. A new sensation awaited the curious. The splendid mansion was to be turned into a first-class dry goods store. It would outrival Stewart and Claffin, and nothing to equal it would be found in London or Paris. The whole front was torn out and the building fitted up with plate glass, and made gorgeous as the reception room of a sovereign. Rumor ascribed to the firm untold wealth, so that should they sink one or two hundred thousand dollars in establishing trade, it would not embarrass or discourage the house. The opening day came, and such a sight New York never saw. All the stories were thrown open. The business was in apartments and gorgeously fitted up. An army of salesmen and clerks were in their places, arrayed in full even-

ing dress, with white gloves. All New York poured in, as it would have done to have seen the proprietors hanged—and then turned away as fashionable New York will, leaving the concern high and dry like a vessel on the beach. A disastrous failure followed, and the ruined speculators, satisfied that New York was not a theatre for their genius, retired. Three hundred thousand dollars could not have been lost more artistically in Wall Street.

NO MORAL PRINCIPLE.

Gambling and moral principle are not yoke fellows. The very style of business done in the street hunts the moral sense. When Swarthout embezzled the Government funds and gave his name to a system of swindling which has become so disgracefully common, he stood alone in his disgraceful embezzlement. To-day gigantic frauds, embezzlements and robberies are so common that but little attention is paid to the revelations. The papers are full of instances of trusted and honored men, who commit great frauds. A small portion only of such crimes come to the surface. The affair is hushed up to prevent family disgrace. A corporation threatened with the loss of one hundred thousand dollars or more by the roguery of an official, had rather take the money from a friend than lock up the criminal. Thousands of companies sprung up during the oil speculations. Full two-thirds of these were frauds, and dupes and victims swindled on the right and on the left, were counted by thousands. Men who went to bed supposing that they were worth a quarter of a million awoke in the morning to find that they had been swindled out of all their money, and were beggars. The spirit infects nearly all the officials of the Government to-day. The money stolen by men in public places is lost in Wall Street or squandered at the gaming table. No long since one of the best known business men was suddenly killed on a train of cars. No man stood higher in the church or State. He had immense sums of trust money in his hands belonging to widows and orphans, and religious associations, for he was thought safer than any savings bank. He was a fine looking man, cheery in spirit, agreeable in manner. He was supposed to be the embodiment of integrity and fidelity. His sudden death brought his affairs to the surface. He was found to be a defaulter to an immense amount. He had taken the funds of widows and orphans and



THE PEANUT VENDER.

sunk them in the maelstrom of Wall Street. Instead of leaving his family a princely fortune, he left his wife and children dishonored and ruined. In the olden time, a merchant would no more have used trust money in his own business than he would have committed any other great crime. At the head of one of our largest and most successful banks was a gentleman, who for a quarter of a century had the established reputation which high honor, business talent and honest devotion to his pursuits give. His habits were simple; his house modest, and his style of living

much below his position. He left the bank one night, at the usual time, bidding his associates a cheery good evening. He did not return; he has never returned. On examining his accounts, it was found that he was a heavy defaulter. Not content with his salary and his business, anxious to secure a fortune which could be had for the taking, he put himself into the hands of stock gamblers. He squandered his own money and the fortune of his wife, sold bonds placed in the bank for safe keeping, and speculated with and lost the funds of depositors. He carried nothing with him, but fled from his home a poor, as well as a disgraced man—bankrupt in fortune, integrity and all.

The frequent and glaring crimes connected with gold gambling do not alarm the community. Some regard the revelations as a good joke, or a sharp hit. Men wonder how much the party made, and often consider the criminal a fool for not doing better. Bets are frequently put up, as to the amounts taken; if the robbery runs up to a hundred or two hundred thousand dollars, then the speculation is as to how much the defaulter will return to have the matter hushed up. To show how little public morality there is, take an incident: I was present not long since at a convention held under the auspices of one of the leading religious denominations of the State. A prominent pastor of this city accused another of stating things that were wholly false, both on the floor of the meeting and outside. Other eminent men confirmed the statement, one of whom said that the pastor was notorious for his "conspicuous inaccuracies." The whole thing was treated as a good joke. The party accused was covered with confusion and could not reply. The convention was very merry over his embarrassment. Twenty-five years ago had a New York pastor been accused of falsehood in an assembly and confessed it by his silence, the whole religious world would have been agitated. One of our banks was robbed, and it put its loss at twenty-five thousand dollars. The community didn't believe a word of it, and the community were right. Another bank, which had lost heavily by a defaulting cashier, made an official statement that its loss would not exceed one hundred thousand dollars. A few years ago such a statement signed by bank officers would have received implicit credit. Not only the press placed no reliance in such official statement, but the discussions in the banks and on change showed the want of confidence in such matters. In this age of demoralization, when everything is unsettled morally, and everybody is at sea, when checks, notes and bonds have to be examined with a microscope to see whether they are forged or altered, when the recklessness, infatuation, and madness of Baden Baden pervades every department of business, it is something to say that in the Board of Brokers in Wall Street there has not appeared a defaulter in a quarter of a century, or a man that has repudiated or broken his contracts.

THE INFATUATION.

* Men who have had a taste of the street cannot be kept from their favorite haunts. I sat in the office of a gentleman the other day, who, six months ago, was a rich man. For twenty-five years he has done a successful business, and at no time has known financial embarrassment. He lived in luxury in a city and country home. It was his boast that he never gave a note, incurred a debt, or failed to have his check honored for any amount needed. A nice little scheme was presented to him by some confidential friends. It was a time of general excitement. The speculation was such a nice one, and the gain so certain and large, that the man placed his name at the disposal of the combination, and, of course, was ruined. It took him twelve hours to scatter the labor of twenty-four years. Some spiritualists got hold of a capitalist not long since. He had half a million to invest, and he did it in original style. Having great confidence in Webster and Clay while they lived, he thought they might have a better acquaintance with financial matters in the spirit land than they exhibited when they lived. Through parties competent to do it, he opened communications with those distinguished statesmen. They seemed very ready to assist him in his speculations. They wrote him long communications through his mediums, which he read to his friends. It was observed that Clay's intellect seemed to be a little shaken since his departure, and Webster was more diffuse and less compact and sententious than when in the land of the living. It was also very apparent that these distinguished gentlemen in the spirit land did not know much about the affairs in this world, for the speculations proved most ruinous. They tied up the good man's fortune

and well nigh beggared him. But his confidence in the ability of Webster and Clay to guide him to untold wealth is unshaken. How uncertain speculation is may be learned from an answer given by one of our oldest and most successful brokers to a friend. "I have fifty thousand dollars to invest," said the man to the dealer in stocks, "what would you advise me to do?" The broker pointed his finger to a donkey cart going by, loaded with ashes, "Go and ask that man driving the ash cart," said the broker; "he knows as much about it as I do." When the oldest, the shrewdest and the most successful operators lose from fifty thousand to half a million at a blow, what can small speculators expect? Yet the infatuation continues. Soedy men hang around their old haunts, waiting for something to turn up. There is an old man nearly eighty, who can be seen daily in Wall Street, who is as infatuated as any gambler in the world. He was accounted a millionaire a few months ago. Naturally cool, selfish and self-reliant, a mania seemed to have possessed him. He promised over and over again to leave the street. Everybody saw that he was going to ruin. One morning he came down, made a plunge, lost everything, and has gone home to die—a type of tribes who dabble in stock.

SHARP PRACTICE.

The sudden collapse of fortunes, closing of elegant mansions, the selling off of plate and horses at auction, the hurling of men down from first-class positions to subordinate posts, is an every-day occurrence in New York. In almost every case these reverses result from outside trading and meddling with matters foreign to one's legitimate business. The city is full of sharp rogues and unprincipled speculators, who lie awake nights to catch the unwary. None are more easily ensnared than hotel-keepers, and this is the way it is done: A well-dressed, good-looking man comes into a hotel, and brings his card as the president of some great stock company. In a careless, indifferent way he asks to look at a suite of rooms. He has previously ascertained that the proprietor has from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars in the bank waiting for something to turn up. The rooms shown are not good enough. He wants rooms that will accommodate certain distinguished gentlemen, whom he names, who happen to be the well-known leading financiers of the great cities. A better suite is shown the president. The cost is high—one thousand dollars a month. But the rooms suit; he must accommodate his friends; a few thousands one way or the other won't make much difference with his company; so he concludes to take the rooms. The landlord hints at references; the president chuckles at the idea that he should be called on for references; he never gives any; but if the landlord wants one or two thousand dollars, he can have it. "Let me see," the president says very coolly, "I shall want these rooms about six months, off and on. I may be gone half the time or more. If it's any accommodation to you, I will give you my check for six thousand dollars, and pay the whole thing up." Of course the landlord is all smiles, and the president takes possession. Before the six months are out, from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars of the landlord's money goes into the hands of the speculator, and a lot of worthless stock is locked up in the safe of the hotel.

Another scheme is equally successful. The rooms are taken, and the occupant is the most liberal of guests. Champagne suppers and costly viands are ordered without stint, and promptly paid for. Coaches with liveried drivers and footmen, hired for the occasion, leave imposing cards at the hotel. The obsequious landlord and well-fed steward pay especial attention to the wants of the liberal guest. Waiters fly at his command, and the choicest tit-bits are placed before him. Picking his teeth after breakfast while the landlord is chatting with him some Saturday morning when it rains, he expresses a wish, rather indifferently, that he had fifty thousand dollars. His banker won't be home till Monday—don't care much about it—get it easy enough going down town—wouldn't go out in the rain for twice the sum—indifferent about it, and yet evidently annoyed. The landlord goes into his office and examines his bank account, and finds he can spare fifty thousand dollars, without any inconvenience, till Monday. Glad to accommodate his distinguished guest, who is going to bring all the moneyed men to his hotel, he hands over the money, which is refused three or four times before it is taken. On Monday morning the hotel man finds that his distinguished tenant has put a Sabbath between himself and pursuit. Such tricks are played constantly, and new victims are found every day.

THE STREET ON THE OUTSIDE.

Men who visit New York, and see nothing but the outside aspect which it presents, imagine that success is one of the easiest things in the world, and to leap up riches, a mere pastime in the city. They are familiar with the name and history of the Astors. They know that Stewart began life a poor boy, kept store in a small shanty, and kept house in a few rooms in a dwelling, and boarded his help. They walk through Fifth Avenue, and look on the outside of palaces where men dwell who left home a few years ago with their worldly wealth tied up in a cotton handkerchief. They stroll around Central Park, and magnificent teams, gay equipages and gay ladies and gentlemen go by in a constant stream; and men are pointed out who, a short time ago, were grooms, coachmen, ticket-takers, boot-blacks, news-boys, printer's devils, porters and coal-heavers, who have come up from the lower walks of life by dabbling in stocks, by a lucky speculation, or a sudden turn of fortune. So young men pour in from the country, confident of success, and ignorant that these men are the exceptions to the general law of trade; and that ruin and not success, defeat and not fortune, bankruptcy and not a fine competence, are the law of New York trade.

Nothing is more striking or more sad than the commercial rovers of this city. They come like tempests and hail-storms which threaten every man's plantation, and cut down the harvest ready for the sickle. Few firms have had permanent success for twenty-five years. In one house in this city twenty men are employed as salesmen on a salary, who, ten years ago, were called princely merchants, whose families lived in style, and who led the fashions. Men who embark on the treacherous sea of mercantile life are engulfed, and while their richly-laden bark goes down, they escape personally by the mast and spars thrown to them by more fortunate adventurers. One house in this city, quite as celebrated at one time as Stewart's, who, in imitation of that gentleman, built their marble store on Broadway, are now salesmen in establishments more successful than their own. New York is full of reduced merchants. Some of them bravely bear up under their reverses. Some hide away in the multitude of our people. Some take rooms in tenement-houses. Some do a little brokerage business, given to them by those who knew them in better days. Some take to the bottle, and add moral to commercial ruin.

THE SCHUYLER FRAUD.

One of the most successful railroad men of New York boarded at one of our principal hotels. He was an unmarried man. He was accounted an eminent and successful financier. His reputation and standing were unquestioned. He was connected with the principal capitalists in the city, and was one whom New York delighted to honor. In a small house in the upper part of the city he had a home. Here he lived a part of his time, and reared a family, though the mother of his children was not his wife. Down town, at his hotel, he passed by one name; up town, in his house, he was known by another. It would seem impossible that a prominent business man, reputed to be rich, brought into daily business contact with princely merchants and bankers, the head of a large railroad interest, could reside in New York, and for a number of years lead the double life of a bachelor and a man of family; be known by one name down town, and another name up town; yet so it was. At his hotel and at his office he was found at the usual hours. To his up town home he came late and went out early. There he was seldom seen. The landlord, the butcher, the grocer and the milkman transacted all their business with the lady. Bille were promptly paid, and no questions asked. The little girls became young ladies. They went to the best boarding-schools in the land.

An unexpected crisis came. A clergyman in good standing became acquainted with one of the daughters at her boarding-school. He regarded her with so much interest, that he solicited her hand in marriage. He was referred to the mother. The daughters had said that their father was a wealthy merchant of New York; but his name did not appear in the Directory, he was not known on 'change. The lover only knew the name by which the daughters were called. The mother was affable, but embarrassed. The gentleman thought something was wrong, and insisted on a personal interview with the father. The time was appointed for the interview. The young man was greatly astonished to discover in the father of the young lady one of the most eminent business men of the city. He gave his consent to the marriage, and promised to do well by the daughter, though he admitted that the

mother of the young lady was not his wife. The clergyman was greatly attached to the young woman, who was really beautiful and accomplished. He agreed to lead her to the altar, if, at the same time, the merchant would make the mother his wife. This was agreed to, and the double wedding was consummated the same night. The father and mother were first married, and then the father gave away the daughter. The affair created a ten days' sensation. The veil of secrecy was removed. The family took the down town name, which was the real one—a name among the most honored in the city. An up town fashionable mansion was purchased, and fitted up in style. Crowds filled the spacious parlors, for there was just piquancy enough in the case to make it attractive. Splendid coaches of the fashionable filled the street; a dashing company crowded the pavement, and rushed up the steps to enjoy the sights. These brilliant parties continued but a short time. The merchant was rotten at heart. All New York was astounded one day at the report that the great railroad king had become a gigantic defaulter, and had absconded. His crash carried down fortunes and families with his own. Commercial circles yet suffer for his crimes. The courts are still fretted with suits between great corporations and individuals growing out of these transactions. Fashionable New York, which could overlook twenty years of criminal life, could not excuse poverty. It took reprisals for bringing this family into social position by hurling it back into an obscurity from which probably it will never emerge.

LODGINGS IN A TENEMENT HOUSE.

A few summers ago a lady of New York reigned as a belle at Saratoga. Her elegant and numerous dresses, valuable diamonds, and dashing manners attracted great attention. Her husband was a quiet sort of a man, attending closely to his business. He came to Saratoga on Saturdays, and returned early on Monday morning. The lady led a gay life, was the center of attraction, patronized the plays, and was eagerly sought as a partner at the balls. After a very brilliant and gay season she disappeared from fashionable life, and was soon forgotten. One cold season a benevolent New York lady visited a tenement house on an errand of mercy. Mistaking the door to which she was directed, she knocked at a corresponding one on another story. The door was opened by a female, who looked on the visitor for an instant, and then suddenly closed the door. The lady was satisfied that she had seen the woman somewhere, and thinking she might afford aid to a needy person, she persistently knocked at the door till it was opened. Judge of her surprise when she found that the occupant of that room, in that tenement house, was the dashing belle whom she had met a season or two before at the Springs! In one room herself and husband lived, in a building overrun with occupants, crowded with children, dirt and turbulence. Mortification and suffering, blended with poverty, in a few months had done the work of years on that comely face. Her story was the old one repeated a thousand times. Reverses, like a torrent, suddenly swept away a large fortune. Her husband became discouraged, disconsolate, and refused to try again. He lost his self-respect, took to the bowl and became a drunkard. The wife followed him step by step in his descent, from his high place among the merchants to his home among the dissolute. To furnish herself and husband with bread, she parted with her dresses, jewels and personal effects. She pointed to a heap in the corner, covered with rags, and that was all that remained of a princely merchant!

PENILS OF SPECULATION.

The speculating mania which pervades New York is one of the rocks in the channel on which so many strike and founder. Shrewd, enterprising men, who are engaged in successful business, are induced to make investments in stocks and operations of various kinds, and are thus at the mercy of sharpers. Their balance in the bank is well known. Speculators lay snares for them, and catch them with guile. A man makes money in a business he understands, and loses it in one he knows nothing about. One is a successful merchant, and he imagines he can be a successful broker; one stands at the head of the bar, and he thinks he can lead the Stock Board. He is a broker; he adds to it an interest in railroads or steamboats. Men have a few thousand dollars that they do not need at present in their business. They are easily enticed into a little speculation by which they may make their fortune. They get in a little way, and to save what they have invested they advance more. They

continue in this course until their outside ventures ruin their legitimate business. Stock companies, patent medicines, patent machines, oil wells, and copper stocks have carried down thousands of reputed millionaires, with bankers, brokers, and dry goods men, who have been duped by unprincipled schemers. Fortunes made by tact, diligence, and shrewdness, are lost by an insane desire to make fifty or one hundred thousand dollars in a day. The mania for gambling in trade marks much of the business of New York. The stock and gold gambling has brought to the surface a set of men new to the city. The stock business, which was once in the hands of the most substantial and respectable of our citizens, is now controlled by men desperate and reckless. Any man who can command fifty dollars becomes a broker. These men know no hours and no laws. Early and late they are on the ground. No gamblers are more desperate or more suddenly destroyed. The daily reverses in Wall Street exceed any romance that has been written. A millionaire leaves his palatial residence in the morning, and goes home at night a ruined man. It is a common thing for speculators who can afford it, to draw checks of from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars to make up their losses in a single day.

A man rides up to Central Park one afternoon with his dashing equipage; his wife and proud daughters whirl the dust in the eyes of well-to-do citizens who are on foot. The next day this fine team and elegant mansion, with store full of goods, go into the hands of his creditors. He sends his family into the country, and either disappears himself, or is seen on the outskirts of the crowd waiting for something to turn up. The reckless mode of doing business leads to a reckless style of living, extravagance and dissipation, which no legitimate business can support. The mania touches all classes. Women and ministers are not exempt. One pastor in this city is a good specimen of the power of this speculating mania. The demon got possession of him. He made a little money. He started to make five thousand. He moved the figure ahead to the little sum of a quarter of a million. The business transformed the man. His face became haggard; his eyes dilated; his hair disheveled; he could not sleep; he bought all the editions of the papers; got up nights to buy extras; chased the boys round the corners for the latest news; was early at the stock market, and among the last to leave the Fifth Avenue Hotel at night when the hoard closes its late session. Whether a quarter of a million is worth what it costs, this gentleman can tell when he gets it. A lady in this city came from New England. She was the child of a sailmaker, and was brought up in humble circumstances. A wealthy man, whose reputation was not high, and whose disposition was not amiable, offered her his hand. She did not expect love, nor hardly respect, but he offered her instead a coach, an elegant mansion, and costly jewels. She found herself suddenly elevated. She lived in commanding style, with her furniture, plate, and servants. She bore her elevation badly, and looked down with scorn upon her old friends and associates. Her husband engaged deeply in speculation; it proved a ruinous one. To help himself out of a crisis he committed forgery. He was sent to the State Prison. His great establishment was seized. Her house was sold over her head by the sheriff. Her jewels, valued at fifteen thousand dollars, were spirited away, and she never saw them more. She was suddenly elevated, and as suddenly hurled down to the position from which she had been taken.

HONESTY LEADS.

The men who are the capitalists of New York to-day are not the sons of the wealthy or successful merchants of the city. They are men whose fathers were porters, wood-choppers, and coal-heavers. They did the hard work, swept out the stores, made the fires, used the marking-pot, were kicked and cuffed about, and suffered every hardship. But they jostled and outran the pampered son of their employer, and carried off the prize. The chief end of man is not to make money. But if one imagines that it is, and that a fortune must be made at once, then he will barter the solid ground for the mirage, and leave a successful business for the glittering morass; trade that insures a handsome competence for wild speculation. The hands on the dial plate of industry will stand still while men grasp at shadows.

In New York, two kinds of business greet a comer, one bad, the other good; one easy to get; the other hard; the one pays at the start, the other pays but little; perhaps the position itself must be paid for. If one wants money, says he has his fortune to make and cannot wait, he will

take what turns up, and wait for better times. Disreputable trade, questionable business, a tricky house, a saloon or a bar-room, are open to a reputable young man, and if he have a dash of piety, all the better. But such touch pitch and are defiled; they seldom lose the taint of the first business in which they are engaged. Men can be good or bad in any trade. They can be sound lawyers or pettifoggers; a merchant of property or a mock auctioneer; a physician whose skill and character endear him to the best families in the land, or a doctor whose "sands of life have almost run out;" a preacher who says, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," or a minister who, like some in the olden time, said, "Put me, I pray thee, into the priest's office, that I may get me a morsel of bread." There is no permanent success without integrity, industry, and talent.

In trade there are two codes that govern men. The one is expressed in the mottoes, "All is fair in trade;" "Be as honest as the times will allow;" "If you buy the devil, you must sell him again." The other acts on business principles; sells a sound horse for a sound price; gives the customer the exact article that he buys. The few houses that have been successful, amid an almost universal crash, have been houses which have done business on principle. In cases where honorable tradesmen have been obliged to suspend, they are Ministers of Babylon. Some of these men went from the store to compete with the ablest statesmen of the world. Some left their patients on a sick bed to measure swords with veteran commanders on the battle-field. They met on the seas naval officers of highest rank, and made them haul down their flags to the new banner of our nation. They sounded out freedom in the Declaration of Independence; the hugh-call rang over hill and dale, crossed oceans and continents, into dungeons, and made tyrants tremble in their palace homes—building a nation that no treason could ruin and no foreign foe destroy. Like the Eddystone light-house, the Union, sometimes hid for a moment by the angry surges, still threw its steady light on the turbulent waters, and guided the tempest-tossed into the harbor where they would be.

These Old School men ate not a bit of idle bread. They were content with their small store and pine desk. They owned their goods, and were their own cashiers, salesmen, clerks, and porter. They worked sixteen hours a day, and so became millionaires. They would as soon have committed forgery as to have been mean or unjust in trade. They made their wealth in business, and not in fraudulent failure. They secured their fortunes out of their customers, and not out of their creditors. Not so Young America. He must make a dash. He begins with a brown-stone store, filled with goods for which he has paid nothing; marries a dashing belle; delegates all the business that he can to others; lives in style, and spends his money before he gets it; keeps his fast horse, and other appendages equally fast; is much at the club-room, on the sporting track, and in billiard or kindred saloons, speak of his father as the "old governor," and of his mother as the "old woman;" and finally becomes porter to his clerk, and lackey to his salesman. Beginning where his father left off, he leaves off where his father began.

THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

THERE were signs of a disturbance in the public streets, wrote Nathan D. Urner, several years ago, in the *New York Weekly*, but there was no crowd to witness it—only two policemen, talking together and swinging their clubs, at the corner of Catherine street and the Bowery, and two belated members of the press—one whom I shall call Frank Watson and myself—were the witnesses of the scene.

Two women, or girls—they were nothing more in age—had issued in the early daylight, from the depths of a "lager-beer concert saloon," as it is called, and stood upon the pavement, engaged in a windy and by no means decent war of words. Rival lovers was probably the cause. At any rate, they threatened each other with all manner of personal violence, and, with that morbid desire to see the result, instead of preventing it, as the Christian spirit should have prompted, we paused for the result. We did not have to wait long. The mutual taunts became more extravagant, and every moment it seemed that they would come to blows. But close to the nearer and better appearing girl, there stood a white-faced woman robed in black, who several times endeavored, unsuccessfully, it is true, to persuade her friend away from the encounter.

Her face was seamed with dissipation, but the somberness of her dress and her general decency of behavior, together with her anxiety to carry her friend—probably her sister—away, clothed her with a respect which would not otherwise have been granted her. The contestants forgot the presence of the policemen in their passion, but she did not, and her hands were extended appealingly to the quarrelsome twain.

The gray of morning was just flooding the street, and as we stood awaiting the result a laborer, with his lunch-bucket, came along, and also stopped beside us.

"Sure, they're always ready for row, even at this time in the morning," said he, betraying his nationality in his brogue. "Howld on a minute, and you'll see the end on it."

The man of prophecy was rough and uncouth, but he evidently was wide awake. The taunts grew fiercer, the words wilder and more insulting. Then came the swift blow, the quick response from women's claws, and in another instant the two were battling like cats, scratching, tearing, and biting, as only women can fight, when they surrender their womanhood to that extent—and we saw them rolling over in the mud of the street, like cats entangled in a rage.

The woman of the white face stood looking at them with a face eloquent with agony, and wringing her hands.

The two policemen strolled up, laughing, separated the contestants, and each took charge of each, after permitting them to regain possession of their hats and capes, which had been torn off in the struggle. They went away with the officers in a matter-of-fact manner, as though they were used to it, and with the jest and yoke and wild laughter of the depraved woman. But the white-faced woman in black gazed after them with an expression of mute agony.

As they turned the corner of the street on their way to the Oak Street Station House, she suddenly fell upon her knees on the muddy pavement, and lifted her white hands to Heaven with a despairing gesture, which I shall never banish from my memory.

The incident was so startling and remarkable that I was rooted to the spot with amazement. But it was only for an instant. She suddenly sprang to her feet, and, as if possessed by a sudden desperation, rushed down the street (Catherine Street), and faded away in the uncertain shadows of the early morning.

The next morning—or, rather, two mornings thereafter—my reportorial business called me to a coroner's inquest at Bellevue Hospital, and a casual interest led me to inspect the damp, solemn apartments of the Morgue.

A single corpse was exhibited upon the marble trestles of that mournful institution. I started back at first as I beheld it, and then grew to the sight with a fascination which I could not explain to my own mind. The solitary corpse was that of the white-faced woman in black who had knelt in the public streets in the gray of the preceding morn'. Her face was even whiter than then, and her form had settled quietly into the mold of death; but the remembrance of that last look of appeal to Heaven from the upturned eyes, and of those trembling upraised hands to the sky, haunted me strangely and fearfully as I rushed away from the apartments of nameless sorrow.

"Nameless here forever more."

"Yes, that is rather interesting," said a night-watchman, to whom I related the preceding story shortly after it occurred; "but I have had experiences which, as far as facts are concerned, beat that all to nothing. I have been a night-watchman on this block—Catherine Street—for eighteen years, and, not naturally a sound sleeper, my eyes and ears have been open to many strange things."

He then told me the story of "Lady Jane," which I give in my own language, in preference to his because of my superior understanding in the use of words.

"Lady Jane" lived with a fire-boy named "Jakey" in a Baxter Street tenement, and helped to keep the domestic pot boiling by peddling cheap chinaware, which she usually exchanged for old clothing and dilapidated hats. Jakey was a rough of the very worst sort, and often beat her cruelly, besides chastising her little boy—a poor foundling of about eleven years—in the most brutal manner; but the woman always managed to keep herself so neatly clad that she generally went by the name of "Lady Jane" in the wretched neighborhood in which she lived.

No one could understand why she continued to live with a man who uniformly treated her so badly as did Jakey, and who, beside being a

drunkard and a thief, was one of the most worthless ruffians of his class. Perhaps it was after all that strange and mysterious growth of Love, which in happier days had put forth its delicate but immutable tendrils, and cemented the union which neither adversity nor ill-treatment could disavow; but at any rate she lived with him for years, and ever stood up courageously between him and defamers. It was only when he tried to make a thief of her boy that the latent passion of her nature was aroused to a sturdy resistance, which no abuse could trample under foot.

The boy himself was none too good, but she worked her fingers sore and walked her poor feet tired to keep him at the district school and out of mischief; and the solitary nobility of the child's character was the absorbing love with which he repaid this tenderness and solicitude.

"My 'heat' had included Baxter Street for a number of years," said my informant, "and I was perfectly acquainted with both Lady Jane and Jakey. I knew the latter to be no mor'n a brute, and would mor'n once have arrested him for his cruelty toward her if she hadn't prayed so hard for him. But, after a bit, when he made such a dead set to make a pickpocket of her young one, she used to come to me often, and ask my advice with the big tears starting from her poor blue eyes, till I felt half inclined to snivel myself. But all she could do was no good, and the mean-hearted villain succeeded at last."

One night—it was a wild and stormy night—Lady Jane came to the night-watchman in a high state of excitement. She had the appearance of not having slept for many days, and her look was haggard and distressed in the extreme. She had not seen her boy for over a week. Jakey was laboring under a fit of delirium tremens, and either would not or could not give her any information concerning him. The night-watchman could have given a truthful account, in explanation, but his heart was too tender for the task. He was addressing some soothing words to the poor woman, when an inconsiderate neighbor—Baxter Street neighbors, by the way, are never very considerate—came up, and blundered out the truth with cruel bluntness.

"Never mind, Lady Jane," said he, "the boy is probably better off where he is, and it may prove the lesson of a life-time."

"Where—where is he?" she cried, with such a sharp, agonizing inquisition in her tone that the man started back confusedly.

She bent her wild glance on the honest face of the watchman, who could no longer disguise his knowledge.

"You might as well know everything at once," said he. "Jimmy picked an old gentleman's pocket on the Third Avenue cars ten days ago, and was sent to the Island for three months."

The woman started back as if she had received a blow.

"To the Island—to the Island!"

She had probably heard the term with the utmost indifference many times before. The lad for whom her mother's nature so yearningly reached out was, by the very circumstances of his birth, most likely a reproach to her. She herself was, perhaps, fallen lower than most of us can conceive; but all that was left of the angel in her soul, every lingering element of virtuous womanhood was centered in and bound up in the life of the young reprobate.

"To the Island—to the Island!" she continued repeating wildly, as if she could only partially comprehend its meaning.

"Come home, you jade!" exclaimed a rough voice behind her, and, turning, she beheld the unkempt person of her brutal mate, with his hand raised threateningly.

But in those few moments her entire nature had undergone a great transformation, and fear gave place to indignation and fury.

"Wretch! hound!" she screamed. "You sent him there! The curse of a whole life of crime will rest upon your head. But do not think that you can keep him away from me! Curse you, curse you, curse you!"

He quickly recovered from the shock of her first vehemence, and advanced toward her menacingly, but she struck him fiercely on the cheek, and then fled up the dark street like a spectre.

It was already late; the storm was increasing, and she was penniless; but her poor, worn heart was filled with an aimless idea that she must be nearer her boy. She walked on in the drenching rain, and reached the river's edge at the foot of Sixtieth Street just as the dawn was breaking dimly and redly through the storm. She could see the long, narrow outline of Blackwell's Island immediately opposite, with its numerous public buildings. There was a small boat-landing, and just near the point where she came upon

the river's brink, and she moved in a nervous, purposeless manner among the boat-chains, as they clanked and jingled in the turbulence of the stream.

And now it was that a strange coincidence—strange and unusual in any life-time—occurred in the experience of this poor woman, which hardly seems real when one reads it in print.

While she was thus moving aimlessly and nervously among the boats, with Heaven only knows how many wild thoughts going out over the waters to the kindred spirit imprisoned on the island beyond, there was to be seen an unusual commotion upon that very island. The morning gleamed but dimly, but lanterns were to be seen flashing here and there, and presently shots were fired. Lady Jane strained her eyes through the fog, but could make nothing out. Some boatmen strayed down to the little pier, and manifested interest. She asked the meaning of the novelty. They looked at her dragged dress and generally wretched appearance, and scarcely deigned a reply; but the fact was that some prisoners were endeavoring to escape from the Island Penitentiary, and the guards were firing at those who had got outside the prison walls.

A wild, strange hope had sprung up in the poor woman's heart, and she haunted the very verge of the river, like a doubtful dream.

The fog cleared and the newly-risen sun began to shine broadly and brightly on the waters. Two convicts—she could easily distinguish them in their striped prison-garb—were in a boat, and rowing to the marshy New York side most energetically. She saw the official boat put off, and capture them.

Another fugitive was in the stream, and manfully swimming for the Manhattan shore. The tide was coming in, and the waves were high, from the gale of the preceding night; but she caught one glimpse of the swimmer through the ragged edges of the mist, that still trailed lightly over the crests of the waves, and one glimpse was enough.

It was her scapegrace of a child, breasting the broad river to reach her heart. The mother was wild. It seemed to her like a special dispensation of Providence in her behalf, and her imagination magnified the coincidence twenty-fold. The thought that he would be immediately recaptured the moment he landed never seemed to enter her mind for an instant. The present engrossed her entire being. She shrieked encouragement to him over the waters, and waved her bonnet and shawl. She grasped a piece of iron which lay on the landing, and endeavored to beat one of the boats loose from its fastening. She at length succeeded, and, before they could prevent her, sprang in, seized a broken oar, and pushed off.

She knew nothing of the management of a boat, and was carried quickly out into the whirls and eddies of the strong tide.

The boy's strength was rapidly becoming exhausted, though he still buffeted the billows manfully.

"Keep up, Jimmy, keep up!" screamed Lady Jane, while another boat put off from the shore to the rescue.

But the boy's powers were spent. He gave one sharp cry:

"Mother! mother!"

Despair swept over his brave face, and he sank.

She was within thirty feet of him at the time; and, with one wild shriek, she leaped over the gunwale of the boat, and disappeared below the surface.

The bodies were not recovered until near the close of the same day, when they were found near one of the lower piers, almost a mile further down the stream, tossing wildly about on the waves, but locked in a death-embrace, which the wind and the waves could not sever.

The man "Jakey" was killed in a street brawl, not long afterward, and the above are the facts in the night-watchman's story.

I might have elaborated them indefinitely, but they are tragic enough as they stand.

For the water supply of New York, an aqueduct 40 miles long, costing \$30,000,000, pours into reservoirs 60,000,000 gallons daily. The total length of the Croton main pipes is over 313 miles. The water is supplied to 66,925 buildings occupied as dwellings and stores, 1,617 factories, and 307 churches; and the yearly amount paid for water rent is \$1,319,544.

Of the 7,000,000 Jews in the world, 70,000 live in New York.



NEAR FIVE POINTS.

POVERTY, CRIME, AND DISEASE IN NEW YORK.

New York contains above a million of inhabitants, of whom, as in every other great city, the majority are poor. But in no Christian community in the world, probably, are the working people so inconvenienced by crowding and consequent and inevitable association with social outcasts, which, of course, affords a potent temptation to their own evil doing. The inhabitants of healthful country homes, who have not suspected any great city with a searching observation, can form but an inadequate conception of what comes under the eye of a resident in this metropolis, led by curiosity or a better motive of philanthropy, to walk into streets and alleys, almost crowded with dirty, noisy children; into unsavory alleys, and up narrow stair-cases into miserable apartments, where people are huddled together without regard to health or decency. Our illustrations give representations of the misery and vice of such quarters, which serve, per-

haps better than any verbal description would do, to impress upon the mind of those who have not seen for themselves, under what circumstances the poor of New York live.

Who can wonder that such physical conditions should be largely associated with moral degradation, and should foster it? There are, doubtless, in Baxter Street and the Five Points and similar neighborhoods, many persons who, spite of adverse influences, contrive to live an honorable life. Such deserve all praise. But we blush for the Empire City that such a record as we are about to cite, disgraces its history.

In nineteen years there were in New York 881 recorded homicides, of which 679 were committed by persons known, but not in every instance punished, and 202 were committed by persons unknown and never arrested. There are in New York about 3,000 professional thieves, including bank robbers, burglars, dwelling-house and chance sneaks, panel thieves, forgers, shoplifters, pickpockets, confidence men and receivers of stolen goods. The casual thieves are more numerous but less daring, rapacious and successful. All the thieves are estimated, from sources more trustworthy than the records kept in Mulberry Street, to steal \$6,500,000 yearly. The police claim to restore to the owners about \$2,560,000 worth of property a year; though much of the property thus reported has been lost instead of stolen. Crediting the whole of it as recovered from thieves, there is still left to the latter and their "fences" a revenue of \$3,940,000 directly extracted from the wealth of private citizens. But this is not all the thieves cost to the city. The police and criminal judicial establishments, which they render necessary, are supported at an expense of \$3,212,000 more. This runs up the cost of the criminal and disorderly classes to \$7,000,000 a year.

The breeding-places of murderers, thieves, forgers and criminals of every grade are: first, vicious homes; second, liquor saloons; third, lottery and policy shops; fourth, gambling halls, and fifth, houses of prostitution.

Vicious homes in the poor districts of the city are not

more certain to send forth the juvenile vagabonds, pilferers and ruffians, who swarm in our alleys, and are only partly gathered at the public expense into industrial schools and penitentiaries, than are vicious homes in the rich districts to prepare indulged or neglected children for a later career of infamy. The heel-taps swallowed by a profligate's son after his father's debauch at table, and the sips of gin stolen by a gutter-snipe from his drunken mother's jug, alike beget the thirst for stimulants which leads the young straight to saloons and rum-holes. From saloons and rum-holes to brothels, low dance-houses, faro-dens, keuo-cellars, thieves' haunts and rat-pits is an easy descent.

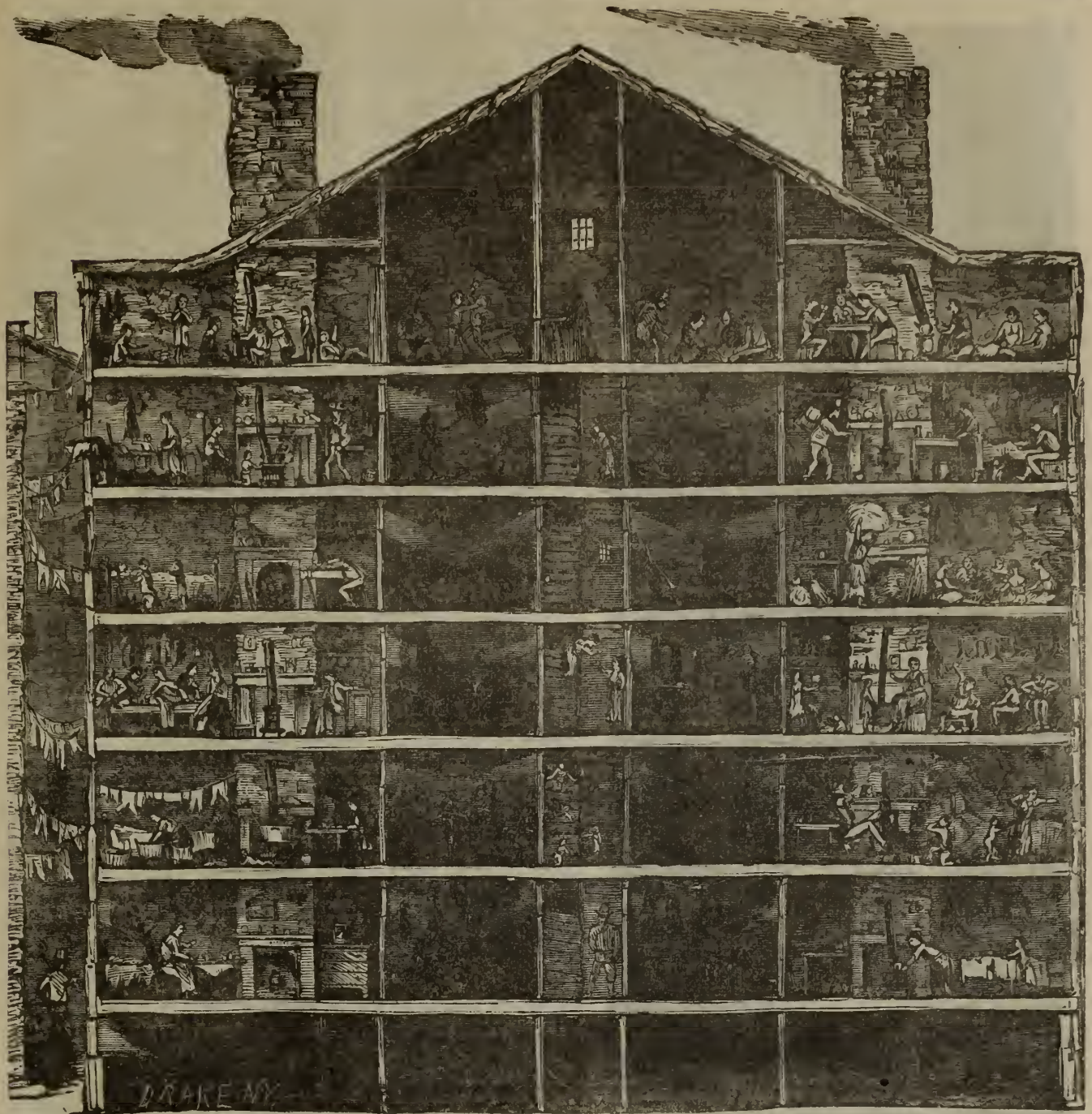
Eight thousand places are licensed for the sale of liquors. Most of them dispense the vilest poisons. Many are music-halls, worse than the old Broadway concert-saloons, and frequented by the same class of scapgraces who were ruined in those glittering dens. To some are attached small gambling-rooms, where scores of habitual criminals and vagrants gather nightly to prey upon one another and concoct all man-

ner of deviltries. At night the windows of these places have the fascination of basilisk's eyes to thousands upon thousands of the restless, thirsty, discountenanced poor. Some have money to buy a pint or a glass of this stuff in bottles labeled before them, but can ill afford it. Others have not enough to pay for a night's lodging. Upon this multitude descends the terrible temptation to steal that they may drink—that they may buy an hour or two of blind forgetfulness. Every day's arrests show part of the direct results of this temptation. If Mayhew's estimate be correct, that intoxicating liquors are an agent in three-fourths of the crimes committed in large cities, then the effects of bad liquor and of longing for bad liquor in New York City are, according to the police statistics, something fearful. Of the 84,514 arrests in one year, including 63 for homicide, 459 for burglary, 31 for arson, 67 for forgery, 119 for highway robbery, 1,503 for grand larceny, 36 for robbery, the rest for every kind of criminal offences, nearly 70,000 were traceable to persons more or less badly addicted to drink.

Rum as a direct agent in the production of criminals finds its chief rivals, or rather its principal co-partners, in the gambling-hells, lottery-offices and policy-shops. There are in the city more than 700 places where gambling is conducted and lottery and policy tickets are sold. Gambling-houses of different grades are frequented by rich or well-to-do men, adventurers, dupes and flush thieves. Their patrons are comparatively few, and though they help many foolish or desperate youngsters on to ruin, they are almost harmless when set in the scale with lotteries and policies. At faro, roulette, rouge-et-noir, monte, or even keno, there is some chance for the player to win his money back. A lottery or a policy shop affords but the ghost of a chance, which is, however, sought daily by hundreds of thousands of deluded people. The lotteries, drawn in Havana, in Kentucky, and elsewhere, offer fractions of tickets to all persons who can afford to invest \$2 to \$20. This seduces a large middle class, and a host of clerks, mechanics and domestic servants, both male and female. The policy dealers strike lower down into the very substratum of the community. Any one may play policy in any way and for any amount he chooses—from five cents up to five dollars. This attracts laborers at the lowest wages in every department of industry; nearly the whole population of poor negroes; the lowest grade of tenement-house denizens, half-starved seamstresses, poor wretches reduced almost to beggary. It makes no difference that the schemes held out are fraudulent on their faces; that the chance of drawing the lowest promised prize is one in a hundred thousand; that the buyer of a ticket or a fraction of a ticket has no security and no proof that drawings are really had, or, if had, are fair; that no one is known except by rumor to have ever drawn a prize. The lure is so much the more dazzling, for it is in the nature of the credulous and eager crowds who buy the tickets to believe every one his own chance to be the better, because the capital prize has not yet been won! Weak men who have faith in their luck; sharpers who believe in their cunning; lazy men who hunger for riches without labor; avaricious men who seek to add a small risk to their big or little hoards; sensitive men whose family expenses are running them into debt; impressionable and superstitious men; blunt and shabby inebriates; and then the vast army of the lower classes, who are always trembling on the verge of starvation, always familiar with misery and crime—these support the policy-shops. Numbers of them become policy-drunk. As rich men spend thousands a year in gambling and the Wall Street lotteries, so members of the middle class sacrifice their incomes by hundreds, and poor men their all, in the vain chase after prizes that are never paid. Families are robbed of food and clothing, store-tills are rifled by clerks; girls try their hands at shop-lifting, boys at picking pockets and men at picking locks, that policy may be played again. Every year \$1,500,000 is withdrawn from productive industry and sunk in lotteries and policy-shops, and every year, too, more crimes and more criminals outcrop from this infernal trade.

Rum and Policy! Eight thousand gin-mills and seven hundred policy-shops! These make yearly one hundred thousand offenders against the laws. "Break up the gin-mills, or at least break up all of them that do not deal in the purest, most expensive liquors, and extirpate the policy men," said recently a judge who ought to know as much of the criminal classes as any man among us, "and you will kill off three-fourths of the crime in New York."

Who are the policy men? It is easy to find out



A TENEMENT HOUSE.

the policy dealers. The police, who suffer them to deal despite the law, know them well, and any citizen who chooses to inquire in his ward may know them. But who are the "men" who furnish the capital of about \$2,000,000 which is necessary to the carrying on of the business—to pay rents, printing bills, occasional catch-prizes; to keep the whole Police Department's hands off their trade, and hands on the trade of rival dealers to suppress it; to influence judges, and blind-fold the District-Attorney's office, and make the statutes against gambling mere mockeries and shams? Who form this powerful combination, which monopolizes, right under the noses of our respectability, the most monstrous, the most nefarious, and the most profitable traffic except the liquor traffic, in New York? From their spoil here in open day hundreds of flash equipages and notorious women are supported. Besides the 5,000 or 6,000 harlots living in houses of ill-fame and using houses of assignation, others are sustained in luxurious apartments, every one at the expense of a dozen frugal families. The temptation to vice which these splendid instances of fortune hold out to many young women is so potent that year after year there occur disap-

pearances of daughters from respectable homes which are never reported for the press, and which the police are paid by parents as well as by procurers for keeping secret.

Deprivation, crowding and vice produce disease, and we sometimes wonder if any one thinks how many sick people the city contains. Such an inquiry would hardly be suggested by the stream of human life which fills the street. It were, indeed, hard to believe that there is a sufficient number of invalids here to equal the population of many good sized cities. One reason for this vast number is that we not only have the victims of local disease, but also multitudes who come to be treated for maladies beyond the skill of country physicians. Practitioners in great cities can pursue specialties and by this means secure great skill and repute. This is a sufficient reason why so many difficult cases find their way to New York. During the year about 3,000 of this class of unfortunates come hither, and their expenses vary from \$300 to ten times that sum. Our medical profession derives at least half a million annually from this migration. What is much wanted here is an invalid hotel. We mean an establishment uniting the character-

istics of a hotel and a hospital, where the sick could come with the assurance of a proper reception. A house of this kind, if undertaken by a man of enterprise and skill, would be highly profitable, as well as a great public benefit.

New York has by no means the hospital accommodation which so vast a population requires. While the city has doubled in population its hospitals have not been proportionately enlarged. The very best institution of the kind (as many think) in this city is only open to paupers. This is Bellevue, whose situation on the margin of the East River affords fresh air, a luxury seldom here enjoyed even by the rich. At this place a thousand patients are accommodated with the best of treatment. The pauper while in health is of small account, but as soon as he becomes ill he receives careful attention. Such are the attractions of this place that we have heard of men feigning sickness in order to obtain admission, and during the winter the examining physician is compelled to refuse many applications of this character.

Bellevue contains a number of cells devoted to cases of delirium tremens, and at this time of general intemperance they are full. Any one who



BAXTER STREET QUARTERS.

cares to witness the horrible fantasies which attend the closing scenes of the drunkard's life can thus find daily opportunities. All classes are found here, and the scenes often witnessed transcend description. These cases are carefully watched to prevent suicide. Some time ago a fine looking young play-actor hung himself in one of these cells during the absence of the attendant. Seldom have been seen anything more fearfully illustrative of the drunkard's fate than the scenes which have been common in these places of detention, and which so frequently invoke suicide as a relief. Bellevue Hospital is connected with the other great charities of the city which are located on the adjacent islands, such as Blackwell's Island, Ward's Island etc., and all are under the control of a Board of Commissioners. The medical and surgical attendance employed here includes the best talent of the city.

It may be that there are in this city 50,000 invalids, one-third of whom are confined to their bed. Many of these are among the poor, and an inmate of a tenement-house can hardly expect the

had led to a corruption of the nurse. It certainly would be easy for one of this class to poison a patient, and since people use so many ways to get rid of their friends, it would not be surprising if this were adopted.

At the hospital the pay in the female wards is \$16 per month for those newly engaged; but as soon as they acquire experience the rate is advanced. Many young women from the country seek this service, because the pay is better than that of mere housework, and the chance of promotion is attractive. "Monthly nurses," as they are termed, receive \$50 a month and sometimes more. Male nurses demand from \$25 to \$40 per week. This may seem large pay, but when one considers the importance of their duty it is not a surprising rate. The question with the patient is, What is health worth to him? There are nurses here who are paid \$10 per day. If a millionaire be in need of one of this class it makes little difference what rate is demanded. He wants the best ally in fighting disease, and the cost is a matter of small importance. Many good nurses are found among the colored people,

care which a sick bed requires. Unless they get into the hospital their chances of recovery are small. A washerwoman or mechanic may struggle for a while with the first attack of the disease, but when reduced to the bed they seldom rise. First-class physicians dislike to practice among the poor. Medical caste runs very high, and a practitioner's standing is marked according to the wealth and social position of his patients.

The visit of mercy is all very well, and if a physician can devote a portion of his time in this manner it is admired as a fine trait, but if he practice among the common classes in a common manner he will rank accordingly. The poor enjoy the benefit of the dispensary system, which is of great value. These establishments afford prescriptions and also vaccination. One of them issued 85,000 prescriptions in a year, and the invariable spectacle at their gates of combined poverty and disease is of a very moving character.

It is time we had an institution for the education of nurses. While there are thousands of people out of employment, comprising clerks, mechanics, *literate* and professional men, there is now employment for hundreds of nurses, and it may be added that a good nurse is one of the rarest attendants. A very large proportion of our professional nurses know but little of their business.

This is peculiarly true of those of the male sex, many of whom amuse the dull hours of a sick room by strong drink. Not one half of this class can be relied on to administer medicine in a proper manner, and a physician's directions are seldom carried out. Hence, in important cases the latter remain in attendance as long as possible. It is sometimes found that nurses are abusive and cruel to the sick, which arises from impatience and irritability. More than this, they are sometimes suspected of foul play. We once heard of a gentleman who believed that a person who nursed his daughter had poisoned her. He desired to exhume the corpse for examination, but this was never done, and the mystery of a sudden death never was solved. He believed that the jealousy of a rival in respect to prospective matrimony

and \$13 per day is a common rate for men. If nurses could be educated for their duty, it would assist physicians in a very material manner. Nursing is a very trying employment. It requires not only a watchful and judicious mind, but a sense of duty such as is seldom found. A first-class nurse is a rare character, and should be highly prized, and to such the words of the poet may be applied, "On some fond breast the parting soul relies."

The last act in the drama of life affords employment to large numbers, and when one enters the precincts of disease and death he is brought into contact with a new element of society. Here is the apothecary, whose plate glass, porcelain jars and enormous rent are to be paid out of the profits levied on the sick and the dying. The druggist differs from all other tradesmen in one point—his expectation is not so much large sales as large profits. A New York apothecary who retails annually \$6,000 worth of goods will realize as much profit as a grocer who takes in ten times that amount. Some drug shops do not attain even the moderate figure quoted, and subsist on an incredibly small amount of trade. In some cases they add medical practice. In this State any man who can find a patient can act as a physician, being only liable in case of malpractice. The facility with which one may enter the profession is illustrated by the case of a German tailor, who suddenly exchanged the goose for the lancet, and put up the Esculapian sign. Being called to treat a skull fracture he put on a plaster, and said the patient would in a short time be well again.

SPLENDID WEDDINGS.

MR. JAMES PARTON thus moralizes upon the magnificent weddings for which New York has become famous:

In all lands, from time immemorial, marriage has been celebrated as a festival. Most people who have passed the noonday of life, on looking back over the scenes of other days, will admit that their wedding-day, besides being the most important, was also the happiest they have known. It is the day for which all the previous days are preparatory.

To the whole circle of relations and friends it is the most interesting of domestic events. Parents find in it the fruition of their most cherished hopes. The bride realizes the dream of her existence. To the bridegroom it is more than joyful; it is victory and distinction. He experiences something of the exultation of the barbarian chief who swoops down upon a village, mounted upon his best horse, and bears off in triumph the hells of the tribe. Others may have wooed, but he has won; and there she stands by his side a crowned and willing prize. He has triumphed, too, over circumstances. He has gained his footing in the world. In the battle of life, in the contest for fortune, he has won a partial victory, which affords a fair assurance of full and final triumph.

So universally interesting is marriage that the two popular branches of art, fiction and the drama, are chiefly devoted to it. Nearly every novel is the history of a marriage, and almost all plays exhibit scenes in the progress of a love and end on the eve of a wedding.

Nothing, therefore, is more in accord with the nature of things than that marriage should be the occasion of festivity. It is a melancholy thing to see two or three, or half a dozen people sneak into a clergyman's house after dark, and stand up in the gloom of one kerosene lamp while he ties the indissoluble knot. A wedding should occur in the bright and hopeful morning. Flowers, gay costume, fresh decoration, and the presence of friends should combine to render the scene memorably picturesque and delightful.

Why, then, is it that these gorgeous and costly weddings in New York, which block up the streets and crowd the fashionable churches, strike such a chill to the heart, and fill the mind of one who knows something of human life with gloomy forebodings? "Two thousand dollars' worth of flowers!" "Fifty thousand dollars' worth of presents!" The ceremony performed by a cardinal! There has been a run upon the cardinal of late. It has been even surmised that the chance of being married by a cardinal is among the reasons that convince some minds of the superior claims of the ancient church.

All this is offensive because it seems false. It does not appear to be an expression of honest joy in the crowning triumph of young life, nor the amiable desire of a happy family to share its happiness with a wide circle of friends. The guests and spectators do not fill the church and crowd the house because they wish well to the

lovers, and desire to witness the spectacle of their happiness. There is an air of ostentation about the whole affair. It looks like an explosion of compressed vanity. Men gaze upon the show with vacant wonder, and as they issue from the hot and crowded house, whisper to one another, as they think of the bridegroom standing in a cloud of lace and satin: "Poor devil!"

I confess that these are the precise words that escape my lips as often as I have the pain of beholding one of these splendid weddings. The man seems overwhelmed, lost, forgotten. He has the appearance of being a sort of an appendage to the show—indispensable, but not desired, and of small account. The real object of the occasion appears to be to make a bewildering exhibition of the most costly and unbecoming wearing apparel which the perverted ingenuity of man has been able to produce. A vision rises before my mind as I write these words of a bride I saw entering Grace Church with a train so long that she had crossed the threshold of the edifice before the train had all got out of the carriage. Language cannot convey an idea how small, how insignificant, how ridiculous the bridegroom looked in the midst of that great tasteless spread of white fabric.

Poor devil, indeed! When, at last, the wedding show is over—when the last spectator has departed, and the married couple find themselves alone, what is it that he receives to his arms? Is it a happy and loving woman? After six weeks of incessant toil and worry, often continued far into the night, she sinks exhausted in the bridal chamber, completely realizing Charles Reade's description of a spent female, "five feet eight of human jelly, crowned with a headache." And it is his doom to waste life in the wild endeavor to keep up that barbaric and vulgar magnificence!

GAMBLING IN WALL STREET.

WALL STREET has been called the pulse of the financial system, and the expression is not altogether inapplicable. In a healthy body the pulse does its work so quietly that the person is not conscious that he has a pulse, and experiences some difficulty in finding it. But when we are sick, the pulse changes its character, often becoming rapid, and even violent. The doctor, as soon as he enters, puts his fingers upon it, and learns much of the condition of the patient from the state in which he finds it.

An exaggerated Wall Street has always been a bad sign in this country. As far back as 1836, when the war of President Jackson against the United States Bank had resulted in giving a sudden and unnatural increase of strength to the State Banks, causing inflation and wild speculation in land, Wall Street became the center of public interest. James Gordon Bennett, an ambitious young journalist, who had just started the *Herald*, perceived the fact, and, to meet the public want, invented the "Money Article," which has ever since been a feature of American journalism. Scores of young men opened broker's offices, and space in Wall Street doubled in value.

It was the same in General Washington's day, when Alexander Hamilton's policy had led to a similar inflation. Letters of that time record that tailors laid aside the needle to speculate in government paper, and ships rotted at the wharves because merchants thought they could employ their capital more profitably in hawk shares than in commerce. A very few mouths sufficed to bring both these inflations to a most disastrous collapse.

Never was Wall Street so enormously exaggerated, so excited, so tumultuous, as during the inflation of the war, when gold was going up with alarming rapidity towards three hundred. No one who saw it then can ever forget it. The street itself, the adjacent lanes, the gold room, the Broker's Exchange, the very steps and areas, were all crowded with a mob of madmen, shouting, bawling, hellowing; and when evening came the scene of operations was transferred to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and its vicinity, where the same wild gambling was kept up till midnight. From that day to this, Wall Street has shrunk and shriveled when times have been good, but it has expanded when times have been bad. There was a period during the first term of General Grant when hundreds of brokers, and even a considerable number of "bankers," were starved out, and there was a prospect of the street being reduced to the limits required by the business of the country.

Wall Street has spread all over the country. Its business is now so arranged that a barber's apprentice in Bangor or a billiard marker in

Nashville can speculate in Wall Street without leaving his abode. Any fool who can raise ten dollars can lose it in Wall Street, though he live beyond the Rocky Mountains. I was assured the other day by a gentleman who has done business in Wall Street for many years, that the number of persons who habitually gamble in this way is not less than one hundred and fifty thousand!

Astonished at this incredible statement, I have since made further inquiries, and watched the long string of advertisements daily inserted by people who sell "puts," "calls," "straddles," "privileges," and other cheap Wall Street wares. I have also read various small books giving advice as to the purchase of such commodities. It is evident that the circle of Wall Street gamblers has become immense.

I beg to state one fact for the benefit of those who may be inclined to try their luck in a "put," or a "call," or a "privilege," or a "straddle."

Wall Street is now governed by a few men—a very few men, say, four—and these men have the movements in the speculative stocks so entirely under their control, that no outside speculator can make any money. It is just as impossible as it is to make money by playing against the bank in a gambling house. You may win one stake, or two, or three; but you are certain to lose if you keep on. It is as certain as arithmetic. Those four men work the market up till they have drowned out all the young heirs; then they work it down till all the young bulls are engulfed. Be you bull or be you bear, stake ten dollars or put up a "margin" of ten thousand, *you must lose!* The whole affair is cut and dried. It is managed by men who are more familiar with the street than any farmer ever was with his own barn. They control millions, and every dollar of those millions was brought into the street by people who thought they would "try their luck in Wall Street."

A GLOSSARY OF WALL STREET PHRASES.

Those interested in stock speculations will find the following vocabulary of terms used in Wall Street worth remembering:

Bear market—When the market is heavy and falling, and lower prices are expected, in consequence of the efforts of the "bear."

Bear the market—i. e., operate for a decline. A bear is naturally "short" of stocks, and expecting to profit by a decline.

Borrowing and loaning stocks—When a party has sold stock short and has not bought in by the time the delivery must be made, he "borrows" the stock for the purpose of making the delivery, paying the owner the market price on demand, or at fixed time, the lender of the stock paying the borrower an agreed rate of interest on the money, or the borrower paying the lender an agreed premium for the use of the stock, as the case may be.

Cover, to "cover one's shorts"—Where stock has been sold short and the seller buys it in to realize his profit, or to protect himself from loss, or to make his delivery. This is "covering short sales."

A call—The privilege obtained, for a consideration, of calling for a certain number of shares of stock, at a given price, within a time named.

Carrying stock—Holding stock by a broker for his customers on a margin.

Clique—A combination of operators formed for the purpose of artificially influencing the market by their combined operations.

Corner—When the market is oversold, the shorts, if compelled to deliver, sometimes find themselves in a "corner."

Curbstone brokers—Men who are not members of any regular organization, and do business mainly upon the sidewalk.

Flyers—Is a small side operation, not employing one's whole capital, or not in the line of his ordinary operations.

Lamb—A very green "outsider" who essays stock speculation.

Limited order—An order to buy and sell within a certain fixed price, above or below which the party giving the order does not wish to go.

Margins—Where one buys or sells for speculation, and deposits with his broker a percentage of value to enable the latter to "carry" the stock and protect him against loss from fluctuations in value.

Milking the streets—The act of eliques or great operators who hold certain stock so well in hand that they cause any fluctuations they please. By alternately lifting and depressing prices, they "milk" the small operators and the outside.

Put—To buy a "put" is to obtain the right,

for a consideration, to deliver a stock at a certain agreed price within a given number of days.

Stop order—An order to sell out stock in case it should decline to a certain price or to buy short stock in case it should advance to a certain price. A means adopted by a party "long" or "short" of a stock to limit his loss to a certain figure.

Turn stocks—Consists in buying for cash or regular way and selling a like amount of the same stock at the same time, on "option," thereby making six per cent. interest and difference that may exist at the time between the market price of the stock for cash and an option; or selling for cash and buying on option, when the stock is hard to carry and the holder, hoping for a rise, does not want to get out of it.

Washing—Is where one broker arranges with another to pay a certain stock when he offers it for sale. The bargain is fictitious, and the effort, when not detected, is to keep it quoted and afford a basis for bona-fide sales. It is not countenanced by the rules of exchange, and if discovered renders members engaged in it liable to the penalty of expulsion.

THE FAMOUS FOURTH WARD.

THERE is scarcely a district of this city, embraced in what was known as the limits of a ward, that has witnessed so many radical changes as the "old Fourth Ward." Owing to political alterations which have made Aldermanic districts in New York City, what were formerly known as "ward lines" have been nearly obliterated, and few, except it be the older residents, can tell anything of their former boundaries. The Fourth Ward had its limits bounded by Peck Slip, Ferry and Spruce Streets on one side; Chatham Street and Square on another; Catherine Street and the East River on the third and fourth. Within these limits resided until recently a very large number of persons; but this is likely to be entirely changed if the present and proposed improvements are carried out.

A little over two hundred years ago the greater part of this district was a swamp, and by that name a portion of it is now known. A creek ran along the line of the present Roosevelt Street, and was crossed by a rustic bridge at Chatham Street. At about this time nearly one-half of the ward, or that portion embraced within the region now bounded by Roosevelt, Oak, Ferry, and other streets and the East River, was sold at public auction for £60, and ten years later at private sale for £70. The deeds for these sales are still preserved. This was at about the close of the Dutch rule, or the beginning of the British government of the island, and at a time when the city proper was below the line of Wall Street. At a later period the elevated portions of this district began to attract attention, and sites were selected by wealthy persons for rural residences with grounds attached. General Latham, the Waltons and others erected what were then palatial residences, with grounds extending to or overlooking the quiet waters of the East River. In those days there were no ferries or steamboats. The Latham mansion was situated within a handsome piece of ground on Cherry Hill, the name having been given to the spot by the beautiful cherry orchards which flourished there. This house, which still stands, was erected about the year 1700, and has walls nearly three feet thick. Cherry Street gained its name through beginning at the top of Cherry Hill.

As the city extended northward the bridge over the creek before alluded to was the connecting link between city and country, but it was not until shortly before the Revolution that the Fourth Ward began to rise as a special neighborhood, when the aristocracy of the city chose to erect buildings on Pearl and Cherry Streets. At this time the shipbuilding interests were located at the upper end of what is now Cherry Street, along which the British officials used to pass when on the way to the Government yards.

At the time of the Revolution many of the principal personages of the city had located themselves in the Second and Fourth Wards, and when George Washington was inaugurated President in Wall Street both he and Governor Clinton resided on what is now known as Franklin Square, at the junction of Pearl and Cherry Streets. Several other persons of note resided in the vicinity, and the members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, occupied a number of houses in this neighborhood. Owing to the narrow streets, which were the custom of the time, and the small size of the houses—they being mostly two stories in height, with an underground basement, reached generally by steps from the sidewalks covered at night with slant-

ing cellar flaps of wood, a few having low gable roofs with attics—the buildings were nearly all occupied by one family each. Some attempt at a garden was made behind many of these houses, but the ground is now covered with rear dwellings reached through alleyways. The houses were built very strongly, as they were intended to last for more than one lifetime.

About fifty years ago a great change took place in the Fourth Ward. The aristocratic and better class of inhabitants moved into the Fifth and Seventh Wards, and their former abodes were occupied by a lower stratum of society, which herded together until the region became very populous. It soon had a bad reputation, and was generally known as the "Bloody Fourth," on account of the numerous sanguinary affrays and murders which occurred therein. Owing to the narrow streets and numerous alleys a criminal was easily enabled, by slipping into the crowded dwellings, to elude pursuit, and it was as much as an officer's life was worth to attempt the capture of one in the Fourth Ward. Tammany Hall and the "Pewter Mug" were the political headquarters of many of this class, and they were both located in the Fourth Ward. A notorious place at the junction of Duane, Chambers, and Chatham Streets, designated the International Hotel, was the resort of the most depraved men, and at election times was the scene of many serious disturbances. On the site of this now stands the "Newsboys Lodging House," a fine structure.

The cutting through of New Chambers Street swept away many of the dens of vice in the "old Fourth Ward," and by giving a broad thoroughfare enabled the police easily to aid each other in times of disturbance, and made the chances of retreat for criminals less available by rendering police pursuit more practicable. The health laws also drove many from their fever stricken abodes in the attics and underground basements of these old houses, and rendered the buildings more healthy by limiting the number of persons to the size of the premises occupied. This action caused many to move into uptown districts on the East side, where tenement houses had been erected suitable to families of very moderate means, and thus the dense population was partially decreased and dispersed.

A great change is now going on in the Fourth Ward, whereby houses never intended for tenements, although occupied by several families, are being torn down under the orders, in many cases, of the Chief of the Bureau of Buildings. The sites of these houses are being replaced with large storerooms or premises to be used for manufacturing or business purposes. The construction of the Brooklyn Bridge caused many old buildings to disappear along the line of the approach, and as the arches are to be used as storehouses for lumber, etc., the new buildings along Frankfort Street are being constructed for similar purposes. Along Pearl Street many new buildings for manufacturing enterprises have been erected, and it is proposed, when the present leases expire, to tear down the old fashioned dwellings along that street and the adjoining thoroughfares, and turn them also into similar establishment for business. Rose and Vandewater Streets are thus being changed rapidly. It is believed by many of the old inhabitants that in a few years there will be as few actual residents in the Fourth Ward as are in the old Second and Third Wards, now mainly occupied by offices and business premises.

EMPLOYMENT IN THE CITY.

A LARGE proportion of all the young men and young women who come to New York to get employment belong to the class that have no acquired skill in anything, and no distinct ideas as to what they are good for. Perhaps they advertise that they "would be willing to engage in any respectable business." But employers do not rush after those who have no speciality, who have spent their early youth without discovering an aptitude for some one calling, and cultivating such honest ambition to excel in it as would lead to practical qualification. It is these nothings in particular who are a constant dead weight on the Christian associations. There may be a list of applicants with responsible situations to be filled, and numbers of persons wanting situations; but you cannot fill a square hole with a round stick, nor sell wool in the fleece to a man in immediate need of a coat.

The wealth and competition in cities and large towns make the struggle for the "survival of the fittest" a hard one for the workman in the raw. However great the demand for labor, the in-

stances are rare in which there is not a steady oversupply in all departments. This enables employers to make careful selections. They cannot afford to hire incompetent hands even at low wages. If they do, they are apt to find the cheapest the dearest, at the same time that the unlearned workman is finding out that the shortest way across is the longest way around.

THE STREET MUSICIANS.

One day, through a narrow and noisome street,
Where naught but squalor and poverty greet
The passer-by, I chanced to stray.
'Twas a mellow and bright October day,
A genial autumn sun shone down
On rich and poor in that crowded town;
And over the house-tops a deep blue sky
Greeted each beggar's upturned eye,
While the very heavens seemed to smile
His hunger and weariness to beguile.
Bare-headed children, ragged and free,
Over the curbstones romped in glee.
Lazily, a policeman walked;
Shop-men stood in their doors and talked;
Now and then, with a glance downcast,
Some wreck of a sot went staggering past,
With a trembling form and a visage wan;
Yet the current of life went flowing on;
And the sky was blue, and the sunlight fell
On the happy ones and the sad as well.
But hark! through that narrow and crowded street,
Of a sudden there poured a melody sweet,
A volume of soft harmonious sound
Strangely contrasting with all around;
And I paused to listen, while each sweet note,
Pure as a warbling from robin's throat,
Seemed to float on the idle air
To attic and cellar, and crazy stair.
And carry a whisper of peace and rest
Wherever it went on its pathway blest.

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moors, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one
sleeps."

'Twas a strolling minstrel band of four
Who, standing before a grogery door,
With puffed out cheeks and beating feet
Were playing there in that busy street,
Vagabonds, they, no doubt; in fact
Their garb was ragged, the trumpets cracked,
And they looked like men who seldom knew
What 'twas to own a dollar or two.
Yet, spite of this, as I listened there
To the sweet soft notes of the plaintive air
That came from those minstrels, ragged and odd,
I thought, "'Tis a message sent from God,
Bringing reminders pure and sweet,
To the poor sad souls in this narrow street."
Then the little children over the way
Looked and wondered and stopped their play,
And the officer paused in his weary walk,
While the gossiping shop-men ceased to talk;
And from tenement windows all about,
There was many a weary face peeped out,
And smiled at the joy that had suddenly come
To cheer its poverty-stricken home.
Out of the grogery, reeling, came
Into the sunlight (oh, for shame!)
One whose visage and mien bespoke
A dreadful bondage to liquor's joke—
A soul of honor and pride bereft,
Yet, there were traces of manhood left.
And as the music reached his ear
He, staggering, paused—then lingered near,
Ashamed and doubting—then gave a start,
For the melody sweet had touched his heart;
Those strains, so plaintive and soft and low,
Recalled the lullaby, long ago
That his mother in tones so sweet and mild
Had sung to him as a little child.

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon.
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep."

Then, over him like a torrent, came
The sense of his present sin and shame,
And the tears came pouring down his cheek.
"Oh, God!" he cried, "I am frail and weak!"
And he hid his face and murmured a prayer
Out of the depths of his dark despair,
(God grant his penitent prayer was heard!)
He turned away and without a word,
But with steady step, and a figure bowed,
Was lost in the hurrying, passing crowd.
The music ceased and I went my way,
But I ne'er shall forget that sunny day
When I heard that music so soft and sweet,
Wafted down through the narrow street.

SINISTER EYES IN THE DARKNESS.

ALMOST everywhere you go you meet them peering out at you, sinister and baleful, from somewhere under the shadow of the night.

It may be at a lone street crossing—in the hollow cavern of some dark alley-hole, across which you quickly hasten to get into the broader loneliness of the step-echoing street—in the nearly deserted street-car crawling up-town on its last trip from the foot of Park Row—or issuing reluctantly and illicitly from the low bar-room of the more secluded thoroughfares; but the wayfarer of the night almost invariably meets it at one place or the other—the low, cunning eye, the malicious, evil-gazing orb of the self-conscious felon.

They belong to criminals of all grades. The pickpocket, precociously apt or agedly experienced; the sneak-thief, lurking in area-ways, or hunting the light-floods from jet-illuminated windows, waiting for the coveted chance, and dodging every honest footfall as it rings over the deserted street; the veteran cracksmen from over the sea, hugging the tools of his trade under his heavy pea-jacket, and flashing by with his face, whose devilish depravity and wickedness make the nightmaro of your dreams; or the burly garoter, with his confederates following at easy distance; whoever, whatever they be, the eye of evil is a characteristic of all, and gleams out with a greater or less degree of sinister criminality.

It is seen oftener by night, because it closes in slumber by day. Sometimes a woman owns it, and then it sparkles with a more subtle brilliancy of wickedness, but with the same intelligence of the devil in its depths of guile.

Not long ago, when my late hours at the editorial desk were at an end, I went with a friend to an all-night bar-room, where we could refresh ourselves with stimulants, without fear of interruption at the hands of a not very zealous police force.

It was resorted to by all classes, but mostly by those who come under the characterization of "roughs."

The clandestine system of admittance, through the street-door, was thoroughly organized—as it always is in these places; and we saw a good deal of the "evil eye," as we sat there in the costly-cushioned benches.

Presently, in company with two or three others, who might have been professional fighters or thieves, came in a small, but powerfully-built, young fellow, who, we were informed, was the champion fighter of a certain city district. He had drank more than the rest, and his powerful, well-knit frame was full of the nervous action produced by artificial stimulant. Every motion was swift and agile—something between the lithe gliding of a young panther and the sturdier springiness of a mountain pony—and he had the eye of malice under his beetle brows, though blurred and unsteady with excessive drink.

His comrades, three in number, were older, and drank more sparingly. Ever and anon I noticed that they looked at him with that malicious twinkle of the eye, which went so strangely with their apparent hospitality. And when they—the three—lurked up suspiciously to the far end of the counter, the bar-keeper, a good-looking young fellow, the characterizing malice of whose eye was but partially developed, leaped over the bar and spoke to the young ruffian I have first described in a quick, low whisper, which, however, I did not fail to hear:

"Chaddy, get out of this as soon as you can."

The eyes of the young bruiser were rum-blurred and sleepy, as I have said, but they suddenly shot out a gleam of inquiry—low, covert, almost buried beneath the brows, but keen as a leopard's ere it makes the spring, while the small, sinewy hands clenched as by instinct.

The bar-tender threw another glance over his shoulder, and then shot out another whisper, swift and decisive as before:

"The rest of the crowd will be here in a moment. The game is to trample you. Go!"

The youth stood for a moment, irresolute—all the sinews of the 'pony' springing in his strout young limbs, all the 'panther' instinct swelling in his trained, muscular arms, all the spirit of the born fighter perceptible in the clenching of the iron jaw and the blazing of that evil eye—which was his characteristic—the characteristic of his tribe and his analogies.

But he hesitated, and was loth.

Tinkle! tinkle! went the little bell.

"It's all up with him!" I plainly read in the upraised eyebrows of the bar-tender; and a moment thereafter he admitted three more men whose general aspect—and that omnipresent, never-to-be-forgotten Evil Eye—proclaimed them

to be the scum of the low ward in which the all-night gin-mill was situated.

By that "eye"—who could mistake it?—I followed the recognition that sprang up between the new-comers and the other three.

In an instant "Chaddy," as the bar-keeper had called him, was in the midst of the six, drinking, at their invitation, with all the apparent good nature in the world. But the conspiracy was to "trample him out," and it was quickly and cowardly achieved.

First, the loud words—then the preconcerted quarrel—then the ho and viler epithet—and the fight commenced.

Chaddy was a gladiator by blood. Swift as lightning swept his trained blow from the shoulder, and his insulter went down as if struck by a mallet. But the cowardly trample was inaugurated. The straightforward, manly blow was no sooner struck than four or five heavy fists were simultaneously planted on the fighter's head—four or five heavy boot-toes were driven into his side and stomach—and the next instant he was down under their feet, under the stamping of their boot-heels, and tumblers and pitchers were crashed upon his helpless head, with howls and yells and curses which reminded one of fiends in hell.

Tapt tapt clang! clang! sounded the clubs of policemen on the paving-stones outside. The cowardly ruffians melted away in silence by various modes of egress; the bleeding, mangled, and insensible form was picked up by two porters who hurried in, and carried up-stairs, and the blood and clots of hair upon the floor were hastily mopped up and fresh sawdust sprinkled down.

"I knew they were making a set for Chaddy—he's got a raft of enemies in this ward," said the bar-tender, in explanation to us; "but he has helped to trample out a heap of lads himself, and ought to know how to appreciate the dose."

There was grim humor in this comment, but the evil of the bar-tender's eye had suddenly grown to such maturity as he spoke it that I turned away, disgusted and sick.

There used to be an old thief who went about New York, and who was a character in his way. He must have been over sixty, was dressed, like a clergyman, in black broadcloth and white choker, but had spent the greater part of his life in the State and other prisons of this country and Great Britain.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of this genius of thievery was that he used to be—this was a long time ago—seen in the streets with a girl of about fourteen (younger yet, I think), whose extraordinary beauty was something of general remark. It was a matter of general observation—especially on the Broadway promenade of Saturday afternoons—but none noticed it more keenly than myself, for I knew the character of the man.

A detective policeman one day informed me that the beautiful girl was the old thief's daughter.

"He has educated her in the most extravagant manner," I was told, "and every Saturday takes her for a walk out of her boarding-school on Madison Square. He is a villain of the deepest dye, and couldn't be honest for a twelve-month if he tried hard; but he has one spark of humanity left in his black soul, and that is his love for that girl. Maybe he wasn't such a rascal when she was born to him, which may account for her taking the goodness out of a nature afterward so depraved. Or perhaps her mother was an angel and she took from that side entirely; but, at any rate, she loves that old thief utterly, and doesn't dream for an instant that he is anything else but the 'honestest' of men."

"But," I ventured, "if he is so often in prison?"

"He has settled so much upon her education," was the reply, "and he can easily explain any absence going from six months to as many years."

I could gain nothing further of his history, but this was enough to fix my attention strongly and keenly.

I used to wonder at the contrast between them as they moved along the street. She was so beautiful, so thoroughly lovely; he, in spite of his sham respectability of garb, so hypocritical, so mean and snaking.

Her eyes were blue as God's sunlight sky—just as serene, deep, and just as innocent, as purely, tenderly typical of all that was trusting, virtuous, and true.

His—their evil shone out conspicuously enough for me from their mask of pinch-back gold spectacles—were sin-soddened, crime-crimped, vice-gray, and wicked. But—to the credit of his na-

ture be it spoken—way down in the twinkle of their innate villainy—there looked forth (beamed is a better word) a fatherly love and purity, and tenderness and pride for that poor child of beauty and misfortune, which almost redeemed their natural depravity.

He had grown wealthy in crime, but had—Heaven bless him for it—kept it a secret from that poison-fostered flower of his early love. But as all lives are dramatic, so are they mostly tragic; and the crowning tragedy of the daughter of sin and shame—she shall be nameless here!—was at hand.

The old man finally overreached himself, as all thieves ultimately do, and to save himself from a sentence which would, in its duration, have exceeded his natural life, was compelled to bring her as a witness, to prove an *alibi*.

She was then in all the glory and beauty of budding womanhood, and one of the most lovely creatures I ever saw on earth—pray God I may see her in Heaven! I was in the court at the time, and shall never forget the expression of that young, angel face, as the true character of her debased parent was slowly, step by step, in the regular process of a ghastly lawyer's "pumping," laid before her in all its hideousness.

She shuddered, the bloom vanished from her cheeks, and left them deadly pale. At first I thought she would faint, but she suddenly sprang to her feet in the witness-box in one of those paroxysms which, once in a life-time, overstep the boundary that marks the destiny of a soul.

The downcast "Evil Eye"—the characterization of his class—shrank before the blaze of that piercing glance which suddenly comprehended all. Everything was exhibited in that glance. Purity pulled from its pedestal, honor dethroned, love misled, trust betrayed, utter, irremediable despair—they were all there in characters of painful, heart-piercing truth.

She uttered a wild cry, and exclaimed, as her white fingers were pointed at her guilty parent, in an agony of interrogation:

"Speak! Is it true? Are you a felon? Have you always been?"

The bent head, the tremor of the hands as they clutched the rail of the prisoner's dock, the voicelessness of woe, were answer enough.

She sprang up, and, with another wild, moaning cry, fled out of the court, and out of the building.

The father was convicted, sentenced, and died in prison after lingering there for five years and six months. The daughter was never seen nor heard of again—at least, by no one that I ever knew—after that wild, despairing flight from the court-room.

Perchance, with her it was a mad plunge into the wear-flowing stream, with the cold waves to muffle her death shriek as she sprang from the pier; perchance it was that madder, still more lamentable, plunge into the sea of infamy, where she would be lost, indeed, where her beautiful, innocent young eyes would, through regular gradations of depravity, gather that darkness to their liquid depths when they, also, would be numbered among "Sinister Eyes looking out from the darkness."

Beautiful, but lost ones, buffeting with the sea!

There are threads of circumstances entwining themselves with every life; and oh, let us think of them—of the Beautiful Lost, when that criminal evil eye—whether of man or woman—peers out to us from the shadows of the night!—*Nathan D. Urner, in the New York Weekly.*

DRUNK IN THE STREET.

"DRUNK, your worship," the officer said, "Drunk in the street, sir!" She raised her head—A lingering trace of the golden grace Still softened the lines of her wee-wee face. Unkempt and tangled her rich brown hair, Yet with all the furrows and stains of care—The years of anguish and sin and despair—The child of the city was passing fair.

The ripe red mouth, with lips compressed—The rise and fall of the heaving breast—The nervous fingers so taper and small, Crumpled the fringe of the tattered shawl As she stood in her place at the officer's call, She seemed good and fair, she seemed tender and sweet, This fallen woman found drunk in the street.

Does the hand that once smoothed the ripple and wave Of that tangled hair lie still in the grave? Is that mother who pressed those red lips to her own,

Deaf to the pain of their smothered moan? Has the voice that chimed to the lisp of prayer No accent of hope for the lost one there, Bearing her burden of sin and despair?

Drunk in the street!—In the gutter found—From a passionate longing to crush and drown The soul of the woman she might have been—To fling off the weight of a fearful dream, And awake again in the homestead hard-by, And wooded mountain that touched the sky; To linger a while on the path to school, And catch in the depth of the limpid pool, Under the willow shade, green and cool, A dimpled face and a laughing eye, And the pleasant words of a passer-by.

Ye men, with sisters and mothers and wives, Have you no care for these women's lives? Must they starve for the comfort they never speak? Must they ever be erring and sinful and weak—Staggering onward with weary feet, Stained in the gutters and drunk in the street?

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NEW YORK.

FROM SERMONS BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Brought up in the country and surrounded by much parental care, I had not, until this autumn, seen the haunts of iniquity. By the grace of God defended, I had never sowed any "wild oats." I had somehow been able to tell from various sources something about the iniquities of the great cities, and to preach against them; but I saw, in the destruction of a great multitude of the people, that there must be an infatuation and a temptation that had never been spoken about, and I said, "I will explore."

I saw tens of thousands of men going down, and if there had been a spiritual percussion answering to the physical percussion, the whole air would have been full of the rumble, and roar, and crack, and thunder of the demolition; and this moment, if we should pause in our service, we should hear the crash, crash! Just as in the sickly season you sometimes hear the bell at the gate of the cemetery ringing almost incessantly, so I found that the hell at the gate of the cemetery, where lost souls are buried, was tolling by day and tolling by night. I said, "I will explore."

It was ten o'clock of a calm, clear, starlighted night when the carriage rolled with us from the bright part of the city down into the region where gambling, and crime, and death, hold high carnival. When I speak of houses of dissipation, I do not refer to one sin, or five sins, but to all sins.

As the horses halted, and, escorted by the officers of the law, we went in, we moved into a world of which we were as practically ignorant as though it had swung as far off from us as Mercury is from Saturn. No shout of revelry, no guffaw of laughter, but comparative silence. Not many signs of death, but the dead were there.

As I moved through this place I said, "This is the home of lost souls." It was a Dante's "Inferno;" nothing to stir the mirth, but many things to fill the eyes with tears of pity. Ah! there were moral corpses. There were corpses on the stairway, corpses in the gallery, corpses in the gardens. Leper met leper, but no bandaged mouth kept back the breath.

Amid these haunts of death, in that midnight exploration, I saw that there were lions, and eagles, and doves for insignia; but I thought to myself how inappropriate. Better the insignia of an adder and a bat.

First of all, I have to report as a result of this midnight exploration that all the sacred rhetoric about the costly magnificence of the haunts of iniquity is apocryphal. We were shown what was called the costliest and most magnificent specimen. I had often heard that the walls were adorned with masterpieces; that the fountains were bewitching in the gaslight; that the music was like the touch of a Thalberg or a Gottschalk; that the upholstery was imperial; that the furniture in some places was like the throne-room of the Tuileries. It is all false.

Masterpieces! There was not a painting worth five dollars, leaving aside the frame. Great daubs of color that no intelligent mechanic would put on his wall. A cross-breed between a chromo and a splash of poor paint! Music! Some of the homeliest creatures I ever saw squawked discord, accompanied by pianos out of tune! Upholstery! Two characteristics: red and cheap. You have heard so much about the wonderful lights—blue and green and yellow and orange flashing across the dancers and the gay groups. Seventy-five cents worth of chemicals would produce all that in one night. Tinsel, gewgaws, tawdriness, frippery, seemingly much of it bought at a second-hand furniture store and never paid for!

For the most part the inhabitants were repulsive. Here and there a soul on whom God had put the crown of beauty, but nothing comparable

with the Christian loveliness and purity which you may see any pleasant afternoon on any of the thoroughfares of our great cities. Young man, you are a stark fool if you go to places of dissipation to see pictures, and hear music, and admire beautiful and gracious countenances. In Thomas's, or Dodworth's, or Gilmore's hand, in ten minutes you will hear more harmony than in a whole year of the racket and bang of the cheap orchestras of the dissolute.

But I have, my friends, also to report of that midnight exploration, that I saw something that amazed me more than I can tell. I do not want to tell it, for it will take pain to many hearts far away, and I cannot comfort them. But I must tell it. In all these haunts of iniquity I found young men with the ruddy color of country health on their cheek; evidently come to town for business, entering stores, and shops, and offices. They had helped gather the summer grain. There they were in the haunts of iniquity, the look on their cheek which is never on the cheek except when there has been hard work on the farm in the open air. Here were these young men, who had heard how gayly a boat dances on the edge of a maelstrom, and they were venturing.

Oh, God! will a few weeks do such an awful work for a young man? Oh Lord! has Thou forgotten what transpired when they knelt at the family altar that morning when he came away, and how father's voice trembled in the prayer, and mother and sister sobbed as they lay on the floor? I saw that young man when he first confronted evil. I saw it was the first night there. I saw on him a defiant look, as much as to say, "I am mightier than sin." Then I saw him consult with iniquity. Then I saw him waver and doubt. Then I saw going over his countenance the shadow of sad reflections, and I knew from his looks there was a powerful memory stirring his soul. I think there was a whisper going out from the gaudy upholstery, saying, "My son, go home." I think there was a hand tremulous with anxiety, a hand that had been worn with work, a hand partially wrinkled with age, that seemed to beckon him away, and so goodness and sin seemed to struggle in that young man's soul; but sin triumphed, and he surrendered to darkness and to death—an ox to the slaughter.

Oh! my soul, is this the end of all the good advice? Is this the end of all the prayers that have been made? Have the clusters of the country vineyard been thrown into this great wine-press where Despair and Anguish and Death trample, and the vintage is a vintage of blood? I do not feel so sorry for that young man who, brought up in city life, knows beforehand what are all the surrounding temptations; but God pity the country lad, unsuspecting and easily betrayed.

Oh! young man from the farm-house among the hills, what have your parents done that you should do this against them? Why are you bent on killing with trouble her who gave you birth? Look at her fingers—what makes them so distorted? Working for you. Do you prefer to that honest old face the beronged cheek of sin? Oh! write home to-morrow morning by the first mail, cursing your mother's white hair, cursing her stooped shoulder, cursing her old arm-chair, cursing the oradle in which she rocked you. "Oh!" you say, "I can't, I can't." You are doing it already. There is something on your hands, on your forehead, on your feet. It is red. What is it? *The blood of a mother's broken heart!*

When you were thrashing the harvest apples from that tree at the corner of the field last summer, did you think you would ever come to this? Did you think that the sharp sickle of death would cut you down so soon? Oh! if I thought I could break the infatuation I would come down from the pulpit and throw my arms around you and beg you to stop.

Perhaps I am a little more sympathetic with such because I was a country lad. It was not until fifteen years of age that I saw a great city. I remember how stupendous New York looked as I arrived at Cortlandt Ferry. And now that I look back and remember that I had a nature all awake to hilarities and amusements, it is a wonder that I escaped. I was saying this to a gentleman in New York a few days ago, and he said: "Ah! sir, I guess there were some prayers hovering about."

When I see a young man coming from the tame life of the country and going down in the city ruin, I am not surprised. My only surprise is that any escape, considering the allurements. I was a few days ago on the St. Lawrence river, and I said to the captain: "What a swift stream this is!" "Oh!" he replied, "seventy-five miles from here it is ten times swifter. Why, we have to employ an Indian pilot, and we give him

\$1,000 for his summer's work, just to conduct our boats through between the rocks and the islands, so swift are the rapids." Well, my friends, every man that comes into New York and Brooklyn life comes into the rapids, and the only question is whether he shall have safe or unsafe pilotage.

But I was going to tell you of an incident.

I said to the officer: "Well, let us go; I am tired of this scene;" and as we passed out of the haunts of iniquity into the fresh air, a soul passed in. What a face that was! Sorrow only half covered up with an assumed joy. It was a woman's face. I saw as plainly as on the page of a book the tragedy.

You know that there is such a thing as somnambulism, or walking in one's sleep. Well, in a fatal somnambulism, a soul started off from her father's house. It was very dark, and her feet were cut of the rocks; but on she went until she came to the verge of a chasm, and she began to descend from boulder to boulder down over the rattling shelving—for you know while walking in sleep people will go where they would not when awake. Farther on down, and farther, where no owl of the night or hawk of the day would venture. On down until she touched the depth of the chasm.

Then, in walking asleep, she began to ascend the other side the chasm, rock above rock, as the roeboundeth. Without having her head to swim with the awful steep, she scaled the height. No eye but the sleepless eye of God watched her as she went down one side the chasm, and came up the other side the chasm.

It was an August night, and a storm was gathering, and a loud burst of thunder awoke her from her somnambulism, and she said, "Whither shall I fly?" and with an affrighted eye she looked back upon the chasm she had crossed and she looked in front, and there was a deeper chasm before her. She said: "What shall I do? Must I die here?" And as she bent over the one chasm she heard the sighing of the past; and as she bent over the other chasm she heard the portents of the future.

Then she sat down on the granite crag and cried: "Oh, for my father's house! Oh, for the cottage, where I might die amid ombowering honeysuckle! Oh! the past! Oh! the future! Oh, father! Oh, mother! Oh, God!" But the storm that had been gathering culminated, and wrote with finger of lightning on the sky, just above the horizon, "The way of the transgressor is hard!" And then thunder-peal after thunder-peal uttered it: "Which forsaketh the guide of her youth and forgetteth the covenant of her God. Destroyed without remedy!" And the cavern behind echoed it, "Destroyed without remedy!" And the chasm before echoed it, "Destroyed without remedy!" There she perished, her cut and bleeding feet on the edge of one chasm, her long locks, washed of the storm, dripping over the other chasm.

I noticed in my midnight exploration that the haunts of sin are chiefly supported by men of means, and men of wealth. The young men recently come from the country, are on small salary, and they have but little money to spend in sin, and if they go into luxuriant iniquity the employer finds it out by the inflamed eye and the marks of dissipation, and they are discharged. The luxuriant places of iniquity are supported by men who come down from the fashionable avenues of New York, and cross over from some of the finest mansions of Brooklyn. Prominent business men from Boston, and Philadelphia, and Chicago, and Cincinnati, patronize these places of crime. I could call the names of prominent men in our cluster who patronize these places of iniquity; and I may call their names before I get through this course of sermons, though the fabric of New York and Brooklyn society tumble into wreck. Judges of courts, distinguished lawyers, officers of the church, political orators, standing on the Republican and Democratic and Greenback platforms, talking about God and good morals until you might suppose them to be evangelists, expecting a thousand converts in one night. Call the roll of dissipation in the haunts of iniquity any night, and if the inmates will answer, you will find there stock-brokers from Wall Street, large importers from Broadway, iron merchants, leather merchants, cotton merchants, hardware merchants, wholesale grocers, representatives from all the commercial and wealthy classes. Talk about the heathenism below Canal Street! There is a worse heathenism above Canal Street. I prefer that kind of heathenism which wallows in filth and disgusts the beholder, rather than that heathenism which covers up its walking putrefaction with camel's-hair shawl and point lace, and

rides in turn-outs worth \$3,000, liveried driver ahead, and rosetted flunkey behind. We have been talking so much about the Gospel for this masses, now let us talk a little about the gospel for the lepers of society, for the millionaire sots, for the portable lazzarettos of upper-tendom. It is the iniquity that comes down from the higher circles of society that supports the haunts of crime, and it is gradually turning our cities into Sodoms and Gomorras waiting for the fire and brimstone tempest of the Lord God who whelmed the cities of the plain. We want about five hundred Anthony Comstocks to go forth and explore and expose the abominations of high life. For eight or ten years there stood within sight of the most fashionable New York drive a Moloch temple, a brown-stone hell on earth, which neither the mayor, nor the judges, nor the police dare touch, when Anthony Comstock, a Christian man of less than average physical stature, and with cheek scarred with the knife of a desperado whom he had arrested, walked into that palace of the damned on Fifth Avenue, and in the name of the eternal God, put an end to it, the priestess presiding at the orgies retreating by suicide into the lost world, her bleeding corpse found in her own bath-tub. May the eternal God have mercy on our cities. Gilded sin comes down from these high places into the upper circles of iniquity, and then on gradually down until in five years it make the whole pilgrimage, from the marble pillar on the brilliant avenue clear down to the cellars of Water Street. The officer on that midnight exploration said to me: "Look at them now, and look at them three years from now, when all this glory has departed; they'll be a heap of rags in the station-house." Another of the officers said to me: "That is the daughter of one of the wealthiest families on Madison Square."

But I have something more amazing to tell you than that the men of means and wealth support these haunts of iniquity, and that is, that they are chiefly supported by heads of families—fathers and husbands, with the awful perjury of broken marriage vows upon them, with a niggardly stipend left at home for the support of their families, going forth with their thousands for the diamonds and wardrobe and equipage of iniquity. In the name of Heaven, I denounce this public iniquity. Let such men be hurled out of decent circles. Let them be hurled out from business circles. If they will not repent, overboard with them! I lift one-half the burden of malediction from the unpitied head of offending woman, and hurl it on the blasted pate of offending man! Society needs a new division of its anathema. By what law of justice does burning excommunication pursue offending woman down off the precipices of destruction, while offending man, kid-gloved, walks in refined circles, invited up if he have money, advanced into political recognition, while all the doors of high life open at the first rap of his gold-headed cane? I say, if you let one come back, let them both come back. If one must go down, let both go down. I give you as my opinion that the eternal perdition of all other sinners will be a heaven compared with the punishment everlasting of that man who, turning his back upon her whom he swore to protect and defend until death, and upon his children, whose destiny may be decided by his example, goes forth to seek affectional alliances elsewhere.

But, you press me with the question: "Why don't the public authorities of New York extirpate these haunts of iniquity?" Before I give you a definite answer, I want to say that the obstacles in that city are greater than in any city on this continent. It is so vast. It is the landing-place of European immigration. Its wealth is mighty to establish and defend places of iniquity. Twice a year there are incursions of people from all parts of the land coming on the spring and the fall trade. It requires twenty times the municipal energy to keep order in New York that it does in any city from Portland to San Francisco. But still you pursue me with the question, and I am to answer it by telling you that there is infinite fault and immensity of blame to be divided between three parties. First, the police of New York City. So far as I know them they are courteous gentlemen. They have had great discouragement, they tell me, in the fact that when they arrest crime and bring it before the courts, the witnesses will not appear lest they criminate themselves. They tell me also that they have been discouraged by the fact that so many suits have been brought against them for damages. But after all, my friends, they must take their share of blame. I have come to the conclusion, after much research and investigation, that there are captains of police in New York who are in complicity with crime—men who make thousands of dollars a year, for the same

fact that they will not tell and will permit places of iniquity to stand month after month and year after year. I am told that there are captains of police in New York who get a percentage on every bottle of wine sold in the haunts of death, and that they get a revenue from all the shambles of sin. What a state of things this is! In the Twenty-ninth Precinct of New York there are one hundred and twenty-one dens of death. Night after night, month after month, year after year, untouched. In West Twenty-sixth Street, and West Twenty-seventh Street, and West Thirty-first Street there are whole blocks that are a pandemonium. There are between five and six hundred dens of darkness in the city of New York, where there are 2,500 policemen. Not long ago there was a masquerade ball, in which the masculine and feminine offenders of society were the participants, and some of the police danced in the masquerade and distributed the prizes! There is the grandest opportunity that has ever opened for any American open now. It is for that man in high official position who shall get into his stirrups and say: "Men, follow!" and who shall, in one night, sweep around and take all of these leaders of iniquity, whether on suspicion or on positive proof, saying, "I'll take the responsibility, come on! I put my private property and my political aspirations and my life into this crusade against the powers of darkness." That man would be Mayor of the city of New York. That man would be fit to be President of the United States.

But the second part of the blame I must put at the door of the District Attorney of New York. I understand he is an honorable gentleman, but he has not time to attend to all these cases. Literally there are thousands of cases unpursued for lack of time. Now, I say it is the business of New York to give assistants and clerks and help to the District Attorney until all these places shall go down in quick retribution.

But the third part of the blame, and the heaviest part of it, I put on the moral and Christian people of our cities, who are guilty of most culpable indifference on the whole subject. When Tweed stole his millions large audiences were assembled in indignation; Charles O'Connor was retained, committees of safety and investigation were appointed, and a great stir made; but night by night there is a theft and a burglary of city morals as much worse than Tweed's robberies as his were worse than common shoplifting, and it has very little opposition. I tell you what New York wants: it wants indignation meetings in Cooper Institute, and Academy of Music, and Chickering and Irving Halls, to compel the authorities to do their work and to send the police, with clubs and lanterns and revolvers, to turn off the colored lights of the dance-houses, and to mark for confiscation the trunks and wardrobes and furniture and scenery, and to gather up all the keepers, and all the inmates, and all the patrons, and march them out to the Tombs, fife and drum sounding the Rogue's March.

"It is only ten o'clock," said the officer of the law, as we got into the carriage for the midnight exploration—"it is only ten o'clock, and it is too early to see the places that we wish to see, for the theatres have not yet let out." I said, "What do you mean by that?" "Well," he said, "the places of iniquity are not in full blast until the people have time to arrive from the theatres." So we loitered on, and the officer told the driver to stop on a street where is one of the costliest and most brilliant gambling-houses in the city of New York. As we came up in front all seemed dark. The blinds were down; the door was guarded; but after a whispering of the officer with the guard at the door, we were admitted into the hall, and thence into the parlors, around one table finding eight or ten men in mid-life, well-dressed—all the work going on in silence, save the noise of the rattling "chips" on the gaming-table in one parlor, and the revolving ball of the roulette-table in the other parlor. Some of these men, we were told, had served terms in prison; some were ship-wrecked bankers and brokers and money-dealers, and some were going their first rounds of vice—but all intent upon the table, as large or small fortunes moved up or down before them. Oh! there was something awfully solemn in the silence—the intense gaze, the suppressed emotion of the players. No one looked up. They all had money in the rapids, and I have no doubt some saw, as they sat there, horses and carriages, and houses and lands, and home and family rushing down into the vortex. A man's life would not have been worth a farthing in that presence had he not been accompanied by the police, if he had been supposed to be on a Christian errand of

observation. Some of these men went by private key, some went in by careful introduction, some were taken in by the patrons of the establishment. The officer of the law told me: "None gets in here except by police mandate, or by some letter of a patron." While we were there a young man came in, put his money down on the roulette-table, and lost; put more money down on the roulette-table, and lost; put more money down on the roulette-table, and lost; then feeling in his pockets for more money, finding none, in serene silence he turned his back upon the scene and passed out. All the literature about the costly magnificence of such places is untrue. Men kept their hats on and smoked, and there was nothing in the upholstery or the furniture to forbid. While we stood there men lost their property and lost their souls. Oh! merciless place. Not once in all the history of that gaming-house has there been one word of sympathy uttered for the losers at the game. Sir Horace Walpole said that a man dropped dead in front of one of the club-houses of London; his body was carried into the club-house, and the members of the club began immediately to bet as to whether he were dead or alive, and when it was proposed to test the matter by bleeding him, it was only hindered by the suggestion that it would be unfair to some of the players! In these gaming-houses of our cities, men have their property wrung away from them, and then they go out, some of them to drown their grief in strong drink, some to ply the counterfeit's pen and so restore their fortunes, some resort to the suicide's revolver, but all going down, and that work proceeds day by day, and night by night, until it is estimated that every day in Christendom \$80,000,000 pass from hand to hand through gambling practices, and every year in Christendom \$123,100,000,000 change hands in that way.

Standing within those purgatories of death, under the command of the police, and in their company, I was as much surprised at the people whom I missed as at the people whom I saw. I saw bankers there, and brokers there, and merchants there, and men of all classes and occupations, who have leisure, there; but there was one class of persons that I missed. I looked for them all up and down the galleries, and amid the illumined gardens, and all up and down the staircases of death. I saw not one of them. I mean the hard-working classes, the laboring classes, of our great cities. You tell me they could not afford to go there. They could. Entrance, twenty-five cents. They could have gone there if they had a mind to; but the simple fact is that hard work is a friend to good morals. The men who toil from early morn until late at night when they go home are tired out, and want to sit down and rest, or to saunter out with the families along the street, or to pass into some quiet place of amusement where they will not be ashamed to take wife or daughter. The busy populations of these cities are the moral populations. I observed, on the night of our exploration, that the places of dissipation are chiefly supported by the men who go to business at nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and get through at three and four in the afternoon. They have plenty of time to go to destruction in it, and plenty of money to buy a through ticket on the Grand Trunk Railroad to perdition, stopping at no depot until they get to the eternal smash-up! Those are the fortunate and divinely-blessed young men who have to breakfast early and take supper late, and have the entire interregnum filled up with work that blisters the hands, and makes the legs ache and the brain weary. There is no chance for the morals of that young man who has plenty of money and no occupation. You may go from Central Park to the Battery, or you may go from Fulton Street Ferry, Brooklyn, out to South Bushwick, or out to Hunter's Point, or out to Gowanus, and you will not find one young man of that kind who has not already achieved his ruin, or who is not on the way thereto at the rate of sixty miles the hour. Those are not the favored and divinely-blessed young men who come and go as they will, and who have their pocket-case full of the best cigars, and who dine at Delmonico's, and who dress in the tip-top of fashion, their garments a little tighter or looser or broader-striped than others, their mustaches twisted with stiffer cosmetic, and their hair redolent with costly pomatum, and have their hat set farthest over on the right ear, and who have boots fitting the foot with exquisite torture, and who have handkerchiefs soaked with musk, and patchouli, and white rose, and new-mown hay, and "balm of a thousand flowers;" but those are the fortunate young men who have to work hard for a living. Give a young man plenty of wines, and plenty of cigars, and plenty

of fine horses, and Satan has no anxiety about that young man coming out at his place. He ceases to watch him, only giving directions about his reception when he shall arrive at the end of the journey. If, on the night of our exploration, I had called the roll of all the laboring men of these cities, I would have received no answer, for the simple reason they were not there to answer. I was not more surprised at the people whom I saw there than I was surprised at the people whom I missed. Oh! man, if you have an occupation by which you are wearied every night of your life, thank God, for it is the mightiest preservative against evil.

I unroll the scroll of new revelations. With city missionary, and the police of New York and Brooklyn, I have seen some things that I have not yet stated in this series of disclosures on the night side of city life. The night of which I speak now is darker than any other. No glittering chandelier, no blazing mirror adorns it. It is the long, deep, exhaustive night of city pauperism. "We won't want a carriage to-night," said the detectives. "A carriage would hinder us in our work; a carriage going through the streets where we are going would only bring out the people to see what was the matter." So on foot we went up the dark lanes of poverty. Everything revolting to eye, and ear, and nostril. Population unwashed, uncombed. Rooms unventilated. Three midnights overlapping each other—midnight of the natural world, midnight of crime, midnight of pauperism. Stairs oozing with filth. The inmates nine-tenths of the journey to their final doom traveled. They started in some unhappy homo of the city or of the country. They plunged into the shambles of death within ten minutes' walk of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and then came on gradually down until they have arrived at the Fourth Ward. When they move out of the Fourth Ward they will move into Bellevue Hospital; when they move out of Bellevue Hospital they will move to Blackwell's Island; when they move from Blackwell's Island they will move to the Potter's Field; when they move from the Potter's Field they will move into hell! Bellevue Hospital and Blackwell's Island take care of eighteen thousand patients in one year. As we passed on, the rain pattering on the street, and dripping around the doorways, made the night more dismal. I said: "Now, let the police go ahead," and they flashed their light, and there were fourteen persons trying to sleep, or sleeping, in one room. Some on a bundle of straw; more with nothing under them and nothing over them. "Oh!" you say, "this is exceptional." It is not. Thousands lodge in that way. One hundred and seventy thousand families living in tenement houses, in more or less inconvenience—more or less squalor. Half a million people in New York City—five hundred thousand people living in tenement houses; multitudes of these people dying by inches. Of the twenty-four thousand that die yearly in New York, fourteen thousand die in tenement houses. No lungs that God ever made could for a long time stand the atmosphere we breathe for a little while. In the Fourth Ward, seventeen thousand people within the space of thirty acres. You say: "Why not clear them out? Why not, as at Liverpool, where twenty thousand of these people were cleared out of the city, and the city saved from a moral pestilence, and the people themselves from being victimized?" There will be no reformation for these cities until the tenement house system is entirely broken up. The city authorities will have to buy farms, and will have to put these people on those farms, and compel them to work. By the strong arm of the law, by the police lantern conjoined with Christian charity, these places must be exposed and must be uprooted. Those places in London which have become historical for crowded populations—St. Giles, Whitechapel, Holborn, the Strand—have their match at last in the Sixth Ward, Eleventh Ward, Fourteenth Ward, Seventeenth Ward of New York. No purification for our cities until each family shall have something of the privacy and seclusion of a home circle. As long as they herd like beasts they will be beasts.

Hark! What is that heavy thud on the wet pavement? Why, that is a drunkard who has fallen, his head striking against the street—striking very hard. The police try to lift him up. Ring the bell for the city ambulance. No. Only an outcast, only a tatterdemalion—a heap of sores and rags. But look again. Perhaps he has some marks of manhood on his face; perhaps he may have been made in the image of God; perhaps he has a soul which will live after the dripping heavens of this dismal night have been rolled together as a scroll; perhaps he may

have been died for by a king; perhaps he may yet be a conqueror charioted in the splendors of heavenly welcome. But we must pass on. We cross the street, and the rain beating in his face, lies a man entirely unconscious. I wonder where he came from. I wonder if any one is waiting for him. I wonder if he was ever rocked in a Christian cradle. I wonder if that gashed and bloated forehead was ever kissed by a fond mother's lips. I wonder if he is stranded for eternity. But we cannot stop. We passed on down, the air loaded with blasphemies and obscenities, until I suddenly heard something that astounded me more than all. I said, "What is that?" It was a loud, enthusiastic Christian song rolling out on the stormy air. I went up to the window and looked in. There was a room filled with all sorts of people, some standing, some kneeling, some sitting, some singing, some praying, some shaking hands as if to give encouragement, some wringing their hands as though over a wasted life. What was this? Oh! it was Jerry McAuley's glorious Christian mission. There he stood, himself snatched from death, snatching others from death. That scene paid for all the nausea and fatigue of the midnight exploration. Our tears fell with the rain—tears of sympathy for a good man's work; tears of gratitude to God that one lifeboat had been launched on that wild sea of sin and death; tears of hope that there might be lifeboats enough to take off all the wrecked, and that, after a while, the Church of God, rousing from its fastidiousness, might lay hold with both hands of this work, which must be done if our cities are not to go down in darkness and fire and blood.

This cluster of cities have more difficulty than any other cities in all the land. You must understand that within the last twenty-eight years five millions of foreign population have arrived at our port. The most of those who had capital and means passed on to the greater openings at the West. Many, however, stayed, and have become our best citizens, and best members of our churches; but we know also that, tarrying within our borders, there has been a vast criminal population, ready to be manipulated by the demagogue, ready to hatch out all kinds of criminal desperation. The vagrancy and the beggary of our cities, augmented by the very worst populations of London, and Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and Berlin, and Belfast, and Dublin, and Cork. We had enough vagabondage, and enough turpitude, in our American cities, before this importation of sin was dumped at Castle Garden. Oh! this pauperism, when will it ever be alleviated? How much we saw! How much we could not see! How much none but the eye of Almighty God ever will see! Flash the lantern of the police around to the station-house. There they come up, the poor creatures, tipping their torn hats, saying, "Night's lodgings, sir?" And then they are waved away into the dormitories. One hundred and forty thousand such lodgers in the City of New York every year. The atmosphere unbearable. What pathos in the fact that many families, turned out of doors because they cannot pay their rent, come in here for shelter, and after struggling for decency, and struggling for a good name, are flung into this loathsome pool. The respectable and the reprobate. Innocent childhood and vicious old age. The Lord's poor and Satan's desperadoes. There is no report of almshouse and missionary that will ever tell the story of New York and Brooklyn pauperism. It will take a larger book, a book with more ponderous lids, a book made of paper other than that of earthly manufacture. The book of God's remembrance! At my basement door we average between fifty and one hundred calls every day for help. Beside that, in my reception-room, from seven o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, there is a continuous procession of people applying for aid, making a demand which an old-fashioned silk purse caught at the middle with a ring, the wealth of Vanderbilt in one end and the wealth of William B. Astor in the other end, could not satisfy. Of course, I speak of those men's wealth while they lived. We have more money now than they have since they have their shroud on. But even the shroud and the grave, we find, are to be contested for. Cursed be the midnight jackals of St. Mark's Churchyard! But I must go on with the fact that the story of Brooklyn and New York pauperism needs to be written in ink black, blue and red—blue for the stripes, red for the blood, black for the infamy. In this cluster of cities 20,000 people supported by the bureau for the outdoor sick; 20,000 people taken care of by the city hospitals; 70,000 provided for by private charity; 80,000 taken care of by reformatory institutions and prisons. Hear it, ye churches, and pour out your benefaction. Hear it, ye ministers of religion, and utter words

of sympathy for the suffering, and thunders of indignation against the cause of all this wretchedness. Hear it, mayoralities, and judicial bench, and constabularies. Unless we wake up, the Lord will scourge us as the yellow fever never scourged New Orleans, as the plague never smote London, as the earthquake never shook Caracas, as the fire never whelmed Sodom. I wish I could throw a bombshell of arousal into every city hall, meeting-house and cathedral on the continent. The factories at Fall River and at Lowell sometimes stop for lack of demand, and for lack of workmen, but this million-roomed factory of sin and death never stops, never slackens a band, never arrests a spindle. The great wheel of that factory keeps on turning, not by such floods as those of the Merrimac or the Connecticut, but crimson floods rushing forth from the grogeries, and the wine-cellar, and the drinking saloons of the land, and the faster the floods rush the faster the wheel turns; and the band of that wheel is woven from broken heart-strings, and every time the wheel turns, from the mouth of the mill come forth blasted estates, squalor, vagrancy, crime, sin, woe—individual woe, municipal woe, national woe—and the creaking and the rumbling of the wheel are the shrieks and the groans of men and women lost for two worlds, and the cry is, "Bring on more fortunes, more homes, more States, more cities, to make up the awful grist of this stupendous mill." "Oh," you say, "the wretchedness and the sin of the city will go out from lack of material after a while." No, it will not. The police lantern flashes in another direction. Here come 15,000 shoeless, hatless, homeless children of the street in this cluster of cities. They are the reserve corps of this great army of wretchedness and crime that are dropping down into the Morgue, the East River, the Potter's Field, the prison. A philanthropist has estimated that if these children were placed in a great procession, double file, three feet apart, they would make a procession eleven miles long. Oh! what a pale, coughing, hunger-bitten, sin-cursed, ophthalmic throng—the tigers, the adders, the scorpions, ready to bite and sting society, which they take to be their natural enemy. Howard Mission has saved many. Children's Aid Society has saved many. Industrial schools have saved many. One of these societies transported 30,000 children from the streets of our cities to farms at the West, by a stratagem of charity turning them from vagrancy into useful citizenship, and out of 21,000 children thus transported from the cities to farms, only twelve turned out badly. But still the reserve corps of sin and wretchedness marches on. There is the regiment of bootblacks. They seem jolly, but they have more sorrow than many an old man has had. All kinds of temptation. Working on, making two or three dollars a week. At fifteen years of age sixty years old in sin. Pitching pennies at the street corners. Smoking fragments of castaway cigars. Tempted by the gamblers. Destroyed by the top-gallery in the low play-house. Blackening shoes their regular business. Between times blackening their morals. "Shine your boots, sir?" they call out with merry voices, but there is a tremor in their accentuation. Who cares for them? You put your foot thoughtlessly on their stand, and you whistled, or smoked, when God knows you might have given them one kind word. They never had one. Whoever prayed for a bootblack? Who, finding the wind blowing under the short jacket, or reddening his bare neck, ever asked him to warm? Who, when he is wronged out of his ten cents, demands justice for him? God have mercy on the bootblacks. The newsboys another regiment—the smartest boys in all the city. At work at four o'clock in the morning. At half-past three, by unnatural vigilance, awake themselves, or pulled at by rough hands. In the dawn of the day standing before the folding rooms of the great newspapers, taking the wet, damp sheets over their arms, and against their chests already shivering with the cold. Around the bleak ferries, and up and down the streets, on the cold days, singing as merrily as though it were a Christmas carol; making half a cent on each paper, some of them working fourteen hours for fifty cents! Nine thousand of these newsboys applied for aid at the Newsboys' Lodging-house on New Chambers Street in one year. About one thousand of them laid up in the savings bank connected with that institution a little more than \$3,000. But still this great army marches on, hungry, cold, sick, toward an early grave or a quick prison. I tell you there is nothing that so moves my compassion as on a cold winter morning to see one of these newsboys, a fourth clad, newspapers on his arm that he cannot seem to sell, face or hands bleeding from a fall, or rubbing his knee to relieve it from having been hit

on the side of a car, as some "gentleman" with furs around his neck and gauntlets lined with lamb's wool, shoved him off, saying: "You miserable rat!" Yet hawking the papers through the streets, papers full of railroad accidents and factory explosions, and steamers foundering at sea in the last storm, yet saying nothing, and that which is to him worse than all the other calamities and all the other disasters, the calamity that he was ever born at all. Flash the police lantern around, and let us see these poor lads cuddled up under the stairway. Look at them! Now for a little while they are unconscious of all their pains and aches, and of the storm and the darkness, once in a while struggling in their dreams as though some one were trying to take the papers away from them. Standing there, I wondered if it would be right to wish that they might never wake up. God pity them! There are other regiments in this reserve corps—regiments of rag-pickers, regiments of match-sellers, regiments of juvenile vagrants. Oh! if these lads are not saved, what is to become of our cities?

THE DYING NEWSBOY.

IN an attic bare and cheerless, Jim, the newsboy, dying lay.
On a rough but clean straw pallet, at the fading of the day;
Scant the furniture about him, but bright flowers were in the room,
Crimson phloxes, waxen lilies, roses laden with perfume.
On a table by the bedside, open at a well-worn page,
Where the mother had been reading, lay a Bible stained by age.
Now he could not hear the voices; he was flighty, and she wept,
With her arms around her youngest, who close to her side had crept.
Blackening boots and selling papers, in all weathers day by day,
Brought upon poor Jim consumption, which was eating life away.
And this cry came with his anguish, for each breath a struggle cost.
"Ere's the morning *Sun* and *Evening*—latest news of steamship lost.
Papers, mister? Morning papers?" Then the cry fell to a moan,
Which was changed a moment later to another frenzied tone:
"Black yer boots, sir? Just a nickel! Shine 'em like an even-star!
It grows late, Jack! Night is coming. Evening papers, here they are!"
Soon a mission teacher entered, and approached the humble bed;
Then poor Jim's mind cleared an instant, with his cool hand on his head.
"Teacher," cried he, "I remember what you said the other day;
Ma's been reading of the Saviour, and through Him I see my way.
He is with me! Jack, I charge you of our mother take good care
When Jim's gone! Hark! boots or papers, which will I be over there?
Black yer boots, sir? Shine 'em right up! I pape! Read God's book instead,
Better'n papers that to die on! Jack—" one gasp, and Jim was dead!
Floating from that attic chamber came the teacher's voice in prayer,
And it soothed the bitter sorrow of the mourners kneeling there.
He commended them to Heaven, while the tears rolled down his face.
Thanking God that Jim had listened to sweet words of peace and grace,
Ever 'mid the want and squalor of the wretched and the poor,
Kind hearts find a ready welcome, and an always open door,
For the sick are in strange places, mourning hearts are everywhere,
And such need the voice of kindness, need sweet sympathy and prayer.

TWO PHASES OF CITY LIFE.

DWELLERS in remote villages and farm-houses escape, comparatively speaking, one trouble which is constant with us in the metropolises and throughout the Union in towns and cities. We love music, and bear the utmost good-will to the professors of this humanizing art. But in order to our personal gratification, a prolonged experience of street noises of all kinds has rendered us fastidious as to the quality of the strains which are rendered in our hearing. The noises of the city are sufficiently distracting without augmentation from braying and discordant bauds. Our good friends, the Germans, who make on the whole such excellent citizens—so

orderly, intelligent and industrious—will forgive us that we lay to their charge one of the worst indictments to be undergone in city residence. Quietly sitting alone in the study, or in the enjoyment of conversation with one's wife or a friend, how pitiless is the shock to the nervous system caused by a sudden blast from the reed and brass instruments of a band from the Fatherland; and how perversely these destroyers of our peace of mind, and cruel disturbers of our physical equilibrium, continue the infliction? Not that there are not traveling musicians of the nation of Handel who worthily accredit themselves to be thoroughly capable in their art, but these are few in number. As a rule, able performers need not wander from town to town and live hardily and precariously as "tooting" vagabonds do, the most of them. It is somewhat mysterious to us, we admit, that they generally are so strong and well apparently, stout of limb and their countenances ruddy with health. That they are thus is a powerful argument in favor of plenty of exercise taken in the open air and associated with spare and simple living. Pampered, luxurious people do not look as they, and they never will until they reform their mode of life.

Not to be too hard upon the Teutonic wanderers, whose noisy ministrations trouble us so much, we can at least claim for them that they abuse their lives less than their brother tramps, who do nothing but beg or steal in their peregrinations. This does not justify their probable indisposition to work otherwise than in a manner which is not, on the whole, a public blessing. But we would not forget that children are apt to enjoy anything in the world which may be called music. Inexperienced and healthy, they will dance in the glees of their young hearts to the grossest perversions of the musical art; and so we will try to be content—very much because we cannot do otherwise, we fear—with that which makes them happy.

There are streets in this metropolis, the very meanest of the mean, where musical and other tramps find accommodations. Here they lie down in their daytime clothing, and in a stifling atmosphere snore away the hours of the night. Happy, we are disposed to think, must be the change to the warm straw in the barn, or the less crowded quarters in smaller towns when they are taking a round for the benefit (?) of our friends in the country.

City life presents no sadder consideration than that childhood and youth are so largely abused to the prejudice of order and honesty. There are in New York, 3,000 professional thieves of different classes. On the principle that "birds of a feather flock together," these people crowd each other in quarters known to the police and the public as disreputable and dangerous. They are of all ages, from gray-haired men and women who have retired from the activities of life, to tender children, uninstructed in everything pure and good, who, from the first dawn of intelligence, are taught how to war upon society—lost from their very birth. The boys are taught by "old Experience" how to take the pocket-handkerchief and purse with least risk of detection. Dickens has described this lesson in one of his best known stories. There is the dressed dummy, upon which hang bells to ring in case the young practitioner manipulates clumsily in his endeavor to get at the handkerchief in the pocket. The veteran sinner superintends the lesson, which he enforces by alternate coaxing and threatening. An advanced pupil interestedly contemplates the progress of another in a road over which he has already trodden. Within a few weeks, probably, the young Arah—insensible, as yet, of wrong-doing, for his moral consciousness is a stranger to enlightenment and culture—will be sent out to make his living on the street, and if he returns with spoil will be applauded, if without will be mercilessly whipped. It will be well for him that he does not return at all; that a policeman arrests him in the attempt to steal, and he is consigned to a reformatory school, and taught the way to grow up to be a working man and not a thief, a help and not a drawback to the progress of society. Should it be otherwise with him, the thief of trifles will grow up into the flash pickpocket or the burglar, carrying his life in his hand in his perilous adventures into the houses of people who command the wealth to render the depouling of their homes a paying risk to run. Sooner or later, probably, retribution will overtake him. Perhaps a pistol ball will terminate his life, or he will serve out one term of imprisonment and another and another—an outcast, a hopeless Ishmaelite. And how many there are of his class who degenerate into such a shocking disregard of the value of life, that in quarrel or in the pur-

suit of a burglarious intention, they will not scruple to commit murder, and terminate their miserable lives at the hands of the executioner.

BLACK-MAILING AS AN ART.

(From "Sunshine and Shadow in New York," by Matthew Hale Smith.)

New York is full of adroit rogues. Men and women abound here who live by their wits. Hiding themselves in the multitude of our people, watching their chances and their victims, they are seldom detected. Black-mailing is reduced to a system. It is carried on by street-walkers, stragglers on the pavement, loungers about hotels, keepers of dance-cellars, panel-thieves, and criminals of all grades. In cases of black-mailing, where relief is at once sought, the detective force are often able to restore the money. Usually the victim crinates himself so far that he is unwilling to appear before the courts; so that if the money is restored, which is seldom the case, the rogue escapes. Men come to New York to see "the elephant." They are not fond of exhibiting their wounds if they are struck by his trunk. Rural gentlemen, who, from the steps of their hotel, follow a bland stranger who offers to show them the sights of the city, are not willing to tell how they lost their watches or purses. They had rather lose their property than have their names get into the paper. The black-mailers understand this; and when they rob a man, they so commit the victim, that he can make no complaint to the authorities without dishonoring himself.

A WIDOWER BLACKMAILED.

A man about fifty-five years old came from the rural districts to spend a little time in the city. He was wealthy, respectable, and the father of two children. He selected his quarters up-town. Among the boarders was an attractive California widow. The widow and the widower soon became quite intimate. Both seemed captivated. By mutual consent a suite of rooms was taken, handsomely furnished, and occupied by the parties. A few days after the removal, the gentleman was greeted with an unpleasant surprise on entering his room. A stranger sat in his chair, who announced himself as the husband of the woman, and demanded heavy damages for dishonor done to his name. The old man was frightened nearly out of his wits. Had he gone to the police force, and put himself in their hands, all would have been well. But he did as most men do under such circumstances—he offered a large sum of money to hush the matter up, keep it out of the papers, and he allowed to depart. He paid the money, settled the bills, left the elegant furniture, packed his trunks and departed.

He was not lost sight of, however, for a moment. The parties knew their man, and his means; knew his standing, and the value he put on his good name. He was dogged constantly; he was drawn upon for large sums of money; he was threatened with exposure, till, driven to desperation and almost beggary, he did what he should have done at first—went to the police headquarters and made a clean breast of it. The chief of the detectives took the case into his own hands. On a new demand for money being made, the chief opened a negotiation, through a friend, to see if a settlement could not be made, so that the victim, by paying a certain sum, might be free from further annoyance. The chief worked up the husband. He turned up too conveniently not to be a rogue. He was tracked to Boston, where he had a wife and children living. The Boston marriage was established. The black-mailers were met at the appointed hour. The sum demanded was agreed upon, and the chief was ready to pay the money as soon as the parties signed a receipt. The adroit rogues declined to put pen to paper, and the detective declined to pay the money which he held in his hand. Blustering and threatening seemed to have no effect on the resolute friend. The handle of a pistol conveniently peeping out from the detective's bosom, and the cool manner of the negotiator, indicating that he knew how to use it, admonished the black-mailers that an attempt to get the money by force would not succeed. The receipt was signed. The chief coolly put it into his pocket, with the money which he held in his hand. The rogues knew at once he was a detective. The principal one claimed the woman as his wife, and said he had a lawful right to settle the case as he pleased. "If that woman is your wife," said the detective, "then I'll try you for bigamy, and send you to Sing Sing." Amid much blustering and many threats he was taken to the Tombs. He was

found to be an old offender. Graver crimes rose up against him. He was tried, and sent to Sing Sing. The victim was relieved from further extortion. His money, gone, could not be regained. He returned to his rural home satisfied with his New York experience.

A MINISTER FALLS AMONG THIEVES.

On Broadway, below Fourteenth Street, stood a church that at one time was one of the most fashionable in the city. The congregation was wealthy and large, the minister eloquent and popular. The belles of the city, with the young and the fashionable, crowded the church when the pastor filled the pulpit. In the full flush of his popularity, when a pew could not be hired at any price, when any salary would have been paid to him that he demanded, the minister disappeared. Quite late on Saturday night the vestry received a letter from the rector, dated off Sandy Hook. The letter tendered the rector's resignation, and announced that he had sailed that day at noon in one of the Cunard steamers for Europe. The parish were surprised and alarmed. The whole affair was a painful mystery. Here was a minister, settled over a flourishing and liberal charge, with a fine church and parsonage, a church crowded with the elite of the city, with a salary equal to any demands he might make, with the best singing in the city, and all the popular appliances, who had suddenly resigned, and privately left the country, to go no one knew where.

The story is a romance. The explanation came after the minister had completed his European tour. At midnight the door-bell of his parsonage was violently rung. Going to the window, the minister saw a man standing on his door-stone, and he demanded his business. He came with a message, he said, from a dying woman. Hastily dressing himself, the good man came to the door and received the message. Just around the block was a poor woman and she was dying. Her only treasure was a babe. She could not die in peace unless her babe was baptized. If his reverence would come to her dying pillow, and administer that sacrament, the blessing of a poor dying woman would be his reward. It was much to ask, and at midnight too, but his great Master, who loved the poor, would not have denied such a request as this.

His humane and religious sympathies were aroused, and the minister followed the messenger. Common prudence would have said, "Take a policeman with you. Call up a friend, and get him to bear part in the ceremony." But, dreaming of no peril, he went on his way to do, as he thought, his Master's will. He was soon in a disquieting region, in a street notorious for its uncleanness. The messenger knocked at a heavy gate, that closed up a narrow, dark alley. It opened immediately, and slammed behind the parties like a prison door. Through a long, narrow, and unwholesome entry, that seemed to be an alley-way covered, the parties took their way. They passed up a narrow stair-case, broken and rickety. Lewd women were passed on the stairs. Dark-featured and villainous-looking men seemed to crowd the place. With his sacred vestments on his arm, and his hook of service in his hand, the minister was ushered into a dark and unwholesome looking room. The door was closed behind him, and locked. A dim candle on the table revealed the outline of a dozen persons, male and female, of the most abandoned and desperate class. His inquiry for the sick woman, and the child to be baptized, was greeted by shouts of laughter. He knew he was a victim. He demanded the reason for this outrage. He was informed that his friends who had invited him there wanted money. His standing and character were well known. He was in one of the most notorious houses in New York; his midnight visit to that place was well known, and could easily be proved. If he paid one thousand dollars, all would be well. If not, his ruin was certain. Instead of defying the villains, calling on the police, or confiding in his congregation, he thought he could hush the matter up. He might have known that it would all come out, and that every dollar he paid would be used as evidence against him, or as means to extort more. But he was thoroughly frightened; would not have the thing known for the world; his hand was in the lion's mouth, and he must draw it out as easily as he could; so he gave his obligation to pay the money promptly at noon the next day, which he did. Of course new demands were made from time to time. He was dogged in the streets. Suspicious-looking men stopped to speak with him on the corners. Notorious men rang his door-bell. Mysterious notes, from ignorant, low-bred, and vicious persons—as the spelling and language showed—

came to his hands, and into the hands of his family. The poor man was nearly distracted. He paid away his own money, and borrowed till his reputation suffered. The threat of exposure hung over him like an ominous sword held by a hair. In a moment of desperation he decided to leave the country, which he did, to the astonishment and regret of his friends.

On his return from Europe, the rector settled in Massachusetts, over a small rural parish. He was soon tracked to his country home. Black-mailing was renewed. His old terror came upon him. Again he acceded to the extortion. The police of New York at length came to his relief. In searching for other game, they came upon proof that this minister was in the hands of black-mailers. Letters were found containing information of his whereabouts, how to terrify him, what sums to demand, and at what time his salary was due. He was relieved from his pursuers. The large sums he had paid were not refunded. His spirits were broken, and he has never recovered his position. I saw him not long since in Canada. He holds a subordinate position, and is preaching to a small parish. He will die a victim of black-mailing.

BLACK-MAILERS AT A WEDDING.

A fashionable wedding is a harvest season for black-mailers, especially if the bridegroom has been known as a fast young man. No bank keeps a better account of the whereabouts and standing of its depositors, than do black-mailers of the whereabouts, standing, and movements of their victims. A wedding among New York high life is talked about. Invitations are greedily seized. The elite are all agog. On the morning of the day previous to the wedding, a lady comes to the store, and asks for the young man. Her business is announced as *important*. She must see the young gentleman. The "must" is emphatic. At such a time, when all are so sensitive, and when, as is often the case, a fortune hangs on the bridal wreath, it is important to have no scenes. A thrill through the frame of the young gentleman called for, the hurrying back of his blood from the face to the heart, tells that his time has come. He goes to the interview as the ox goes to the slaughter. Be the claim real or bogus, hush-money is generally paid.

A BRIDE CALLED ON.

A call is not infrequently made at the home of the young lady to be married. It is a woman that calls, in a shabby-gentoo array, to excite sympathy. The call is made a week or ten days before the wedding. Every step is consummately taken, and tells in the right direction. The young lady is called for by the woman, who seems to possess a wounded spirit. Her appearance, the tone of her voice, the expression of her face, bespeak one who has been greatly wronged, or who has some great sorrow at heart. The acting is consummate. Of course the young lady is not at home to strangers. She then asks if the young man is in; if it is true that he is going to be married; if any one can tell her where he can be found—questions intended to create anxious inquiry at the breakfast table: "Who can that woman be? What can she want of Charlie? Why did she ask so particularly about his being married?" The frightened maiden runs to her lover, and says: "Oh, Charlie, there was a woman here this morning for you! She seemed so poor and sad! She wanted to know where you could be found. She wanted to know if you were to be married soon. Who is she? What can she want of you?" A nice preparation this for the visit of the black-mailer on Charlie at the store.

A bolder step is not unfrequently taken. As the bridal company are enjoying themselves in an up-town first-class residence, an emphatic ring announces an impatient caller. The bridegroom is asked for, and the footman bade to say that a lady wants to see him. The imperious air of the woman plainly tells the footman, "If he refuses to see me there'll be trouble." The footman, well acquainted with high life in New York, knows well what the visit of the woman means. He has the honor of the family in his charge. He whispers the request of the woman to the startled bridegroom. But what can be done? The woman is notorious, and well known. She understands her business, and is unscrupulous. Threats and entreaty will be alike unavailing. Ten men could not put her off that step-stone. She would cling to that iron railing with the strength of a maniac. She would rouse the whole neighborhood by her screeches, accusations, and blasphemies. The party would break up in excitement. The scandal would run through all New York; the papers would be

full of it; the police might take her away, but she would rend the air with her tears and strong crying. All these considerations are taken into account by the black-mailers. A private settlement is usually made, and the unreasonable visitor departs.

ANOTHER MODE.

The announcement in the papers of marriage in high life, at the residence of the bride's father, does more than give information to the curious. It is a bangle-call to black-mailers. A young husband, just admitted a partner with the father-in-law, whose repute is without a stain, whose success in life depends upon an unblemished character, is overwhelmed with the threat that unless a sum of money is paid at a given time, an infamous charge shall be made against him. An unmanly fear, a cowardly dread of being accused of a crime never committed, a wish to shield from sorrow the young being he has just led to the altar, often lead a young man to yield to the demands of black-mailers if they will take themselves off. They depart for a time, only to return to renew the demand, making the one payment a reason for asking more.

BLACK-MAILER FOILED.

I know a young man of marked business ability. He was superintendent of a Sunday school and a young partner in an important house. His marriage gave him a fine social position. About three months after his return from his wedding trip, a woman called upon him at his store. She seemed to be quite well acquainted with him, and told her errand in a business-like style. She wanted five hundred dollars, and must have it. He could give it to her. If he did, all would be well. If he did not, she would make trouble in his store, and trouble in his family. People would believe her, suspicion would attach to him, and he could never shake it off. She gave him a limited time to make up his mind; placed her card in his hand, and departed. The young man had sense and pluck. He went to a detective, and placed the matter in his hands. The detective force in an institution in New York. Its members are shrewd, cool, talented and efficient. They are everywhere, and in all disguises. They represent all professions. They are unknown to rogues, and are, therefore, successful in their efforts to detect criminals and to relieve their victims. Assuming the role of a friend, the detective called upon the woman. She was young, intelligent, well-dressed, seemingly modest. She professed to be adverse to a dissolute life, and charged that she had stepped aside under the solemn promise of marriage. She gave times and places when she met the young man, and her candor and modesty would have deceived any one but a detective. She had room in a reputable house, and gave the name of her employer. With this statement the conspiracy was revealed. One of the times mentioned, the young man was in Europe during the whole year on business for the house. The second time specified, he was absent from the city the whole month on his wedding tour, with the family of his senior partner. The room where the interview was held was horrified for the occasion of a casual acquaintance, who knew nothing of the disreputable character of the woman. The plot was blown into the air. The woman confessed her conspiracy, gave the names of her associates, and was marched off to the Tombs.

HOTEL REGISTERS, AND BLACK-MAIL.

Some of the newspapers print the arrivals at the principal hotels daily. These arrivals are used for black-mailing purposes. Letters are written to strangers in the city, and placed in their hotel box. These letters pretend to be on business, or to revive old acquaintance, or the writers profess to know the family. A friend of mine, a stranger in the city, found in his box at the hotel a letter, of which this is a copy:

"Sir: Seeing your arrival in the paper to-day, and thinking, perhaps, you were a stranger in the city, and might want my company, I have ventured to send you genial card.

"Yours, respectfully,

"_____,"

Exposures, warnings, fines, imprisonments, do little towards breaking up black-mailing. Victims from the country are too numerous, the reward is too dazzling, the chances of escape too certain, to turn the adroit and bold rogues from a trade that yields so rich a revenue. The best security to the swindler is the almost certainty that the victim, from shame, or dread of having his name appear in print, and consequent exposure to his friends, will pocket his loss and keep quiet.

RIVER THIEVES.

EVER since the days of Saul and Howlett, a full account of whose crimes and punishment will be found in the "Secrets of the Tombs," organized bands of pirates and river thieves have infested both shores of the East River.

River thieves as a class are more reckless of human life than either burglars or highwaymen. They believe in the doctrine that "dead men tell no tales;" they always go well armed, and never hesitate to sacrifice life rather than jeopardize their own liberty. They are like wharf rats, as much at home in the water as on shore, and when once they have committed a robbery or murder, if too closely chased, they are prepared to jump overboard, dive under a pier, and thus escape arrest or even detection, as has often been done. Probably within a day or two afterward the vessel they have robbed and the friends of the man they have murdered will have gone to sea. Thus the circumstances will soon die out of the recollection of the detectives, who, not stimulated by the hope of a reward, will, of course, fail to make any efforts to discover the perpetrators of what the newspapers will style "Another river outrage." The river thieves of New York and Brooklyn are divided into two classes—namely, those who steal from the docks in the day time, and those who board and rob vessels by night. In Brooklyn the former class abound. Though troublesome, they are not considered dangerous. New York is the haven of the more desperate class; men born on the river who have graduated in crime, and who, after serving several terms in reformatories, jails and penitentiaries, come forth full-fledged pirates, ready to settle a ship, rob a cabin, cut a throat, or throw a watchman overboard.

This class belongs to the penitentiary institutions of New York City, while Brooklyn dock thieves, less known, cruise from Hudson Avenue to the Atlantic dock, paying occasional visits to the Wallabout, back of the Navy Yard dock, and sometimes inside the Cob dock of the Navy Yard, thence to that still sparsely settled region between the built-up portion of Williamsburgh and Brooklyn proper. If closely pressed they leave their boats and their "swag" and soon find refuge in the classic regions of Irishtown.

Twenty years ago river pirates were more numerous if not more daring than they are to-day. Their exploits make a perfect romance of crime. Devoid of sensationalism, it is a chapter in the criminal history of New York and Brooklyn as thrilling and interesting as it is true.

Many old citizens will recollect the excitement caused by the murder of a watchman on board the ship William Watson, lying between James Slip and Oliver Street, nearly thirty years ago. Three river thieves boarded the vessel at night for the purpose of committing a robbery. They were discovered by the watchman while in the act of rifling the cabin, and thinking to escape detection by murder, a shot was fired. The watchman fell dead, shot through the neck, but the pistol shot had been heard by a vigilant policeman, and the result was the murderers were arrested.

They proved to be Saul, Howlett, and one Johnson, all well-known river thieves. Johnson turned States evidence, and Saul and Howlett were hanged. Johnson, it is hinted, was killed by Bill Lowrie and others of the Saul and Howlett gang for having "given them away." At any rate, Lowrie and "Slobbery Jim" became the leaders of the gang, with their headquarters at Slaughter-House Point, a low saloon at the corner of Water Street and James Slip, kept by Peter Williams, formerly of New Orleans. After seven murders had been committed there, the place was closed by Captain (now Inspector) Thorne, of the Fourth Ward police. Then Lowrie and his repented wife opened a grogshop in Water Street, near Oliver, next door to "Bilker's Hall." It was called "The Rising States," and for many years was the headquarters of the river thieves. About this time Charley Monnell became a recognized power among the thieves and murderers in the Fourth Ward. He opened a place in Dover Street, which he called the "Hole in the Wall," and soon made his den attractive to his kindred spirits. It was there that "Slobbery Jim" stabbed and killed "Patsy the Barber;" it was there that thieves and junkmen would meet to "put up jobs;" it was there that men were drugged and robbed and women beaten under Monnell's directions; it was there that young thieves became graduates in crime.

In 1853 the pirates were stronger, more numerous and better organized than they had been since Saul and Howlett were hanged. The police of the Fourth Ward had nightly encounters with the river thieves, and Roundman Blair and Of-

ficers Spratt and Gilbert were making themselves notorious by shooting a round dozen of the pirates within a year. "Sloohery Jim" had meanwhile made his escape, and never more was heard of until he turned up as captain of a company of rebels during the late war; Bill Lowrie had been sent to State Prison for fifteen years; Sam McCarthy had given up the river and become a burglar, and the rest of the mob had moved up-town toward the Hook, or to the neighborhood of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. And thus the old Saul and Howlett gang dropped out of existence, and to a great extent out of the recollection of almost everybody.

About this time business began to increase in the Seventh Ward. Junkmen, who, as a class, are not inquisitive and buy anything from anybody without asking any questions about where it came from, began moving from the Fourth to the Seventh Ward. They seemed to do a thriving business. This mob did their work very quietly for several years, and were really being forgotten except by the junkmen, when Perry the junkman, shot and killed ex-police officer Thomas Hayes at the Harbeck Stores, Furman Street. Perry the junkman was one of the New York mob, and Hayes was employed as a private detective at Harbeck Stores. It was found necessary to kill Hayes in order to commit a particular robbery, and his life was sacrificed. With a bullet in his breast, his life's blood flowing out in torrents, poor Hayes jumped on a passing horse-car, and as he fell into a seat, he said to the astonished passengers:

"My name is Thomas Hayes. I am a private watchman at Harbeck Stores. Ned Perry shot me," and died.

The murderer escaped hanging, and is now serving out a life sentence in State Prison.

Four years of comparative quiet again elapsed, and the scenes of these midnight murders and robberies had again been transferred, this time to the neighborhood of the Battery. Vigilance on the part of the police soon drove them away, however, and the old ground was visited again. The old river thieves had all been "settled," and the young ones were ambitious.

This was the condition of affairs when, on the night of May 29, 1873, Joseph Gayles, one Mahoney, a first-class river thief, and "Billy" Woods, formerly a stone-cutter but now a murderer and expert river thief, stole a boat from the foot of Jackson Street, and with muffled oars pulled down stream to pier 27, East River. They boarded the brig Margaret, of New Orleans, and while ransacking the captain's trunk awakened the captain and mate. A scuffle ensued, which resulted in the thieves leaving the brig and taking to their boat. An alarm brought Officers Musgrave and Kelly to the scene of the attempted robbery.

It was three o'clock in the morning, the sky was overcast, and not a star was to be seen. As Musgrave flashed his dark lantern under the pier, he saw a boat starting out. Throwing the rays of his lantern full upon it, three men stood up, revolvers in hand, and the firing began. Musgrave's first shot gave Gayles his death wound.

The officers continued their firing until they had emptied their pistols, but the thieves escaped in the darkness, and pulled over toward the Long Island shore. Gayles fainted from loss of blood, and his companions, thinking he was dead, threw him overboard to lighten the boat. The water revived him, and he begged piteously to be taken in the boat again. This was done after much trouble, but as soon as he touched the thwart he gasped and died. The boat was again stopped mid stream and the lifeless body of Gayles, with the tell-tale bullet hole through the breast, was thrown to the waters, but four days afterward it came to the surface at the foot of Stanton Street, within sight from the residence of the dead river thief. Secrecy was no longer possible, and now the thieves themselves admit that their pal was killed by Officer Musgrave, of the Fourth Precinct police. Gayles's just fate did not prevent the commission of other robberies.

Soon after, the brig Mattano, Captain Cunningham, was boarded off the Battery by a gang of masked and armed men. The captain and his wife were subjected to many indignities and then robbed of everything of value they had on board the vessel. For this crime two well known river thieves, Dougan and Carroll, were arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in State Prison. They confessed they had been river thieves all their lives, but denied all knowledge of the crime with which they were charged. Despite their prayers, protestations and oaths, they were convicted, but it has recently been made known to the authorities

that the robbery was committed by Brady, Griffin and Conroy. These three men belonged to the gang of masked burglars who had been committing such terrible depredations in the suburban villages. Brady is a man well known to sporting men who travel down the Concy Island road; a medium-sized man with broad shoulders and powerful build.

In quick succession several other daring robberies were perpetrated during the month of December, 1873. First came the robbery of the bark Zouma, at Pier 22, East River. Louis Engleman, a Fourth Ward river thief, who lived at 57 Rose Street, New York, was the thief. He was captured by Sergeant Blair, of the Second Precinct, after a chase of three hours, during which he jumped overboard, and while hanging on to the rudder of a three-masted schooner, at pier 27, was thrown a rope by a policeman.

He dove under vessels and docks, and for a long time defied half a dozen officers in boats, but he was at length captured, and is now doing the Statesome service. The following night an attempt was made to steal some bales of cotton-duck from Pier 8, North River. The watchman gave the alarm, which brought Officer Mulrooney and Captain Lowrie to the scene. The thieves, as they pulled away in their boat, opened fire upon the officers, which the latter returned, apparently with good effect, as one man was heard to exclaim: "Oh, I'm shot," but no trace of a dead or wounded river thief has since been found.

The "Hook Gang" of river thieves, which was at that time formidable, was composed of the remnant of the successors of Saul and Howlett. Its chief spirits were Merricks, a desperate and bold thief, capable of committing any crime, James Coffee, who has served one term in State Prison, and has his likeness in the rogues' album, Le Strange and Lewis, highwaymen, burglars, river thieves, or pick-pockets, as occasion might require; Preslin, a daring thief, Riley, who was soon after sent to Sing Sing, and his three pals, McCracken, Gallagher and Bonner. This choice crowd held forth at the foot of Stanton Street, across the ferry, and operated anywhere between Fourteenth Street and the Battery. The week before Christmas, 1873, the canal boat Thomas H. Brick was lying off the foot of Fourteenth Street. Shortly after midnight, on the morning of December 20, she was boarded by Sam McCracken, John Gallagher and Tommy Bonner. With pistols in their hands they confronted the captain, who succeeded in giving the alarm before he was hounded and gagged. The battle was short and decisive. Officer Booz and Captain M. J. Murphy arrested them, and they were sent up three and a half years each, to Auburn State Prison. They were all very desperate characters, though Bonner was only 21 years of age, Gallagher 19 and McCracken 20 years of age.

Beyond a few petty dock thieves who infest the First Ward, New York, and are kept in subjection, and the scoundrels who prowl along the Brooklyn piers, and whose histories are not different from those of other sneak thieves, there is now no regular organized mob worthy of extended notice. But there are numerous fierce, desperate and successful buccaneers who ply the river in pursuit of prey.

The prey of the river pirate is anything that offers. He has no choice as long as it will bring money in, and from a sack of coffee to an anchor and cable all is fish that comes into his net. The romance of his dark career is less in the career itself than in the circumstances under which it is followed.

It is night, the city's myriad lights are mirrored in the waters and the ferry boats flash from shore to shore, their paddle beats sounding in the gloom like the pinions of some strange birds, when the boat of the river thief shoots out from its concealment like an evil spirit of the night. Shrouded by the murkiness of the night the boat glides into mid-stream and the muffled oars are plied by strong and skillful arms. There are three men in the boat and from their unwavering course it is evident that their business has been well planned. The river-thief never goes looking after stray trifles. Before each foray he has been instructed by the captain of the gang of the work expected of him. His only is to find the means, and his long experience renders this an easy matter.

The occupants of the boat in mid-stream have made a survey, and see no hindrances; they pull rapidly in shore and listen for the sound of the spy on the dock to tell them whether or not the police boat is in waiting for them. The signal is favorable, and under the shadows of the docks and ferry-houses, the light skiff is impelled swiftly and silently to its destination. A brig lies in

the river, and alongside her the boat pulls and is made fast to her chains. Stealthily one of the crew of the boat climbs to the deck of the vessel, and carefully appropriates whatever loose pieces of chain and rope lie about, but while doing this he does not neglect to note the presence or absence, drowsiness or watchfulness of the guard, for it may be that the booty is rich, and lies in the cabin. If this be the case, four men have been sent, and they are desperate, resolute pugilists, who, if death be necessary to the success of the venture, will not hesitate to take life or sacrifice their own.

It sometimes happens that as the river-thieves are seeking a haven of safety after a robbery and as their boat glides quietly along in the dark, that another is seen, and shooting out from behind some wharf or from the shade of some vessel she makes rapidly for the thieves. They see their enemy and know it for the police boat. Now comes the race. The police boat has more men, and gaining rapidly on her prey the latter is called on to surrender. The answer is a laugh of derision as the men lay aside their oars and drawing weapons prepare to defend themselves to the last. One shot fired at the police boat brings a dozen in return and the fusillade is fast and furious for a minute. A cry, "My God, I'm shot," comes from the boat of the thieves and when the police pull alongside they find all the men wounded and faint but one, and he has passed over the river to the Thither Shore.

The tales which these men, criminal as they are, could tell of life at the water side would form a page which might be read for the edification of those who seek to know the dark side of life. For, as the river-thief, like Rogue Riderhood, pulls up and down in search of plunder, he not infrequently hears the splash in the water that tells him of "Another Unfortunate" who has ended a world of trouble and sorrow in that one leap from life to death. He has seen them when they first stood gazing moodily into the water below and knew from his own experience of life that they, contemplating in bitter agony the past of sorrow and wondering how in the future they may escape the judgment they have been taught to believe is in store for them; he has seen the last leap that has told of the first embrace of death; he has noted the rising bubbles that tell of the spirit departed, and the prow of his boat has pushed aside from its course the floating body. And yet none of these things have moved him to reflection or to such reflection as brings repentance and reformation. And when his trip is performed and he has come safely away with his plunder, he resorts to the vilest drinking saloons of the river-side, and there in the company of his "pals" he forgets the dangers he has passed and sinks deeper and deeper into crime in the exchange of ideas and experiences to be put into practice at the first opportunity.

Such is the river-thief of New York, in life and death. Does any of my readers envy him?—From "Crooked Life in New York," published by Richard K. Fox.

QUEER METHODS OF GAINING A LIVELIHOOD.

Of the many peculiar methods certain ingenious residents of New York adopt to gain a livelihood, one of the most original is that of the broker or speculator in small business plants. One of these individuals thus described his methods to a reporter of one of our daily newspapers:

In a city like New York there are always a great many business changes. In the smaller stores along the avenues and in most of the cross business streets above Canal, you can find parties every day who are ready to sell out if they can only close up without any very heavy loss. There is an equal, or perhaps a greater number of men who are ready to jump into any little business which seems to promise them a modest competence. All I do is to step in and relieve the sellers at the lowest figures I can persuade him to take, and accommodate the buyer at the highest price I can get him to give. The difference is my profit.

"For instance, I bought out this little cigar store two weeks ago. I had my eye on it for some time, and noticed the premonitory symptoms of early dissolution. I inquired in the neighborhood when the man's rent would be due. Two days before that time I made my appearance, and got into easy conversation with him, in the course of which he proposed selling out to me. Then I obtained the very lowest price for fixtures, stock and the business separately. The upshot of it was that I would pay nothing for the business, because there was none, and cut down

the prices of stock very materially. I appeared to him to be about to make the offer, when I mentioned the rent. Then I told him I could not assume so heavy an expense at the start, and went away. The next day, being the day before the rent was due, I stopped in again for a cigar and the man resumed the previous subject. We settled at last, I agreeing to pay half the rent. I demanded immediate possession, and obtained it. I gave myself twenty-four hours to put on the fancy touches. Scrubbers started in first, and were instantly followed by cheap paperhangers and whitewashers. Then the whole stock was brushed up, the fresh sides of the boxes were turned outward, unsightly objects were flung into the yard or under the counter, and a cheap but extremely lively oilcloth was put down where it would make the best show. Then came the stocking up. This is an art by itself, and a great deal of your success in the business depends upon it. You see, you must so arrange that in selling out you will not only get paid for your 'business,' which has not cost you anything, but make a profit on your stock, which has cost next door to it. Of course, I choose the cheapest but showiest articles for a business like this, as the man I propose to sell out to must be a green one. A good many of that sort buy small cigar stores, for there is a current opinion, largely held among certain buyers of city plants, though it is an erroneous one, that anybody can run a cigar store. Of course, I make the window bloom, and almost always put in a new and brilliant chandelier of many burners. I always insist that the incomer shall settle the gas bill. Then I hire an assistant and advertise for a purchaser. I can soon tell if I have found the right kind of a chap. I talk to him very quietly and say little. Selling a business is a delicate matter. Almost the whole point is in striking the man's fancy. You have fixed up your place with special reference to this idea, and you can soon tell if he likes the style. If not you can say nothing useful. In either case you can tell him you are a little busy and get him to come in at night—things always look more lively then—and close the transaction as soon as you can."

DIVORCES IN NEW YORK.

EVERY YEAR, with the reopening of the courts, there are almost innumerable applications for divorce. Many of the applicants are young, and have been married only a few years. I dare say a pretty large number of them will try matrimony again when they get rid of present contracts. It is to open the way for other ventures in that line that many divorce suits are brought. Husband or wife takes a fancy to some other person for a partner, but present obligations stand in the way. They can be got out of the way only by divorce, so a lawyer is hunted up, a petition filed, testimony produced, and, presto! the whole business is done. But not always honestly done—oh, no, not by a very long shot. In a great many cases the business is a fraud from beginning to end. Judge Donehue, of the Supreme Court, has signed quite a lot of divorce decrees in his time. He once said: "There is undoubtedly fraud in many divorce cases, and what I mean by that is that the business of obtaining divorces by questionable means has not been suppressed, notwithstanding the extra vigilance to detect it now exercised by the courts. I myself have either suspected or been convinced in a number of cases that fraud had been practiced, yet was unable to obtain conclusive evidence to that effect, and the conspirators thus escaped the punishment the law proscribes and which they merited." Who are the perpetrators of the fraud? Scalawag lawyers, of course. There's

A GANG OF RASCALLY LAWYERS

in New York who make a business of getting divorces by crooked means, and are always ready to take up any case that comes along. They have no professional standing, and respectable lawyers do not recognize them at all, but they care nothing for that. Bread and butter is what they are after, and they'll do anything to get it. The Tombs shyster of the old times was regarded on all sides as the lowest type of the profession. We have Tombs shysters still, but they are no longer the lowest. The lawyers who make a specialty of divorces are rightfully entitled to that rank, and get it. Their plan of operations is pretty well known. All that the client has to do is to put the case in their hands and pay a fee in advance. Most of the divorce suits go to referees instead of being tried in court. If the hearing is not actually secret, it is, in most cases, the next thing to it. There are

no reporters and there is no audience. The divorce lawyer presents his case and brings on his witnesses. Who are the witnesses? Why, in many instances, neither party to the suit ever heard of them before. They are scamps whom the divorce lawyer keeps in tow for just such occasions. Their testimony is a lie from first to last. The lawyer tells them beforehand what they must swear to, and often coaches them to see that they have the story straight. They swear to personal knowledge of things which never occurred, and to acquaintance with persons they never saw. If the other side does not appear, as often happens, because proper notice has not been given, the sworn lies of the scamps go unquestioned. The referee may possibly have suspicions, but he must go by the "evidence," and there it is. No one has appeared to refute it. He reports to the court that the charges are proven; the court assumes that it is all right, and a decree of divorce is issued. So the way is clear, and the person getting the decree may go right off and marry again. Perhaps the other party to the new marriage is waiting around the corner. It is all a round-the-corner business, and an exceedingly bad business every way. And much more of it is carried on in New York than the public supposes. As the trials are not reported, unless they contain something sensational, the public knows nothing about them. It would be a good thing for morals if the divorce lawyers could be suppressed. But they probably can not.

FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS, AND WHAT THEY COST.

"A New York fashionable wedding is a very expensive thing," said a prominent New York caterer of Fifteenth Street to a journalist.

"Of course," said the reporter, "the bride's clothes cost a great deal, and perhaps the groom has to pay the minister a large sum, but do the other expenses amount to much?"

"The bride's outfit is something I don't know anything about. If a wedding is coming off, the bride's father or mother or uncle or somebody comes to me and says: 'I am going to have a wedding and I want you to furnish for it.' 'All right,' I say, 'how many guests?' 'Well, about three hundred to the reception.' Then I set to work to calculate what kind of a table they want."

"How much per guest," interrupted the reporter, "does it take for a very nice wedding collation?"

"Well, I can set a very pretty table for \$1.50 per head. That will include ices, bouillon, cake, wine, jellies, bonbons, several kinds of salads, sandwiches, flowers, china, waiters and all."

"What else beside the above menu would people want?"

"Oh! many things. Champagne, oysters, a spiced fish which costs \$20—more, if he is a nice fellow; cold meats, etc. These are all expensive things, and of course we have to charge for them."

"Do you include the wedding cake in the \$1.50 estimate?"

"Not generally. You see it costs us about twenty cents for each box full. The box costs a few cents, the white satin ribbon that ties it about eight cents, and the cake about ten cents. Each box costs the person who orders it about thirty-five cents, which just multiplied by 300 guests comes to \$105. You can always tell a swell wedding by the cake that's served to you."

"How do you go about serving a wedding collation?"

"I send my head man to inspect the dining-room and kitchen. Then the dishes and silver are sent, the kitchen being given entirely into the hands of my men. They set the table, mix the salads, turn out the ices, etc., and just before the guests come I go over and see if everything is going smoothly. Some caterers take everything left over away with them. It is a bad thing to do. The family like the remains of the feast so much, and it is really of no use to the caterer, except for the waiters."

As the reporter left the caterer's he encountered Johnson. Johnson is a young and rather good-looking man. He takes charge of the carriages and the admittance of guests at every fashionable affair. He is to be seen standing under the awning of the mansion at which the ball or wedding is occurring, and calls the number of the carriage, helps the ladies out, and keeps rogues away, and knows everybody.

"Why," said a young lady to a journalist, "there is never the least danger of any one but those we desire getting into a house as long as

Johnson is around. You can trust him entirely; and everyone is sure to get their own carriage, too. He is worth his \$100 or \$200 a night, and beside he often has men to assist him."

"Flowers," said the florist to the reporter, "cost money. But there are several ways of decorating a house. I can make pretty decorations for \$75 or \$100, and I can make decorations for \$500. From \$100 to \$200 is the general layout, however. That will include the church also. You see we place the palms, ferns and growing plants about the chancel, but we take them all back again. But a wedding hall, a horn of plenty and baskets of flowers cost the money."

"What are the other expenses of weddings besides the flowers and supper?" he was asked.

"There are the carriages at \$2 to \$5 apiece. The bride's family order about four besides their own; and there are the awnings at the house and church, at \$15 apiece, and about \$25 to the sexton and \$10 for the use of the church, and then there are the invitations—a big bill in themselves. People send cards to hundreds they do not invite. Take for instance Mrs. Vanderbilt's ball. She invited 1,200 people. For invitations, directing and delivery, it cost her over \$600. Now, let us figure up. For the breakfast—\$1.50 a head for 300 people, \$450; flowers, \$200; wedding cake, \$105; awnings, \$30; Johnson, \$100; carriages, \$10; clothes, \$300; in all, \$1,195. I think I'll just get married and go without the wedding."

BLIND NEWSDEALERS.

"There are about thirty of us in the city," said a Third Avenue newsdealer, who is blind. He meant blind men who sell newspapers.

"Most of us own our own stands, and are doing good business, too. I sell all kinds of periodicals on my stand, from fashion monthlies to railroad guides. Of course my principal trade is in the daily papers. I sell upward of 200 *Suns*, for instance, every day."

"No, the public is not always ready to patronize a man because he is blind. At least, that is my experience. I have had customers leave me because they said I did not wait on them fast enough. But that, of course, was not true. I'm as quick as any of 'em yet, even if my seeing is a little out of gear. I have some very queer customers. Some of those who deal with me continually never speak a word. They pick up their papers, deposit the money on the stand, and walk away in silence."

"The other day a gentleman complained that I had not noticed him once during the year and a half he had bought papers of me. He threatened to quit. I had never heard him speak before, and did not know his voice. You ought to have heard him apologize when I told him I was blind."

"A good many of my customers are not aware of my blindness and ask all sorts of ridiculous questions about pictures in the illustrated papers. A man once asked me to direct him to a choice between two comic papers. I did so. He took the one I selected, and seemed well satisfied. In fact, he complimented my taste, and said he thought it agreed exactly with his own. Not long ago one of my customers who possesses a ponderous voice—he is a politician—asked me if I had read what appeared about him in one of the morning papers. I replied that I had not, but that I would gladly listen if he would have the kindness to read it to me. He became indignant. I learned afterward that the article referred to was of a disparaging nature, and I had difficulty in convincing him of my defective vision. But—"

"*Sun*" said a young man with a light mustache, as he helped himself to a paper and gave the newsman a silver coin.

"You've made a mistake," said the young man, on counting his change.

"I never make a mistake," answered the blind man.

"How much is the *Sun*?"

"Two cents."

"But I gave you a quarter, and you've returned only twenty-one cents."

"You gave me a Canadian coin, which is worth just twenty-three cents."

The young man bowed and said he had been enlightened against his will.

"How did you know that was a Canadian coin?" asked the reporter of the blind man.

"I felt it."

"Can you tell that way?"

"Always. Give me any coin you like, native or foreign, and I'll tell its value. And as for American notes and greenbacks, why, I can tell 'em around the corner."—*New York Sun*.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF NEW YORK.

JAY GOULD.

In most of the countries of Europe, and especially in England, great wealth, when uninherited, is, as a general thing, realized through the slow and patient channels of some trade or calling. This, doubtless, is owing to the fact that the natural resources of these countries are mainly developed to their utmost capacity, and that, so narrow are their boundaries, individually, as well as their ideas of government, the spirit of enterprise can find no resting-place for the sole of its foot among the impoverished masses of their dense populations.

When, however, we come to contrast this undesirable state of things with the condition of affairs within the boundaries of our own vast commonwealth, we are at once struck with the magnitude of their dissimilarity, and with bosoms elate with joy and pride, but with no mean feeling of triumph, turn from the sunset of older nations to the glorious dawn of our own rising greatness, which even now exceeds in luster some of the boasted noontides of the past.

Here a newly created world, so to speak, possessed of wealth far exceeding that of "Ormus, and of Ind," and teeming with all the resources necessary to our greatness and happiness, lies spread out before us in boundless expanse, presenting to every species of enterprise fields for operation so filled with promise, and of such gigantic magnitude, that those of the Old World are dwarfed into insignificance before them. Under such circumstances it is not a matter of surprise that our vast resources are becoming rapidly developed, that cities and civilizations are now being scattered through regions not long since sacred to the foot of the red man, and that constantly in our midst some adventurous and far-seeing spirit leaps from out the masses, and at a single bound, as it were, attains to colossal wealth and importance.

There is no stronger case in point touching this latter relation than that presented by the gentleman whose name appears at the head of this article, and who has for some time past commanded so large a share of public attention with regard to the boldness and magnitude of his operations in some of the leading interests of our economy. Although not free from the suspicions which naturally attach to men who, from comparative penury, become, as if through the wave of a magician's wand, the possessors of millions, yet there are those who have faith in him as a sharp and successful operator, who has given mere offence through his superior business tact and daring than through any absolute dishonesty on his part.

Jay Gould was born at Stratton's Falls, Delaware County, New York, in the year 1836. His father, John B. Gould, who died in 1866, and who had been married three times, was a well-to-do farmer, and small storekeeper. Jay was a son by his first wife, who went the way of all flesh in 1841, little dreaming that her boy of five years was doomed to pass through a course of two step-mothers. Young Gould, however, early betrayed symptoms of genius and self-reliance, for he had scarcely got well into his school-days till he regarded himself already a man, and invented a mouse-trap. This latter has been considered by some as either a bitter sarcasm upon the unwieldy dimensions of the great, square, unsightly, white frame house in which he was born, or a graphic foreshadowing of his subsequent operations in Wall Street. Be this as it may, he passed his childhood like most other country lads of that period, with this difference, that he was studious, reticent, and had the advantage of a fair education.

When sixteen years of age, he made his first move in life, and became a clerk to a "Squire Burhan," at Roxbury, two miles from the Falls, who kept a small store, remarkable for the variety, original character, and infinitesimal quan-

ties of its stock. Here his auditory nerve became so susceptible that his employer thought it altogether too sensitive for so small an establishment. Mr. Burhan had managed to obtain intelligence that a very desirable piece of land was for public sale, cheap, in Albany, and determined to purchase it. This he cautiously whispered to some parties in the presence of his young employee. On proceeding to put his design into execution, however, he found that, in the interim, his clerk had become possessed of the property, having availed himself of the astuteness of his hearing.

The genius of Jay must have been of no ordinary character, for before he was twenty years of age he appeared suddenly a full-blown civil engineer, and made a survey of Delaware County, a map of which was published in 1856, by Collins G. Keeney, of 17 and 19 Union Street, Philadelphia, with the words "From Actual Survey by Jay Gould." As there is no royal road to geometry, we fear that his biographers have not done justice to the studiousness or attainments of their subject, for no mention is made of how he became possessed of this unusual knowledge.



JAY GOULD.

When Mr. Gould bid farewell to the home of his youth, he went to Pennsylvania with Colonel Zadock Pratt, and started a tannery in conjunction with that gentleman, at a place named Gouldshoro. Evidently, from this name, young Jay was the leading spirit of the enterprise—a fact which was soon exemplified by the circumstance of his becoming sole proprietor of the establishment, leaving the colonel to tan the hides of the enemy if he wished to resume business.

In 1859, Mr. Gould began to speculate in Wall Street, in railroad stock; and, it is said, as a curb-stone broker. At that period his means were limited, and his quarters in New York most unpretentious. From the very first, however, he had the reputation of being a most successful man; and this was of itself an amount of capital not easily estimated. He neither smoked, drank, nor gambled, and was always on the *qui vive* for business. During the war he profited largely by the sale of gold and of stocks and took advantage of every defeat or success of the Union army. Long before the close of the struggle he was said to be a millionaire. Of the truth of this conjecture there seems ample evidence, for soon after he went into the Erie Railroad that corporation owed him four millions of dollars.

After making a great deal of money through the skillful handling of Erie stock, his next successful venture was in the purchase of 25,000 shares of Cleveland and Pittsburgh, when he improved the road, doubled the market value of the stock, and leased the property, netting about a million and a half profit. In 1873 he went into the Union Pacific, buying a vast number of shares at 20, for which he has since realized 95. The same gigantic proportions and successes have characterized all his later ventures also. His purchase of an enormous amount of Wabash, at less than 5, the consolidation of the road, the rise in the stock, and the buying of an incredible amount of Kansas and Texas, at a figure which has doubled up into a profit sixfold greater than the price he paid, has netted him many additional millions. All through 1876, and up to the close of 1878, he had been purchasing large lines of the low price stocks which, as if by magic, began to rise in value the moment he touched them; so that now his wealth must be very great—some say upward of sixty millions.

Mr. Gould's share in what is termed the "Gold Conspiracy," or the famous "Black Friday," and his adroit antagonism with the late Commodore Vanderbilt, when the latter was endeavoring to cripple the Erie, are too well known to need more than a passing notice here. It is to his present status and his power to affect the public interests in this country that we would briefly direct attention. As the case stands, from the enormous amount of telegraph and railroad stock he controls, he can, at any moment, all but ruin competing lines by forcing low rates, or can tax the public beyond endurance, by insisting on high ones. This is a position fraught with great danger to the best interests of our people; although so far no very alarming symptoms have manifested themselves. Mr. Gould is the moving spirit of a great monopoly; but if King Cotton and the great Grain-Giant of the West put their heads together, his scepter, if wielded oppressively, can readily be wrested from his grasp. These two prime factors in our national prosperity can never be embarrassed to any fatal extent by combinations, whose existence may be said to depend on them. If the owners of the soil are true to themselves, they are invincible.

The influence of this successful operator and financier is so great, and his management of the press so adroit and far-seeing, that any object he sets before him he is sure to attain. He is one of the few men who never make a false move, and who, consequently, never lose. He is always on the wing, and if in his travels he happens to come across a railroad, or any competing interest he wishes to possess himself of, he at once sets about obtaining it, either through money or diplomacy.

If the owners refuse to sell or come to any terms he thinks proper to propose, he quietly intimates that he will build a line right alongside of theirs, as he finds that one through that precise region is necessary to the success of some other of his projects. This seldom fails to accomplish the desired end; and hence the aid of his open hand or the pressure of his heel is felt throughout most, if not all, the lines of intercommunication on this continent. He is now opening up Mexico in rivalry with the people of Atchinson, Topeka, and Santa Fe. When both lines are completed, some compromise or union must be effected between them, else one at least is sure to go under, and it is not difficult to predict which. He contemplates, it is said, the construction of a rival and parallel road to Lake Shore, from Toledo to Buffalo. Should he accomplish this, and connect the line with his Lackawanna extension, he will then have, practically, a trunk line from the Mississippi, inasmuch as it will connect at Toledo with Wabash. Once in possession of this trunk line, he can, through freight and passenger rate wars, menace the New York Central system, and that of the Erie, as well as the Pennsylvania, Ohio and Baltimore systems. He controls the Pacific Mail Company's line to

San Francisco, and the Union Pacific route to the same place. In fact, his position and influence seem so thoroughly established in everything pertaining to railroad and telegraph undertakings, that ordinary opposition to his schemes and projects in either relation, would appear to be of little avail. As a litigant he has few equals; while, it is said, his influence in the courts is greater than should be possessed by any gentleman not absolutely on the bench. In any aspect he is a most extraordinary man; even his personal appearance conspiring to distinguish him from the ordinary run of mortals; although here nature has not been overhumble to him, if we are to judge by the critical standards of some of the galleries of Europe.

Mr. Gould is a married gentleman, and resides with his wife and family—the oldest of whom is a lad of about 15 years—at his magnificent residence, Irvington on the Hudson. Whatever objectionable traits may be set down to his character, he is, most assuredly, possessed of some marked excellence. He is an affectionate father and husband, and, when the cares of the day are laid by, prefers the bosom of his family and the society of his books to any other enjoyment on earth. His son, it is said, is a youth of great promise, and likely to evince in due time some of his leading characteristics. As we cannot but suppose that Mr. Gould is a man of self-communings and deep retrospection, we feel assured that at times, when seated in his palatial abode, surrounded by the fairy realm of Irvington, that teems with every beauty and luxury known to refinement and wealth, he contrasts his brilliant and happy present with his mouse-trap days, and remembers, with a smile, the dismay and agitation he felt when his mouse-trap—his first, and doubtless only invention—was stolen from him when, a poor and unknown lad, he visited New York in the hope of turning it into cash. Certainly he can scarcely have forgotten how bravely he ran down and captured the thief, who turned out to be a notorious burglar, and who, on perceiving what the carefully tied-up little bundle, for which he was arrested, contained, exclaimed, with supreme contempt, when the parcel was opened by the police: "What! Only a mouse-trap? Well, I be —!"

CHARLES A. DANA.

The history of low-priced journalism in America begins only from the third of September, 1833. On that day first rose the New York *Sun* "to shine for all." It was a very small shine—only the size of a window-pane, dyspeptic in appearance, and without many persons to judge of the brilliancy of its appearance. It did not resemble the sun of Ansterlitz. It was of nearly the size that the *Evening Post*, now the most venerable of our dailies, and the one with broadest phylacterics, was at birth, and it probably contained as much news. Horace Greeley was then a journeyman printer, James Gordon Bennett was the laboring man on the old *Courier and Enquirer*, and Henry J. Raymond was going to school. Slow and sure the dailies of that time were, full of ponderous disquisitions on the bank and the tariff, and sleepy in the extreme. There were no correspondents abroad, and not commonly one in Washington; telegraphs did not flash intelligence from one place to another in less than a second, and railroad and steamboat expresses were unknown. The mails from Europe were condensed for the columns of the New York newspapers of that day, and from Albany intelligence was given a week after the events had happened. New York was then a little smaller than Baltimore is now, and somewhat larger than Pittsburgh and its suburbs; but no such gazette was issued from Manhattan Island as to-day graces the press of America in the pages of the *Commercial of Pittsburgh*. Recriminations and invectives were alarmingly prevalent, and the picture drawn by Charles Dickens in *Martin Chuzzlewit* was none too exaggerated for the day. Happily, such times are now past.

It was amid such scenes that the New York *Sun* was ushered into existence. It was not a model sheet; no paper could be that whose means did not allow more than an editor and three or

four compositors, and its tone, we are sorry to say, was no better than that of the rest. Its first publisher was Benjamin H. Day, but the originator of the idea was named Sheppard. The man, however, to whom the paper owed most of its success until a few years back was Moses Y. Beach. Pony expresses were of his founding, and carrier pigeons were his messengers. Opposed to him were soon found a multitude of cheap-priced dailies, out of which only two have survived. The *Herald* was founded three years after, and the *Tribune* eight, but after a brief time they raised their price to two cents a copy, at which they remained till during the war. The weekly *Sun* was regarded as an excellent hebdomadal for many years, but the influence of the paper on the public mind ceased about the time of the Mexican war, although its advertising patronage was excellent and its circulation was large. After this, until the change in its proprietorship, no one thought of attaching any importance to its remarks on public events, or of disputing anything it said. It was not worth while.

In 1867, some capitalists and newspaper men were looking around New York city for a newspaper to buy. It was essential that it should contain the news published by the Associated

any other in the East. Mr. Dana was also at Harvard, but did not graduate, as the condition of his eyes prevented. He stood high in his class, however, and his attainments after being two years in college were probably more than those of most of the graduating students. After leaving he joined the Brook Farm community, a dream of Arcadia. Brook Farm yet lives as the synonyme of unselfishness and as the embodiment of an attempt to form a society founded not on accidents of wealth and birth, but on the inherent goodness and truth of humanity. The sketches given by Emerson, by Hawthorne, and by Curtis, have all the interest of an event of the present week, with a poetry such as attaches to Sir Thomas More's Utopia or Marco Polo's travels in the East. They seem to be of us, yet divided by the absence of egotism and of self-interest from all that perplexes and moves the actual world. Of this phalanx, Mr. Dana was one of the youngest, and after its breaking up he became one of the soonest restored to the daily toil of life. Elhur Wright, now the great insurance actuary of America, was then publisher of a paper in Boston called the *Chronotype*, and employed the late horticulturist as an assistant at five dollars a week. In February, 1857, he came to New York, and engaged as city editor on the *Tribune*, at ten dollars, succeeding Mr. George G. Foster, one of the best local sketch writers ever in America, and the year after went to Europe as correspondent. This was at the time of the third French Revolution, and also at a time of general upheaving throughout the whole continent of Europe. It required for this post a man of good acquaintance with the politics of Europe, and with the principal languages spoken there. This Mr. Dana possessed; French, German, Italian, and Spanish flow from his tongue as fluently as English, and he possesses a wide acquaintance with the literature which they preserve.

On his return from Europe, Dana was made Mr. Greeley's principal assistant, at a salary of twenty dollars a week, which was afterwards gradually increased until it reached twenty-five hundred a year. It is noticeable that this salary, which is now equalled by that received by some one on more than a hundred American newspapers, was then the highest paid by the press. Men of twenty years' experience, apt writers and cogent reasoners, were then only paid from twenty to thirty dollars a week, and it was impossible to go higher. During Mr. Dana's labors on the *Tribune* he found time to compile a volume of poetry from the works of eminent authors, and in 1858 he and Mr. George Ripley commenced the American Cyclopaedia. This voluminous work needed immense labor, and occupied a great portion of the time of the editors for several years, and was not concluded until after the withdrawal of Mr. Dana from the *Tribune*, which happened in April, 1862. It was occasioned by difference of political views, and his withdrawal was a subject of regret to nearly all the readers of the *Tribune*, which owed much of its force to his pungent pen.

After leaving the *Tribune* he was appointed to several positions in the War Department, and finally he became Assistant Secretary of War, and rendered very material service to the Government by his excellent executive abilities. He had the confidence of his chief, and no imputation was ever uttered on his integrity. At the close of the war he went to Chicago, where he was editor of the *Republican*, a daily of which much was hoped. After a year he sold out his interest and returned to New York, where, by his personal exertions, the company was formed which now conducts the *Sun*.

It was foreseen by the managers of this paper that it would be impossible to retain all the readers if any change was made in its course, yet they boldly made the experiment, advertising both at home and abroad. At the time they took it the *Sun* had a circulation of about forty-eight thousand copies daily; this diminished until it went down nearly to thirty-five thousand, when the onward wave led it up to forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, and over one hundred thousand per day.

Such success has rarely been attained by newspapers. A thousand make the experiment where one attains such a result. The indomi-



CHARLES A. DANA.

Press. As this body would admit no more partners, the choice was between the *Express* and the *Sun*. Of these the latter was by far the most valuable, had the greatest clientele, and was a morning paper. So it was purchased at a very high figure, and the company, of which Mr. Charles A. Dana was the chief man, set to work to reorganize the paper.

This was no easy task. The *Sun* needed a new building and new editors; it needed a change in everything. The old Tammany Hall building, where so many meetings had been held for Jackson, Van Buren, Polk, Cass, Pierce, Buchanan, Douglas, and McClellan, was purchased in anticipation of the change, and carpenters, masons, and bricklayers quickly changed it to an imposing edifice crowned with a Mansard roof. The *Sun* was ready for its new quarters, and in them it moved on the first of January, 1863, with a new force of editors and printers throughout. Mr. Dana controlled the editorial columns, assisted by Isaac W. England, as managing editor.

Charles Anderson Dana is a member of that New England family of which the poet and the author of "Two Years before the Mast" are also a part—a family which has had probably as many Harvard graduates from within itself as

table energy of the proprietors led them to continue their efforts, even when they seemed to be unproductive; they have not been relaxed since. When the change took place in the ownership it was largely advertised, and everybody knew of it. The *Sun* was printed on new type and good paper, every one could read it, and it had "all the news." Another secret of its success was that its reporters were picked men, not chosen on account of their relationship to the proprietors, but for their intrinsic merit. Mr. Dana's wide acquaintance with newspaper men gave him excellent opportunities for making a choice of assistants, and he has improved it. No men work harder or give more productive return for their labor than the two principal assistants on the *Sun*, and the paper shows the result. Its paragraphs are read, its correspondence is full of matter, and it always is up to, if not ahead of, other journals in local news.

The business management of the *Sun* is under the charge of Isaac W. England, once city editor of the *New York Tribune*, and once managing editor of the *Sun*. Under his supervision as editor the *Sun* achieved great results, and, financially, matters have equally succeeded since. Mr. England is tall, and at present a little inclined to stoutness, of fair complexion and light hair. In business he is prompt and active, keeping a sharp oversight on all the business of the paper, and pleasant and courteous in manner.

THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.

This well-known publisher of numerous periodicals, illustrated ones especially, died at his residence in New York City on January 10, 1880, he being then fifty-nine years old. He had been for some time sick of a cancer, but its deadly character was so little apprehended that, as late as one hour before he expired, the members of his family believed he was growing better. His real name was Henry Carter, born at Ipswich, England, in 1821, the son of Joseph Carter, a glove manufacturer of that place. Frank Leslie was assumed, a *nom de plume*, under which many a writer gives his literary productions to the world. He passed his boyhood in his father's factory to learn the glove-making business; and, that he might perfect himself in it, he was sent to London at seventeen years of age, recommended to his uncle, who had an extensive dry-goods establishment in the capital, and who employed him as clerk in the glove department. Both at Ipswich, however, and more in London, he indulged his naturally predominant passion for drawing, sketching, and engraving, particularly on wood, devoting to knowledge and proficiency in art all of his free hours, and much also of the time which he should have given to duty as a trader's apprentice. His father and uncle reproved him for his wandering after art, and it was chiefly to escape detection and reproach that he sought to hide himself under the name of Frank Leslie. In his twentieth year he chose, and actually began to practice, art as his only pursuit in life. At that age he also married, and three sons have been born to him. In his career as an artist he started from the establishment of the *Illustrated London News*, whose engraving department he took in charge. In 1848 he emigrated from his native country and settled himself in New York City, and shortly after arrival had his family name formally changed into

Frank Leslie by a special act of the Legislature. His first business connection in America was with *Gleason's Pictorial*. Some time later, when Phineas T. Barnum, with the Messrs. Beach, started their illustrated paper, negotiations were made with Mr. Leslie to superintend the engravings. In 1854 Mr. Leslie embarked in the publishing business on his own account. He began with the *Gazette of Fashions*, which was soon after followed by the *New York Journal*. He purchased the *Journal* cheaply. Under Mr. Leslie's skillful management it very speedily became profitable. On December 14, 1855, he issued the first number of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, the most noteworthy of his periodicals. The events regarded most stirring and important by the people of this country are found chronicled and illustrated in this paper as they successively occurred during the time intervening between that date and Mr. Leslie's

movable property. Occasionally he sustained considerable losses, and more than once his financial condition was not a little embarrassed. He may, indeed, be said to have died in that condition. In 1857, three years after he had commenced as a publisher, the state of his affairs was such that he should have stopped business but that his creditors granted him an extension of time for payment.

More seriously embarrassed were his affairs in 1877, when he was forced to surrender his property into the hands of a receiver. By an agreement which the parties concerned entered into at the time, the creditors retained Mr. Leslie as general manager of his publishing business, allowing him twenty per cent. of the profits for his use. Mr. Leslie's liabilities were, in a short time, cleared away. In April, 1879, he also judicially recovered a large proportion of his business. The public's appreciation of Frank Leslie

in his chosen field of action was apparently such, besides the general widespread reputation of his name, as must have gratified his sensibilities. In 1848, the year of his first arrival in this country, the American Institute of New York awarded to him the medal for wood engraving. In 1867 the State of New York appointed him her Commissioner for the Fine Arts Department to the Universal Exhibition held that year in the French capital; and at the close of it the Emperor Napoleon III personally presented him with the prize gold medal. Again, in 1876, the State of New York selected him as her Commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and his brother commissioners from other States elected him president.

His standing in life's social relations with his fellow-citizens may appear from the fact that he had his family residence on Fifth Avenue, and was a member of the Manhattan Jockey Club. He was also a Freemason, and belonged to the so-called aristocratic Holland Lodge. He had his rural residence, situated about midway between Saratoga and Lonely Lake, surrounded by an estate of six hundred acres of land, called from its location "Interlaken." He was beloved by his employees, who numbered for some time three hundred, the amount of money paid them for their work exceeding six thousand dollars weekly. To some among them, confined to a bed of sickness, he continued the salaries. One, being in a delicate state of health, he sent to Europe, taking upon

THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.

himself the charge of all traveling expenses, besides continuing to pay the traveler in full. He provided for the widow and children of another, and, generally, whenever any of his employees happened to die, leaving their families destitute, Frank Leslie made it his especial care to supply their wants.

death—a quarter of a century. In 1865 Mr. Leslie started the *Chimney Corner*. To these he then added in rapid succession the *Boys' and Girls' Weekly*, *Pleasant Hours*, the *Lady's Journal*, edited by Mrs. Leslie, his second wife, the *Popular Monthly*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Budget of Wit*, and *Chatterbox*, and *Die Illustrirte Zeitung*, in German. Such novels as from time to time appeared in the columns of his periodicals he published in book form at their conclusion.

From these various publications, which proved generally profitable, Mr. Leslie gathered a great deal of money. From the *Chimney Corner* alone he is said to have cleared fifty thousand dollars in one year. The civil war between North and South was to him an abundant harvest, the circulation of his papers, chiefly the illustrated ones, having, during that time, exceedingly increased. A large portion of the money thus amassed he converted into house and other im-

REV. THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., was born in Bound Brook, Somerset Co., New Jersey, January 7, 1832. He entered New York University in 1849, graduating in 1853, and graduated from New Brunswick Theological Seminary in 1856, and the same year was called to the Reformed Church, Belleville, New Jersey. In 1859 he became pastor of the Reformed Church in Syracuse, New York. In 1862 he was called to the Second Reformed Church of Philadelphia. In 1869 he accepted the call to the Central Presby-

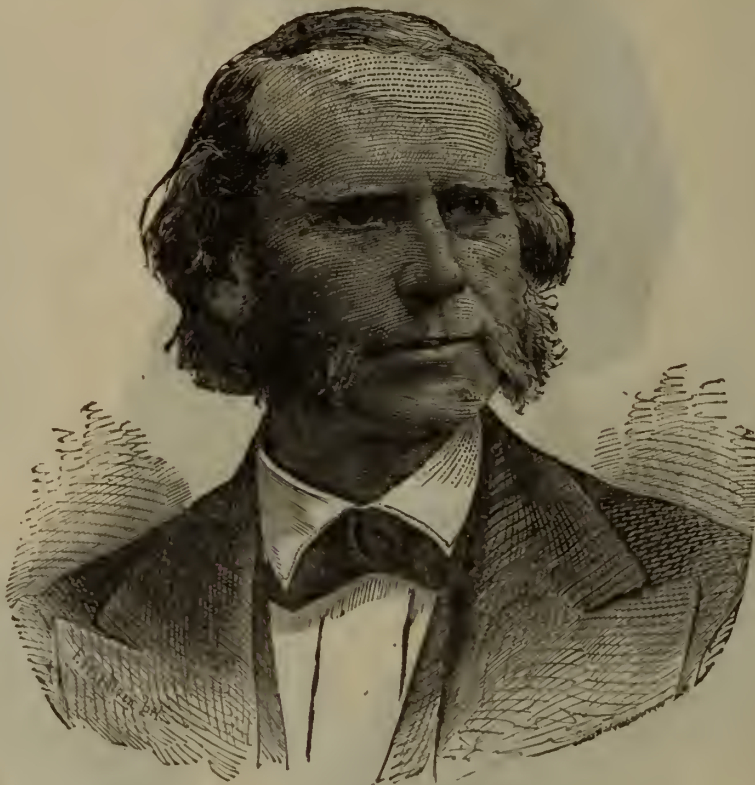
terian Church of Brooklyn. In 1870 a new church was built of wood and iron, semicircular in form, holding over 3,000 people. This was known as the "The Brooklyn Tabernacle." In 1871 this building was enlarged, but was destroyed by fire December 22, 1872. On February 22, 1874, a massive structure of brick and stone was dedicated, and an appeal being made, \$40,000 was raised by the audience, which cancelled its debt. The new tabernacle is gothic in style, retains the semicircular form, and has sittings for 4,600. It is the largest Protestant church building in America. In 1872, Mr. Talmage organized in the old church building a Tabernacle Lay College for training young men who desire to enter the ministry, but cannot afford the time and expense of a regular collegiate course. The college is open to all of evangelical belief. Instruction is given by a corps of professors in general literature, sacred history, natural and systematic theology, sacred rhetoric, and the evidences of Christianity. He was at one time editor of an undenominational religious journal called *The Christian at Work*. He has also published five volumes of sermons, besides "The Almond Tree," "Crumbs Swept Up," "Abominations of Modern Society," "Around the Tea-Table," "Old Wells Dug Out," "Sports That Kill," and "Every Day Religion."

As illustrative of Mr. Talmage's style of oratory, we append a condensed report of one of his sermons. The subject is "The Lord is my Shepherd."

"The exact meaning of the text depends somewhat upon the place you put the stress, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' That means protection. 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' That means almighty protection. 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' That means personal protection. I propose this morning to speak to you of the shepherd's plaid, the shepherd's crook, the shepherd's dogs, the shepherd's pasture grounds, and the shepherd's flock. It would be an absurd thing for a man to go forth for rough work in very exquisite apparel. The potter does not toil at the wheel in velvet, nor does the waiting-maid come to her duty in satin, nor does the shepherd clothe himself in soft and exquisite apparel when he goes forth among the rocks or among the wildernesses, to look after the lost sheep. Christ, our Heavenly Shepherd, put aside the girdles of light and the robes of power and the sandals of beauty, and wrapped Himself in the torn and tattered and bespoiled garments of our humanity—coming forth on the mountains to look after the lost sheep, wrapped in the shepherd's plaid. I know that nearly all the old painters represent a halo around the babe Christ, and whether you see the babe Christ's picture in the galleries at Edinburgh, or at Venice, or in the Louvre and Luxembourg, you always find a halo of light around the head of that babe; but I do not suppose there was any more halo around that child's head than there was around the head of any child born that night, that Christmas Eve in the land of Judea. We often hear of the robe that Christ wore in after time, of the seamless robe, and people speak of it as something very costly and very beautiful, because it was a seamless robe. Why, my friends, there was no beauty about it at all. The scissors and the needle had done nothing to make it graceful. It was just a rough sack with three holes in it, one for the neck and two for the arms. You tell me that the soldiers gambled for that seamless robe at Christ's crucifixion. That is no proof that it was a valuable garment. I have seen two beggars quarrel over the refuse of an ash barrel. It was not a costly garment, it was not a remarkable garment. It was an old garment, a homely garment, perhaps a repulsive garment that Christ wore. I come, in the next place, to speak of the shepherd's crook. That is a rod with a curve at the end which has to be dropped on the neck of a sheep when it goes astray, and with that crook it is pulled back. When not employed in that way

the shepherd would often use it as a crutch to lean upon. I have a shepherd's crook at my house full of suggestiveness to me. When I parted in 1879 from the Earl of Kintore, in London, he said to me: 'Mr. Talmage, when you get to America, send me a stick'—by which the Englishman or Scotchman means a cane—and then I will send you a stick.' I started the cane from New York for Aberdeen, Scotland, but before it got there the good Scotch earl had entered upon higher honors than Great Britain could ever give him—even the honors that are before the throne of God. After a while came, in careful package, a shepherd's crook—the first one I ever saw, meaning more to me as it stands in my house than any other shepherd's crook possibly could mean. It was sent to me, I suppose, as suggestive of my work as an under shepherd, the office that every minister of Jesus Christ holds. Well, now, the shepherd's crook was an absolute necessity in olden times—bringing back the lost sheep, finding one wandering out in this direction, pulling him back—finding a sheep wandering out in another direction, pulling him back. All we, like sheep, have gone astray, and if the Lord had not dropped His crook upon us and pulled us back long ago, we would have fallen over the precipices. There is a man who is making too much money. He has got proud, he

sides, and they were heroic. And I tell you, my friends, it is not the white regiment of 57, it is not the white regiment of gladness that was the greatest victory for your soul, but the black regiment of trial, the black regiment of temptation and want and woe that is going to get for you the greatest victory. I take all the gladnesses of your life and put them in one regiment of ten companies, under Colonel Joy, and then I gather all the sorrows of your life, and I put them in one regiment of ten companies under Colonel Breakheart. Which gets the greater triumph? The regiment under Colonel Breakheart. I come, in the next place, to speak of the shepherd's dogs. They go after those sheep which are astray and bring them back in the fold. Every shepherd has dogs—every shepherd from the nomads of Bible time down to the Scotch herdsman watching his flocks on the Grampian Hills. And our Heavenly Shepherd has his dogs. They are the persecutions and trials of this life which hound us back to the fold, for you know there are those who spend their whole life in barking at Christians. Let a Christian go astray, or let him show any imperfection of character, how many of these dogs there are that will hound him, to bark at him, and to bite at him; and they howl and they bark, and the Lord just allows them to drive the sheep back to the fold. Your persecutions and your trials are not to make you mad; they are to save you. They are the Lord's dogs gone out to drive you in. Almost everybody has the hounds after him sometimes. Sometimes it is an ecclesiastical dog, sometimes it is a political dog, sometimes it is a social dog. I come next to speak of the shepherd's pasture ground. The shepherd drives his sheep to the mountains in summer, down into the valleys in winter. So the Lord leads His flocks—in the summer to the mountains, in the winter to the valleys. By which I mean that in warm days of prosperity He leads us up on sun-gilt Sabbath tops and on hills of transfiguration, and we are so high up we can almost see the gates of the great city. Then there come wintry blasts and storms of trouble, and He drives us down into the valley, and we say: 'Is any one's sorrow like unto my sorrow?' But blessed be God, His sheep can find pasture anywhere. But I remark once more, in regard to the shepherd's fold: At sheep shearing time there was great rejoicing in olden times and in lands where they had shepherds. There was a wall enclosing the sheep so that the shepherd could go out and count the sheep easily, and see if any had been carried off by the jackals, or any had been wounded. That was called the lost sheep. And the Lord has His sheepfold. I speak now of the place He has provided for His loved ones in the better country. How the old sheep will be glad when they see the lost lambs. Millions of children in heaven!"



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

has got vain, his heart is puffed up, he says: 'I am independent of everything. My soul, eat, drink, and be merry; you are provided for.' Disaster comes, commercial misfortune. His estates fly. He gets down on his knees and says: 'O Lord, art Thou against me, that all my estate is swept away?' Oh, no, my brother, the Lord has not any grudge against you; He has only dropped on you the shepherd's crook, not in wrath but in mercy, pulling you back out of your worldliness. There is a man who has no patience with invalids. He calls them a wheezing, coughing crew, and it makes him nervous to hear them about the house, or in a railroad train, or at a summer watering-place. After a while his health will go, and the man will wake up and he will say: 'Oh, Lord, art thou against me?' Oh, no, the Lord is not against you; He has just put the shepherd's crook on you to pull you back out of your worldliness, and to pull you back into gracious sympathies. You find apples and plums in the shade of the tree, and the richest Christian fruits are to be found in the deep shadow of trouble. During the last war the question was often asked: 'Will the colored soldiers fight well if they are put in the army?' The question was asked at the North and at the South, and the colored troops were tried on both

sides, and they were heroic. And I tell you, my friends, it is not the white regiment of 57, it is not the white regiment of gladness that was the greatest victory for your soul, but the black regiment of trial, the black regiment of temptation and want and woe that is going to get for you the greatest victory. I take all the gladnesses of your life and put them in one regiment of ten companies, under Colonel Joy, and then I gather all the sorrows of your life, and I put them in one regiment of ten companies under Colonel Breakheart. Which gets the greater triumph? The regiment under Colonel Breakheart. I come, in the next place, to speak of the shepherd's dogs. They go after those sheep which are astray and bring them back in the fold. Every shepherd has dogs—every shepherd from the nomads of Bible time down to the Scotch herdsman watching his flocks on the Grampian Hills. And our Heavenly Shepherd has his dogs. They are the persecutions and trials of this life which hound us back to the fold, for you know there are those who spend their whole life in barking at Christians. Let a Christian go astray, or let him show any imperfection of character, how many of these dogs there are that will hound him, to bark at him, and to bite at him; and they howl and they bark, and the Lord just allows them to drive the sheep back to the fold. Your persecutions and your trials are not to make you mad; they are to save you. They are the Lord's dogs gone out to drive you in. Almost everybody has the hounds after him sometimes. Sometimes it is an ecclesiastical dog, sometimes it is a political dog, sometimes it is a social dog. I come next to speak of the shepherd's pasture ground. The shepherd drives his sheep to the mountains in summer, down into the valleys in winter. So the Lord leads His flocks—in the summer to the mountains, in the winter to the valleys. By which I mean that in warm days of prosperity He leads us up on sun-gilt Sabbath tops and on hills of transfiguration, and we are so high up we can almost see the gates of the great city. Then there come wintry blasts and storms of trouble, and He drives us down into the valley, and we say: 'Is any one's sorrow like unto my sorrow?' But blessed be God, His sheep can find pasture anywhere. But I remark once more, in regard to the shepherd's fold: At sheep shearing time there was great rejoicing in olden times and in lands where they had shepherds. There was a wall enclosing the sheep so that the shepherd could go out and count the sheep easily, and see if any had been carried off by the jackals, or any had been wounded. That was called the lost sheep. And the Lord has His sheepfold. I speak now of the place He has provided for His loved ones in the better country. How the old sheep will be glad when they see the lost lambs. Millions of children in heaven!"

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Henry Ward Beecher, the celebrated author and divine, son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813. At an early age he had a strong predilection for a seafaring life, which, however, he renounced in consequence of the deep religious impressions which he experienced during a revival. Having graduated at Amherst College in 1834, he devoted himself to the study of theology at Lane Seminary under the tuition of his father, who was then president of that institution. He became, in 1847, pastor of the Plymouth (Congregational) Church in Brooklyn, where his genial and original eloquence has continued to attract the largest congregation, it is said, in the United States. He was editor of the *Independent* from 1861 to 1863, when he visited Europe for the benefit of his health. His earnest addresses to large audiences on the subject of the American war appear to have had considerable influence in turning the current of public opinion in Great Britain in favor of the Union cause.

The speeches Mr. Beecher made in England

were really parts of one speech. They presented the different views of the great question of our year. But they were so colloquial, so racy, so trenchant, so eloquent, so alert, so imperturbable, that they will stand among the most effective speeches on record. We were wonderfully fortunate in our advocate. Circumstances and his own genius had made him a recognized mediator between England and this country. It is not often the lot of a private citizen to be the industrial mediator between nations. And yet there can be no doubt that our friends in England heard in Mr. Beecher's speeches the voice of this country plainly saying what they had but imperfectly understood and vaguely felt. Mr. Beecher has also been a prominent advocate of anti-slavery and temperance reform, and more recently of the rights of women. Among his principal works are "Lectures to Young Men" (1850), "Star Papers" (1855), "Life Thoughts" (1858), "Royal Truths" (1864), a novel, "Norwood" (1864), and "Life of Christ," Vol I, 1871. He became editor of the *Christian Union* in 1870.

RUFUS HATCH.

No man in New York is better known and better liked than Rufus Hatch. He is a particular favorite of newspaper men, who delight in interviewing "Uncle Rufus," and not the less so of the reading public, because they always find in what he has to say spicy and witty expressions, and the refreshing heartiness and good-will of which his countenance gives abundant indication. Mr. Hatch is not an old man, being under fifty-one years of age, and everybody who knows him shares in the expectation that he will furnish tidbits in the way of quaint and clever sayings for another generation yet. His physical appearance and condition warrant this pleasant anticipation. Vigorous, active, and careful of his health, with an unflinching flow of good spirits, spicy speech, and kindly feeling, the absence of "Uncle Rufus," from his usual resorts in the Empire City is in the nature of a public calamity. Long may he flourish!

The picture gives an excellent idea of the frank and open countenance with which nature has favored Mr. Hatch, and which is the fitting "frontispiece" of a sturdy body formed for strength and activity, the enjoyment of the good things of this life, and to give a comely and fine presence and executive force to a man shrewd and sagacious, energetic and worldly-wise, and at the same time overflowing with "the milk of human kindness."

Mr. Hatch is a native of Maine, and was born at Wells, York Co., on the 24th of June, 1832. His father was a farmer, and brought his son up in the pursuit of agriculture. The elder Hatch was a judicious parent, gentle and companionable with his boy, whose judgment and self-respect he carefully cultivated and fostered. At nineteen Rufus left home for the West, urged by the ambition to improve his circumstances and enlarge his sphere of activity. He soon procured employment as helper to the corps of engineers who surveyed for the first railway constructed in Wisconsin, and which now forms a portion of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. About three years after this time Mr. Hatch had acquired sufficient means to justify his starting in business for himself. Accordingly, he opened an office in Chicago as a grain broker. In a short time he became a member in the firm of Armstrong & Co. of that city, the phenomenal success of which preceded the collapse in its fortunes occasioned by the rapid decline in the price of grain resulting from the hasty termination of the Crimean war in March, 1856. Mr. Hatch honorably shouldered the obligations of the house, and paid off every dollar of its indebtedness with interest as soon as he was able, notwithstanding that all of the accounts had outrun the Statute of Limitations. In 1862 he went to New York City with the slender capital of only two thousand dollars. At that time Henry Keep was the leading railroad broker in the commercial capital of the

New World. He encouraged the newcomer in his enterprises, and both men bought largely of Chicago and Northwestern stock, to the credit of their sagacity and the liberal increase of their fortune. Mr. Hatch soon became a considerable man on the street. He originated the Open Board of Brokers, and was the first vice-president of this organization, which grew into the Stock Exchange. When this body was instituted three-fourths of its members offered the presidency to Mr. Hatch, who declined it. The panic of 1873 used "Uncle Rufus" very harshly, but he struggled gamely along against adversity until 1876, when he failed. During a portion of the interval between these dates he was vice-president and managing director of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The confidence of his associates was evidenced flatteringly at the time of his failure in his being reinstated in his membership on the Stock Exchange by the unanimous vote of its members—a confidence confirmed by his payment of every dollar he owed just as soon as he could manage to do it. Mr. Hatch sold his seat in the Stock Exchange two years ago, but is active as can be in his business, which is now principally as a dealer in cattle. He is president of the American Board of the Cattle Ranch

than ordinary interest to the man just now. His shrewd and witty answers on that occasion have excited an admiration widespread as the circulation of the papers in which they were reported. Asked whether he was familiar with the system of making corners, he replied: "I've heard people speak about them. I never made a corner myself." "Do you know of others doing so?" "I know nothing of other people's business." He understood a corner "to be made by buying more than there is in existence of a certain commodity—stock, bonds, coal, oil, meat, grain—cabbage heads;" and thought the purpose of a corner "may be to secure something for home consumption, or it may be for a profit. It may be to sell again to the man who has sold you what he hasn't got." Mr. Hatch condemned futures, corners, and the watering of stock. His influence as a business man has been favorable to the public well-being. He originated the phrase "short lambs," as applied to the unfortunate small speculators who are "fleeced" by stronger and richer men. Mr. Hatch uses the pen with an effect perhaps equal to that of his spicy conversation. His burlesque upon the Northwestern Pacific Railroad scheme, first published in 1871, was widely circulated in

Europe as well as in America. He possesses a good library and revels among his books. One of his most favorite recreations is music, and he is readily pardoned a little vanity on the score of his possessing the best private library in New York City of works on that art. At an earlier period of his life he was an accomplished organist, and still performs with excellent taste. His charities are generous.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.

William H. Vanderbilt is the oldest son of the late Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt. He was born at the summer residence of his father, New Brunswick, N. J., and, after an excellent and practical education at Columbia College Grammar School, he entered, in his eighteenth year, the financial house of Drew, Robinson & Co., New York, where he exhibited such industry and executive ability that, on the expiration of two years, he was offered a partnership. The close confinement, however, having begun to prey on his health, he determined to take up farming as a means of recuperation; and, the Commodore having bought him seventy-five acres of unimproved land on Staten Island, he at once took his young wife there, and set to work with such skill and energy that he not only cleared the seventy-five acres, but soon had a larger tract purchased, and three hundred and fifty acres under crop.

In relation to this seventy-five acres, Mr. Vanderbilt alleges, it is said, that it tried him sorely, as he had not sufficient means to work and improve it thoroughly; nor would his father advance him a dollar to aid him. In this extremity he mortgaged the land for \$6,000, which he turned to good account; and the circumstance coming to the Commodore's ears, the old gentleman observed to him as they were riding together on one occasion:

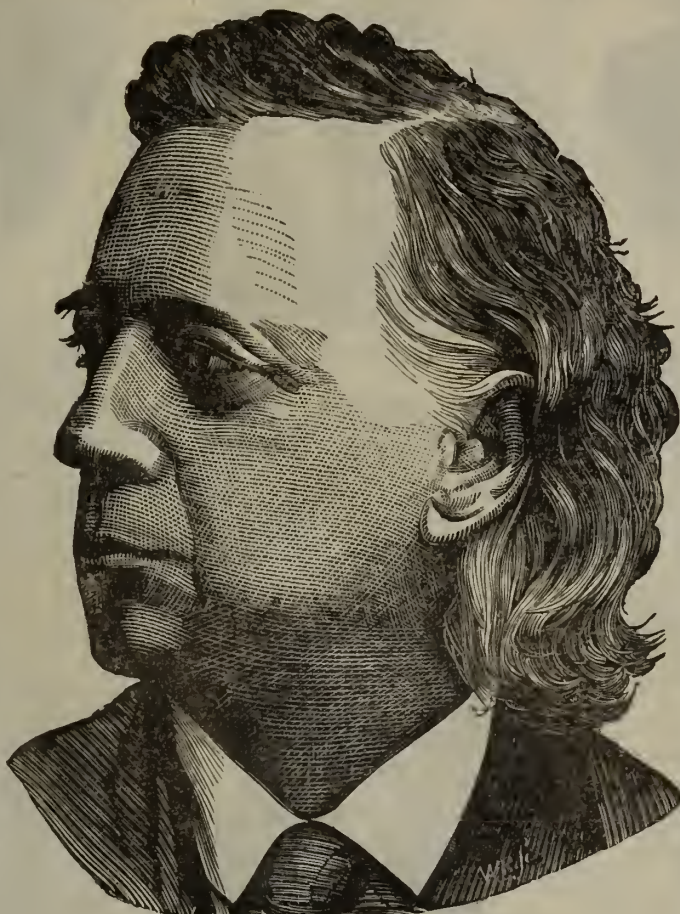
"So you mortgaged the New Dorp farm for \$6,000, did you? You don't amount to a row of pins, and never will."

"I did mortgage the farm," replied the son, "and have put every cent of the money right into improving the land."

"Well," continued the Commodore, "I'll have nothing more to do with you, for you'll only bring disgrace on yourself, your family, and everybody connected with you."

This latter prognostication does not appear to have been fulfilled; and, as to Mr. Vanderbilt never amounting to a row of pins, we think there has been no very clear verification of this assertion either. However, the Commodore does not seem to have put much faith in the one or the other, for the morning after the conversation took place he sent the son a check for \$6,000, ordering him to pay off the mortgage immediately.

Shortly after this period the Staten Island Railroad Company became embarrassed, when Mr.



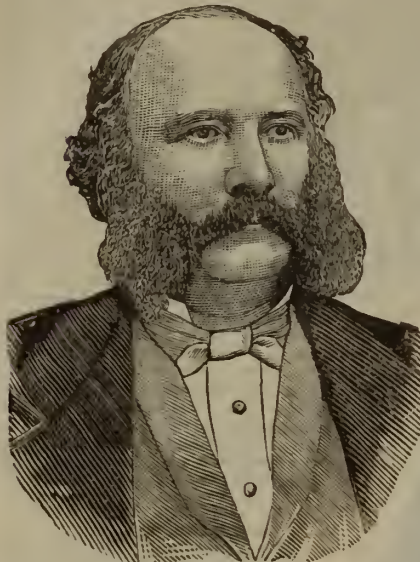
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

and Land Company (Limited) of London, and has been very successful in pushing its business in this country.

Mr. Hatch is emphatically a family man, simple as a child in the enjoyment of his home. His first wife was Miss Charlotte Hatch, though of the same name not related to him, to whom he was married in 1853, and who lived with him in happy companionship twenty years, when she died, leaving three children, two boys and one daughter. The last-named is the wife of William E. Kimball, an eminent dry-goods merchant of New York. Mr. Hatch's second wife is the daughter of Commodore Gray. She has borne him one child, a son, named after ex-Senator Conkling, at a time when that statesman's political fortunes were most decidedly at ebb. This choice of name is characteristic of Mr. Hatch, who stands by his friends when they need sympathy, expressions of respect, or more substantial help the most.

Reports of Mr. Hatch's recent appearance before a committee of the New York Senate receiving testimony on corners and futures give a more

Vanderbilt and his uncle Jacob entering the management, relieved the road of its difficulties and improved its prospects in a marked degree. The experience acquired here gave the subject of our portrait such an insight into railroad affairs, and so advanced him in the opinion of certain capitalists and stockholders, that, in 1864, he was elected Vice-President of the New York and Harlem, and in 1866 of the Hudson River Line, which, under his management, became so prosperous, that he was unhesitatingly recog-



RUFUS HATCH.

nized as not only a railroad manager of profound knowledge and experience, but worthy the confidence of the Commodore to the fullest extent. It was now plain sailing until the death of his father, when, as all the world knows, he suddenly became possessed of untold wealth.

In 1841, Mr. Vanderbilt married Miss Kissam, the daughter of a New York clergyman, and a Christian lady of sterling qualities and attainments. This union has been blessed with nine children, eight of whom are still alive, comprising a most interesting and charming family of sons and daughters, all finely educated. He has made various visits to Europe, where he has purchased numerous works of art for the adornment of his home on this side of the Atlantic. His charities and public spirit are not unworthy his vast wealth, although he does not seem to court notoriety through these channels. This may be inferred from the fact, that notwithstanding he had defrayed the whole cost of the removal of the obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, from Alexandria, Egypt, to its site in Central Park, New York, it was some time before the public was made aware of the circumstance.

Mr. Vanderbilt is now sixty years of age, and is still hale and active. When in New York he spends much of his time with his family and the few friends he has selected from among his many acquaintances. In private life he is frank, open and generous, but always has an eye to business. There is nothing about his dress or general appearance to distinguish him from an ordinary American gentleman. His hair was once dark, but is now iron gray, and his side whiskers large and flowing, although he wears no moustache. He is rather heavily built, and looks like a man who has yet many years of usefulness before him. He is the richest man in the world, his wealth being estimated at three hundred millions of dollars. His new mansion on Fifth Avenue is one of the most magnificent in this country, and cost \$2,000,000.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

COMPARATIVELY but few men have so directed their individual business activity as to make their names prominent as those of eminent statesmen, the directors of nations, and the admiration of the whole world. Mr. Cyrus West Field is one of those distinguished commercial persons, possessed of the faculty to see the far-reaching importance of certain enterprises, the courage to engage in them in their earliest stage, and to devote money, time, and indefatigable personal effort to their accomplishment. The life of Mr. Field is a remarkably interesting record of business effort, so directed as to give

distinction broad as the extent of civilization and to be perpetuated throughout the future history of human progress.

Cyrus West Field was born at Stockbridge, Mass., November 30, 1819. After receiving a fair education in his native place, he was placed in a counting-house in New York City, where he developed a capacity for business, which, in a few years, placed him at the head of a large establishment. He was about thirty-five years of age when his attention was first directed to the subject of ocean telegraphy. In a short time this attention took a practical turn, when he procured from the legislature of Newfoundland the exclusive right for fifty years to establish a telegraph from this continent to Newfoundland and thence to Europe. He devoted himself with exemplary energy to the accomplishment of this great scheme, which involved as its initial undertaking the providing of Newfoundland with the means of telegraphic communication. The two attempts to lay the submarine cable between Cape Ray and Cape Breton followed, the second a success. Next in order came the expedition of 1857-'58, by means of which telegraphic communication was established between the continent of America and the island of Newfoundland.

When, in 1865 and 1866, attempts were made to lay the Atlantic cable, Mr. Field assisted, in connection with other eminent business men, foreign and American, in this gigantic undertaking, which, in the second of these years, proved successful. His labors at this time involved more than fifty passages across the Atlantic, and were rewarded with the acknowledgment of his fellow-citizens, taking the form of a gold medal voted to him and some of his fellow-workers by the Congress of the United States. Abroad, his services in this connection have been flatteringly recognized, including the bestowal of the grand medal by the Exposition of Paris. His latest great business enterprise was that of assisting in the construction of the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad of New York, by a company of which he was president.

RUSSELL SAGE.

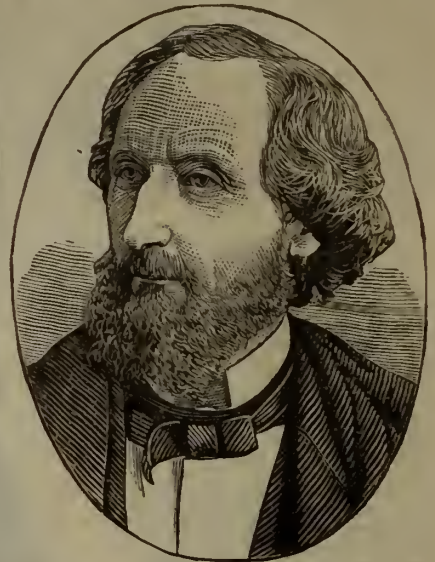
For a period approaching a quarter of a century, ever since the year 1860, Mr. Russell Sage has transacted business on Wall Street, and is now a millionaire the extent of whose wealth is only guessed at, but probably exceeds the number of millions represented by the fingers and thumbs of both hands. He is a native of New York State, born at Verona, Oneida County, August 15, 1816. His parents were poor, and he received a very limited education. When fifteen years old, he entered the grocery business as



WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.

assistant to his brother Henry Sage, who "ran" a small store at Troy, N. Y., and with whom he remained three years. During this engagement, as in the operations of the playground previously, young Sage is said to have manifested peculiar aptitude in trading and a disposition to take care of what this commercial instinct brought him. When eighteen years old, he took a step in advance by associating himself as partner with his brother Elsiea. The brothers conducted a grocery and provision business, to which the younger

of them added transactions of a profitable character, which included trading in horses. In all his multifarious business, Mr. Sage was straightforward and honorable. "Old Integrity," as he is sometimes called on Wall Street, has always acted in a manner not compromising to his good name. His integrity, in fact, has proved a strong element in his success. Incessant and well-directed effort by the partners gave them the means to buy a ship in which their country produce was transported to New York for sale.



CYRUS W. FIELD.

When, in the course of time the partnership with Elsiea was dissolved, Russell became a member of the firm of Bates & Sage, upon the dissolution of which he began business alone. Afterwards as the junior partner of Slocum & Sage, he continued to be interested in heavy transactions in grain, beef, pork and flour, and in packing beef and pork in the West. By contracting to supply beef and other provisions to the United States Navy, Mr. Sage's capital was augmented. Troy, of course, shared in the prosperity of the young merchant, who was one of the founders of the Bank of Troy, and afterwards a director and Vice-President of that prosperous institution. In 1852, the consolidation of certain railroads between Albany and Buffalo resulted in the formation of the New York Central Railroad. The city of Troy, which had originally owned the Schenectady and Troy Railroad, had sold it to ex-Governor E. D. Morgan at such a low price that he was able to make a large profit by disposing of it to the New York Central. Mr. Sage was interested in this sale, his first railroad transaction. He afterwards, in 1857, bought an interest in the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, and increased his share in the system of railroads now known as that of Milwaukee and St. Paul, by subsequent investments; and by dint of courage and fight, as well as financial scheming, was rich in stocks and bonds at the outbreak of the Civil War. He acted as a director of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad for a considerable time, until 1874, when he withdrew in consequence of a dispute with its President. As was stated before, he entered Wall Street in 1860. He was at that time worth about \$800,000. Since then he has been one of the largest stockholders of the Importers' and Traders' Bank of New York City. In 1872, he began to sell privileges as a business, and is best known as an operator on Wall Street in this connection. Mr. Sage was largely interested in the sale of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company's business to the Western Union. He has an office in William Street, New York, an unpretending place, but the center of great wealth and an unflinching vigilance.

Mr. Sage has made quite a reputation in politics. He is an ardent Republican, as he had been before an ardent Whig. He served as an Alderman in Troy from 1843 to 1850, and was Treasurer of Rensselaer County from 1848 to 1851. In 1848, he served as delegate in the Whig National Convention, wherein he distinguished himself in the interest of Henry Clay. Beaten while running for Congress in 1850, two years afterward he was triumphantly returned as a Representative to the Thirty-third Congress. In 1854, he was re-elected, and in 1856 distin-

gushed himself by a speech on the Kansas and Slavery questions. Only a year afterward, he retired from politics, after having made himself a good record in Congress both as a debater and committee-man.

Russell Sage's eminence rests chiefly upon his prominence "on the street," where his integrity is as remarkable as his astuteness. It should not be forgotten that Mr. Sage has church connections, in which his contributions have been sometimes conspicuous.

AUGUST BELMONT.

This famous New York banker was born in Alzey, in the Palatinate, on the left bank of the Rhine, in 1816. When but thirteen years of age he entered the banking house of the Rothschilds, and in April, 1837, came to this country as their American correspondent.

Though a very young man, he established a banking house in May, 1837, which has steadily grown, under his careful supervision, until today it stands among the first in the world.

With the exception of the four years when Mr. Belmont was minister to The Hague, he has resided in the United States, and during the forty-six years of active business life has amassed a very large fortune. He has taken an active interest in the politics of the nation, and was chairman of the National Democratic Committee from 1860 to 1872. During his residence in this country, he has attained, not only prominence as a financial manager, but also popularity as a gentleman and a staunch advocate of manhood and honesty.

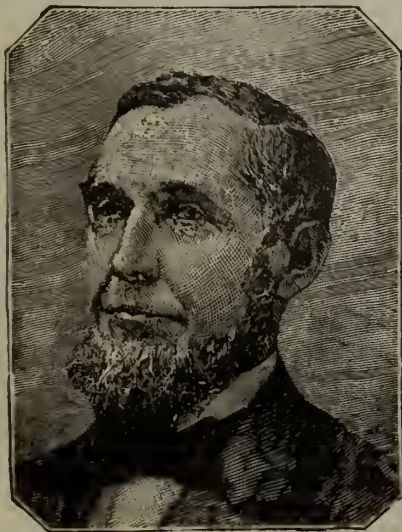
A slight lameness in his walk is the result of a duel with Mr. Hayward of South Carolina, whose insulting and uncalled for remarks at Niblo's Garden, in August, 1841, led Mr. Belmont to seek redress upon the field of honor, in accordance with the rules of the code. Mr. Hayward was not injured, but Mr. Belmont received a bullet wound in the thigh which gave him serious trouble for a long time.

Mr. Belmont has the strong face and characteristics of a thorough business man, and, though he has a quick, impulsive temper, yet, in conversation, he is mild and courteous to a high degree. He has a decided aversion to notoriety, is modest and unassuming, and his cheeks flush as readily as a girl's at words of commendation.

He claims that his life has been that of a plain business man. Success has produced an effect in him, too seldom found among prominent individuals, that of drawing him nearer to his fellow men, rather than exalting him to a supercilious atmosphere above them.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Chauncey M. Depew was born in Peekskill, New York State, in the year 1835. He is of an



RUSSELL SAGE.

old Huguenot family of note, which emigrated to this country during the religious persecutions in France, and settled on the banks of the Hudson while the colony was under the dominion of the Dutch. From his childhood he had many social advantages and incentives to the success which has for so far crowned his career. He was educated at Yale, and early determining to devote himself to the law, he entered upon its

study soon after he had graduated. His father, who was a staunch Democrat, although proud of his promise and attainments, found to his mortification that young Chauncey had studied a branch of social science, or rather adopted views which, although not necessarily pertaining to the curriculum of his Alma Mater, disturbed some of the traditions of his more immediate ancestors—in a word, he had become a Republican.



AUGUST BELMONT.

"What!" said the old gentleman, on being complimented on the brilliancy of the earliest political speech of his son—"what! call that Republican stuff brilliant? I sent him to college a sensible fellow, but he has come back a fool"—a conclusion which has since been regarded as somewhat precipitate and premature.

Mr. Depew was called to the bar in 1858, and devoted himself most assiduously and successfully to his profession. That he did not abandon politics, however, is evident from the fact that in 1861 he was elected to the Assembly of his native State, and was re-elected in 1862. Although the youngest member of the House of 1863, he was brought forward by his party as candidate for Speaker, and on the election of Callicott became Chairman of Ways and Means, which elevated him to the leadership of the House. In the same year he was elected Secretary of State by over thirty thousand majority, and served one year under Governor Seymour's administration, and one year under Governor Fenton's. Being at the period but about twenty-seven years of age, his party, as alleged with a view to concealing his youth, proposed that he should wear a long coat and a high shirt collar; but he demurred, as we understand, setting forth as a reason that he was installed as Secretary of State and not as Deacon of the House.

In 1866 Mr. Depew was appointed United States Minister to Japan by Mr. Seward, but held the post for one month only, as, on second consideration, he found it would interfere too seriously with his professional career. In 1872 he united himself with the Horace Greeley party, and accepted the nomination as Lieutenant Governor with Francis Kernan, but failed to achieve success. He did not, however, lose his position in the Republican party, for in 1874 he was elected by a Republican Legislature Regent of the University, which position he holds for life.

In 1867 he was appointed attorney of a division of the New York Central Railroad, and was subsequently made general counsel of the law department of that corporation. In this position he gained the entire confidence of the elder Vanderbilt, and was fortunate in securing that of the successor of the famous millionaire also. To accomplish a feat so difficult required no ordinary judgment, experience, and tact; and the fact of his success in this relation alone would be sufficient to establish his claims as a gentleman of the most consummate tact and talent.

Although an admirable speaker under any circumstances, it is in an after-dinner speech that he shines with a brilliancy at once fascinating and

peculiarly his own. Here his wit, humor, and eloquence are models of perfection. On one occasion, being called on unexpectedly to make a speech at a St. George's dinner, during the course of his observations he objected to the unfairness with which he was treated in not having been given time to prepare an address, when the chairman and other speakers had studied their speeches for three weeks, and had them then and there written in their pockets. The chairman, who was not aware of the inveterate humorist's love of a joke, took the matter seriously, and starting to his feet exclaimed, "'Pon my honor, gentlemen, so far as I am concerned, there is not a word of truth in that statement.'" At a St. Andrew's festival on another occasion, he observed that whenever he came among Scotchmen he heard them laughing at jokes he had listened to a year before at other dinners. Upon which a petulant son of St. Andrew said, when he resumed his seat, "A, weel, Maister Depew, I dinna see onything verra funny in your observations about the auld jokes o' last year." "Of counsel of course! my friend," replied the incorrigible Chauncey, "that's what I have been endeavoring to get at. The time has not come for you yet. Wait till the next anniversary, and you will see the fun of it as clear as day."

WHITELAW REID.

JOURNALISTS by the name of Reid, spelled in one of its several practicable ways, are numerous on both sides the North Atlantic. They are all of them Scotchmen or of Scotch descent. The most fortunate, if not the most brilliant, of his contemporary scribbling namesakes is Whitelaw Reid, who edits the paper "founded by Horace Greeley," and is one of its proprietors. He was born at Xenia, Ohio, in October, 1837. His parents gave him a good education. At fifteen he entered the Miami University, at Oxford, Butler County, Ohio, where he was graduated in 1856. He began the active duties of life as principal of the graded schools in South Charleston, Clark County, in the same State, but did not continue in this occupation long. In 1857 he bought the *Xenia News*, and did such good work on that journal as to give it a notoriety wide as the State. This led to his engagement by the *Times* and *Gazette* of Cincinnati and the *Herald* of Cleveland, as their Columbus correspondent. The war gave him the opportunity of distinguishing himself as a correspondent at the seat of hostilities. He served the Cincinnati *Gazette* in this capacity, and in 1862 became a stockholder of that journal, the publication of which he subsequently assisted in the capacity of associate editor. His connection with the New York *Tribune* began with his being the editor in charge of its Washington bureau. He ventured upon the publication of a volume in the year 1865. It was entitled "After the War—A Southern Tour," and



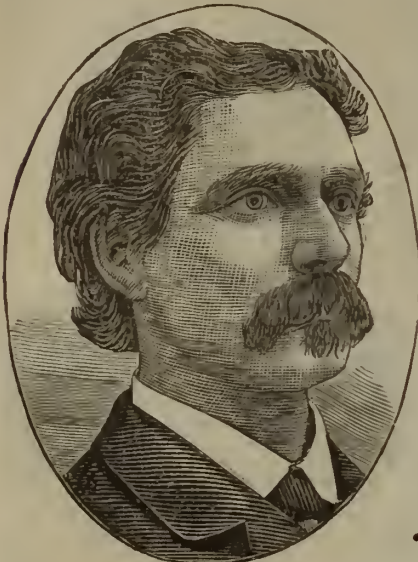
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

recorded observations made in company with Chief-Justice Chase on an extensive range of travel. Reid published another book in 1868, "Ohio in the War," a work of considerable length and value. He became permanently an editor on the staff of the *Tribune* in 1870, and when Horace Greeley was a candidate for the presidency, assumed the position of managing editor. Possibly his ability as an editor is not equal to

his superiority as an elegant and forceful writer. Mr. Reid's position as a leader in politics has been strengthened recently by the consideration sure to attend a man who, after being a bachelor many years, succeeds in marrying a beauty worth a million of dollars.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

The second bearer of this name became proprietor of the New York *Herald* upon the death



WHITELAW REID.

of his father, June 1, 1872. America's most enterprising newspaper was then about thirty-seven years old, as now the first in value and costly newness of *Cis-Atlantic* journals. Young Bennett was then only twenty-five years of age. Inheriting the enterprise as well as the magnificent newspaper property built up by his father, under his management its triumphs have exceeded those of its earlier history. People who dislike the views of the *Herald* and find, as they believe, greater scholarship and literary ability in some other papers, feel the comfortable assurance, when they open Mr. Bennett's sheet, that they possess the news of the day, with nothing of importance omitted in all its departments. Remarkable instances of unrivaled enterprise in the management of the *Herald* are easily recalled. In 1866 Mr. Bennett paid seven thousand dollars in gold for the transmission of King Wilhelm's speech after the battle of Sadowa. When our English cousins invaded Abyssinia, in 1868, the *Herald's* dispatches from the seat of Lord Napier's military operations were mentioned with appreciation by the London *Times*. In 1871 Mr. Bennett sent an expedition to Africa in search of Sir Samuel Baker, then exploring the sources of the Nile. A year after came the news that Stanley, a correspondent of the *Herald*, had found Livingstone. The recent Bennett expedition to the Arctic regions needs no mention. Calculations as to the value of the *Herald* place it among the millions. Its proprietor spends the greater portion of his time in Europe, but is understood to be in daily communication with his paper, by means of the Atlantic cable. His intention, in association with other enterprising newspaper men, to provide a cable for the transmission of news and other matter, independent of the alleged annoyances which accompany the use of those in employment at the present time, is regarded with favor.

PHILIP J. A. HARPER.

The firm of Harper & Brothers, the famous publishers of books and periodicals, as at present constituted consists of the following gentlemen: Philip J. A. Harper and John W. Harper; who reside in Queens County, New York; Joseph Ahner Harper, of Orange County, New York, and Fletcher Harper, Joseph W. Harper, Jr., and Joseph Henry Harper, of New York City. These gentlemen are sons of the original members of the firm. Others of the family are employed in the house. As the Harpers are a marrying and prolific race, there seems to be no possibility of the book-publishing business being deprived of their representation for generations.

From 1825 to 1869 the firm consisted of four brothers: James Harper, born in 1795; John, born in 1797; Joseph Wesley, commonly called Wesley, born in 1801; and Fletcher, born in 1806. James died March 17, 1869, from injuries received from being thrown from his carriage; Wesley died February 14, 1870; John, April 22, 1875; and Fletcher, May 29, 1877. The Harper business originated with the two elder brothers, in the year 1817, under the firm name of J. & J. Harper. In 1833, the other brothers, who had been in the employment of their seniors, were admitted to partnership, and the name was changed to what it is at present. By 1840 the Harper printing, binding and publishing business had grown to such size that it occupied several buildings on both sides of Cliff Street, New York, but these were soon found to be too small, and in 1850 a fine building was erected on Franklin Square, which was destroyed shortly after its occupation. The present Harper Building rose from its ashes. It is one of the most complete establishments in the world, and covers about half an acre. The structure is fire-proof, strong, well-lighted and ventilated and handsome. It consists of two parts connected by iron bridges, and inclosing a court-yard. The Franklin Square portion is five stories above ground, and that fronting on Cliff Street, six. In the Harper establishment is included the store, the editors' rooms, artists and engravers' rooms, composing and electrotyping departments, rooms for printing, drying and pressing, folding, sewing and covering, and binding. Besides these there are facilities for producing every kind of pictures used in their books and periodicals. Visitors are allowed to inspect the whole of the building excepting that portion appropriated to the use of the artists and engravers.

PETER COOPER.

No man was more honored and loved than the venerable Peter Cooper, whose death is mourned as a public loss. Mr. Cooper was born in New York City, February 12th, 1791. His father served as a lieutenant in the Revolution, after which he established a hat factory, where young Peter worked. In 1803 he was apprenticed to a coachmaker, who esteemed him so highly that he offered to start him in business, which was declined. Young Peter was able to attend school but half of each day for a single year. From 1812 to 1815, he manufactured a patent machine for shearing wool, which was in great demand, but lost its value on the conclusion of peace. He successively engaged in the manufacture of cabinet ware, the grocery business and in the manufacture of glue and isinglass, which



JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

last he continued for more than forty years. The success which everywhere crowned his efforts he attributed to his never incurring a debt and so never having interest to pay. His policy was never to owe any man anything except good will. He built iron works near Baltimore in 1830, and turned out the first locomotive engine in America. Selling this soon after, he erected a rolling and wire mill, in which anthracite coal was first successfully applied to puddling iron.

In 1845, he erected at Trenton, New Jersey, the largest mills then in the United States for the manufacture of railroad iron. Here, he was the first to roll iron beams for building purposes. He invested a large capital in extending the electric telegraph, and advocated the construction of the Croton Aqueduct, New York. The Erie Canal project received his hearty support, and he invented an endless chain operated by water, which in trial propelled a boat two miles in eleven minutes.



PHILIP J. A. HARPER.

But his chief title to fame rests upon his efforts in behalf of popular education. He was Vice-President of the old Public School Society, where it was merged in the Board of Education. To give the masses the benefits of the School of Technology he established in New York, in 1858, the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art. The building covers the block between Seventh and Eighth Streets and Third and Fourth Avenues, and cost \$2,000,000. To this he added an endowment of \$150,000 in cash, and other gifts.

Free instruction is given in all branches of drawing, painting, telegraphy, photography, wood-engraving, besides mathematics, practical chemistry, and engineering; and free lectures are given in natural philosophy and the elements of chemistry. Over \$50,000 are annually expended in maintaining this institution, the library containing over 10,000 volumes, and some 300 papers and periodicals being kept in the reading room.

Mr. Cooper survived all the companions of his youth. At his birth New York had but 27,000 inhabitants. He lived under every administration, and remembered the services held in New York on Washington's death. He was full of reminiscences of the past history of New York and of the country. He recalled the stockade built to keep out the Indians, and the rail fence around the negro burying ground, the subsequent site of Stewart's wholesale store. He related these incidents with peculiar pride. His modesty was equalled only by his generosity and public spirit. The only monument he desired was his consciousness of having done good to his fellowmen. He urged the establishment of great lending libraries with reading and lecture rooms. When his ninety-second birthday was observed, he presented a copy of his "Ideas for a Science of Government" to each of his visitors.

His career shows him to have been one of the greatest of Americans and the noblest of men. He learned three trades before he was twenty-one; his genius enabled him to rank high as an inventor; he was pre-eminently a man of affairs, his knowledge of men and business securing success in every venture; and most important of all, he was a broad and practical philanthropist, who labored constantly for the elevation and advancement of the masses of the people.

His son Edward Cooper, was at one time Mayor of New York, and a daughter is the wife of the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt.

ABRAM S. HEWITT.

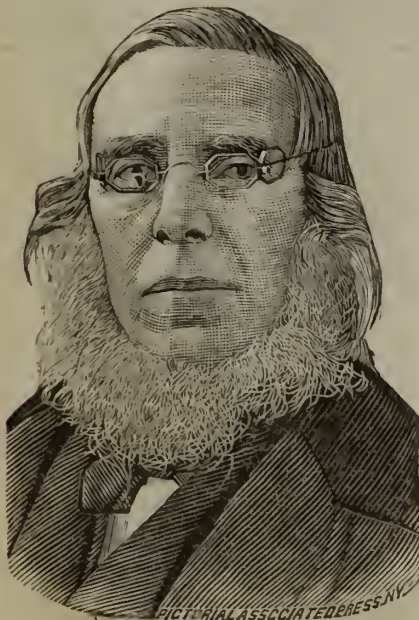
Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, a prominent manufacturer and politician, was born at Haverstraw, N.

Y., July 31, 1822. He obtained his early education in the public schools of New York City, where he gained a prize scholarship in Columbia College, from which institution he graduated in 1842. He was appointed Professor of Mathematics the next year, and, having read law, he was admitted to the bar in 1845. But, as the failure of his eyesight precluded the practice of his profession he soon engaged in the iron business with Peter Cooper, under the firm name of Cooper & Hewitt. In 1867, he was appointed a member of the U. S. Scientific Commission to visit the Paris Exposition, and wrote the report on iron and steel. He has managed the Cooper Union, founded by his father-in-law, Peter Cooper, since its establishment in 1854.

Mr. Hewitt has long been conspicuous in politics, taking an active part in the Presidential campaigns of 1876 and 1880. He held close political relations with Mr. Tilden, and his connection with the Morcy letter is still fresh in the public mind. Mr. Hewitt was elected to Congress in 1874 and 1876, and again in 1880 and 1882, representing the Tenth District of New York.

HON. S. S. COX.

"Sunset" Cox, as he is popularly called, or Samuel Sullivan Cox, as he was baptized, is a grandson of James Cox, who was a Congressman before him, as well as a brigadier-general of New Jersey militia, and a Democratic politician of note. Samuel's father left the old homestead at Monmouth some time after James Cox's death and emigrated to Ohio, settling at Zanesville, where Samuel S. was born on the 30th of September, 1824. The boy, after passing through the common school curriculum of those days, was sent to the Ohio University, where, however, he did not finish his collegiate career, but went to Brown University, at Providence, R. I., where he graduated in the class of 1846. He studied law, went back to Ohio, and began to practice in the courts. He did not, however, take kindly to the profession, and after a trip in Europe, the story of which he told in "A Buckeye Abroad," he, in 1853, became the editor of the *Ohio Statesman*, published at Columbus. In 1855 he was appointed Secretary of Legation to Peru by the Pierce Administration, and on his return he cultivated politics, and was elected from the Columbus (O.) District to the 35th Congress, which was in session during the momentous period just preceding the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President. He stood nobly



PETER COOPER.

by the Union, and was rewarded by being returned successively to the 37th and 38th Congresses. In 1864 he was defeated, however, by the Republican candidate, and he removed to New York City in the following spring. Here he wrote his "Eight Years in Congress," an interesting volume of personal observations and experiences. The interval between his removal from Ohio to New York and in his election from a New York district, Mr. Cox passed either in travels abroad or in writing amusing books about these travels. In 1868 he

first appeared as a candidate in New York City, and was elected by a large majority over Starr, his Republican opponent, which was greatly augmented two years after when Horace Greeley ran against him. In 1872, however, when he ran for Congressman-at-Large against Lyman Tremaine, he was defeated. He was, however, a few months after, chosen to fill the seat made vacant by the death of James Brooks, and since then he has been constantly in Congress, doing good service, not only by his wit and vivacity in debate, but also by his adroitness on committees.



A. S. HEWITT.

His work on the latter has never been fully appreciated by the public generally. His freedom from partisan bitterness, together with his winning personal qualities, have made him as great a favorite among Republicans as his mastery of parliamentary law and constant readiness to enter into the thick of a party engagement has made him a necessity to the Democrats. He has now served in the House almost twenty years longer than any other member in it.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

At the head and front of those members of the Republican party who deprecate what they are pleased to consider the tyranny of the party machine, and as the leading political writer on *Harper's Weekly*, in which widely circulated journal his views are regularly presented, George William Curtis occupies a leading position among men of the hour.

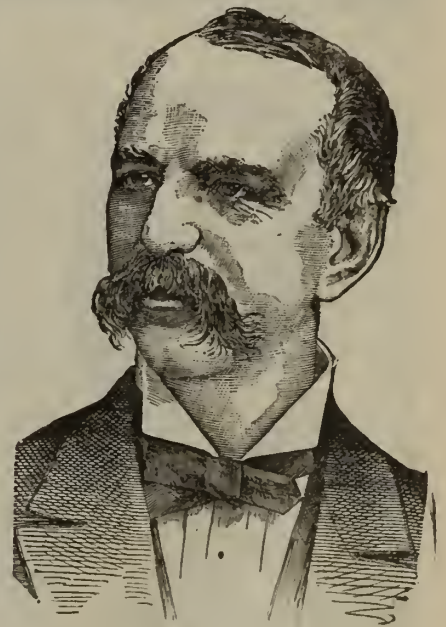
Mr. Curtis is of Massachusetts descent, but was born in Providence, Rhode Island, about fifty-eight years ago. It was his father's intention that he should be a dry goods merchant, and at the age of fifteen he was placed in the counting-room of an importer doing business in New York City. Two years afterward he had relinquished trading pursuits and had become a member of the community at Brook Farm. A worshiper of Emerson, he next turned up at Concord, and began the practice of agriculture. In another two years he had found his way to Europe, Egypt, and Syria. When he returned to America in 1850, he published his "Nile Notes of a Howadji." As a member of the staff of the *New York Tribune*, he wrote that series of watering-place letters which he afterward published in a book entitled "Lotus Eating." His "Howadji in Syria" was his next literary venture, and proved a flattering success. His well-known "Potiphar Papers" were first published in *Putnam's Magazine*, of which he was for a time one of the editors. The failure of Putnam & Co., a house in which he was financially interested, involved him in obligations which he faithfully discharged by the work of ten years. "Trumpet," a novel, first saw the light in *Harper's Weekly*. The "Easy Chair" of the *Monthly* is Mr. Curtis's. With it, it is said \$25,000 a year, Mr. Curtis has a refined and elegant home on Staten Island. He is eminently successful as a public speaker, and frequently appears on the lecture platform.

EDWIN BOOTH.

Edwin Booth, the celebrated tragedian, is fifty years of age, and has been on the stage upwards of thirty years. Like Warren, he is the son of a great English actor, Junius Brutus Booth, who came to this country in 1821. Edwin was born in the homestead of his father's farm near Baltimore, the seventh of ten children, in November, 1833. He was associated with his father in the vicissitudes of his career from being a mere child. His first appearance was made September 10, 1849, at the Boston Museum, as *Tressil* in Gibber's version of "Richard III." He visited California in 1852 with his father, who left him there, and during the next four years he roughed it in that new country, Australia and the Sandwich Islands. The elder Booth died soon after he returned East from California. Edwin came home in the fall of 1856, and began a brilliant engagement in Baltimore. From thence he made a tour of the South, and became well-known in the principal cities of the United States by the year 1860, when he sailed for England. Before his return in 1862 he had played in London, Liverpool and Manchester. From September 21, 1863, to March 23, 1867, when it was burned down, he managed the Winter Garden Theatre, New York City, where he produced splendid revivals of standard plays. Booth's Theatre was opened February 3, 1869. In the spring of 1874 it passed into other hands, after Booth had spent a million dollars on it. His tour in the South, in 1876, was a succession of triumphs. He is received with enthusiasm everywhere in the United States, for example, thirty-six thousand dollars were taken during an eight weeks' engagement at San Francisco. In 1880 he made his second professional visit to England, where his acting made a great impression. Mr. Booth's first wife died young, his brother was the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, and Booth's Theatre swallowed up the accumulation of his early manhood. He works with conscientious diligence against all obstacles, and is the most popular actor in the country. His *Hamlet* and *Iago* are perhaps his best personations of a number comprising the most important and difficult parts assumed by the actor.

LESTER WALLACE.

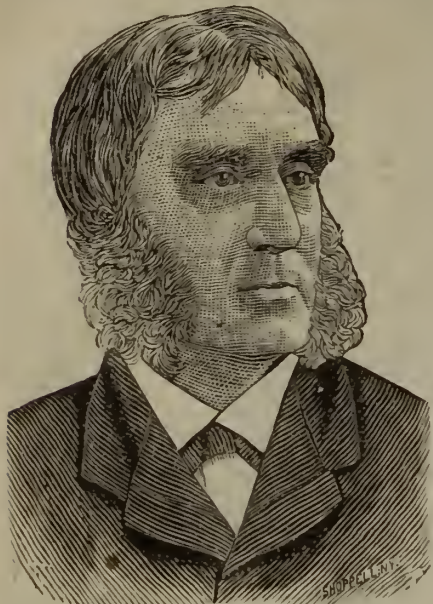
John Lester Wallace was born in New York City, in the year 1819. His father was an Englishman named James William Wallace. He began his acquaintance with the stage while very



S. S. COX.

young, and soon became a popular actor, the more rapidly as he was favored with a most attractive appearance. While on a visit to England he married a daughter of Millais, the painter. At the outbreak of the Crimean war, he purchased a commission in the English army, which he sold after three days' experience in actual campaigning. He then resumed his profession as an actor, in which he displayed remarkable ability in romantic parts. Upon the decease of his father, who was a manager in New York, he assumed the management of Wal-

lack's Theatre, at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Broadway. After nearly twenty years there he removed up-town, and is now the fortunate proprietor of the beautiful house at the corner of Thirtieth Street and Broadway, in which, by an arrangement between Mr. Wallack and a brother manager, Mr. Abbey, Mrs. Langtry made her first appearance before the American public. Wallack's, as his theatre is popularly known, may be regarded, perhaps, as the headquarters of first-class comedy. The company comprises only such persons as rank among the foremost



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

in their profession. Mr. Wallack makes occasional appearances in his theatre and elsewhere, and always commands the attendance of an appreciative assembly. He is a gentleman of culture and considerable wealth, whose reputation as a manager is unexcelled for liberality and the ability of the many actors and actresses he has succeeded in engaging.

HORACE B. CLAFIN.

The statement is hardly, if at all, questionable that Horace B. Clafin is the head of the largest exclusively wholesale dry goods business in the United States. He was born at Milford, Massachusetts, in the year 1812, the son of a leading merchant in that place and one of the principal men in the local Presbyterian church. The Clafins are descended from a Puritan ancestry who came to the United States at an early date after the settlement of New England. Horace was educated in the school of his native town and early initiated into business at his father's store, where the stock of goods on sale was even of a more miscellaneous character than is now common in such places. Having attained his majority he associated himself with Samuel Daniels in the purchase of his father's business. The partners had hardly begun business when they decided to discontinue the sale of alcoholic liquors, and closed out their stock of the same by pouring it into the street. Contrary to his father's opinion as to what would be the effect of this radical proceeding, young Clafin and his partner prospered during the two years they were together at Milford. After this time they removed to Worcester in the same State, and opened a business there, which during the ten years that Mr. Clafin's interest was continued in it, became one of the leading houses in New England. Messrs. Hardin and Hunt were partners with Mr. Clafin in the latter part of his time at Worcester (Mr. Daniels had retired), and when he determined upon removing to New York, bought his interest.

Mr. Clafin began his career in New York with a capital of thirty thousand dollars. In July, 1843, he and William H. Buckley opened a wholesale dry-goods store in Cedar Street, where, during the first year, they did a business of a quarter of a million. By 1849 it had grown to three times that magnitude, and the firm removed into larger quarters next year. Mr. Buckley retired in 1851, and a new partnership was formed, with Mr. Clafin as its head. In 1853 a removal was made to the Trinity Building

built by the firm in the neighborhood of Trinity Church, with the expectation that it would prove large enough. This proved a mistake, however, and in 1861 the premises now occupied by H. B. Clafin & Co. were opened by them. The firm, by the way, had been changed as to its style and membership shortly before this time. Their principal building stands on a site measuring three hundred and seventy-five feet on Worth Street, eighty on Church and the same length on West Broadway. The adjacent lot, also occupied by a building, is one hundred feet long and eighty feet in width. Both buildings are seven stories in height, including basements and sub-cellars. About a thousand persons are employed in this gigantic establishment, which contains every facility for the display of goods and the transaction of business. Large salaries are paid responsible men, and an ambitious, capable young fellow is sure of encouragement if so fortunate as to obtain employment at H. B. Clafin & Co's. As long ago as 1866 the sales of the house were seventy-two million dollars a year. Mr. Clafin has proved himself a master-spirit in commerce. In time of depression and panic as well as of the greatest prosperity, he has shown himself to be self-possessed and full of resources. His business honor is as widely known as his gigantic enterprises reach. He is a kindly, genial old man, never happier than with his family and friends, a gentleman and philanthropist.

HORACE K. THURBER.

Horace K. Thurber was born fifty-three years ago at Delhi, Delaware County, New York State. He received a fair education, and began business life as clerk in a bank where, among other things, he learned to be a neat and beautiful penman. When age and the condition of his purse made the experiment desirable, he opened a small store at a place on the Erie Railroad called Addison. This was but a trifling occupation for a young fellow cherishing such great mercantile aspirations as he. Accordingly he sold out and went to New York City, where he acted as a clerk for a time with a merchant named Henry Harms. Charles Pratt, of illuminating oil notoriety, was a fellow-clerk with him in Mr. Harms's establishment, and the two made an arrangement that the one who made ten thousand dollars the first should give the other a Mexican silver dollar. Pratt won the wager, but afterwards received assistance in working out his colossal projects from his quondam associate. During his clerkship with Mr. Harms, Mr. Thurber became acquainted with a shrewd German

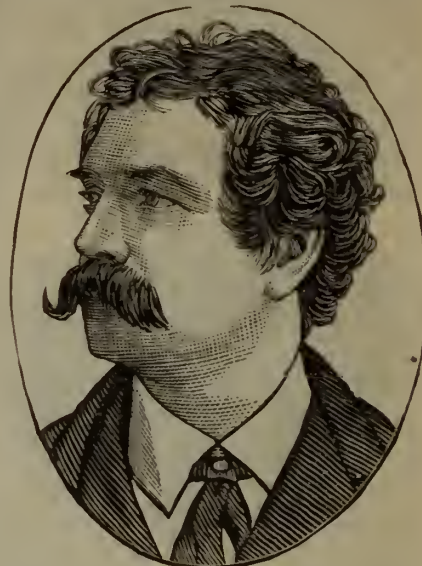


EDWIN BOOTH.

named Pupke, from which resulted an intimacy and the formation of the firm of Pupke & Thurber, who did business at the corner of Chambers and Greenwich Streets. The partners worked hard night and day, and made money after the first year; and that one year is the only one, by the way, in Mr. Thurber's experience as a business man, in which he has not made money. Between fifteen and sixteen years ago, Mr. Francis B. Thurber, his brother, became associated with him in business. The partnership of H. K. and F. B. Thurber & Co. consists, at the present

time, of the brothers and ten junior partners. Their business is the largest of the kind in the United States, and one of the largest in the world. An idea of its vastness may be gathered from a brief description of the premises occupied.

Within massive brick walls of five stories high, above cellar and sub-cellars, are housed the delicacies of every clime. This building adjoins the bonded warehouse. The coffee warehouse adjoins it in turn. Here from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds of coffee are roasted per day and packed for shipment. Passing through a



LESTER WALLACK.

narrow passage, a structure seven stories high and covering a plot measuring seventy-five feet by a hundred feet is reached. This contains the spice factory, and, among other things, the printing establishment, with something like seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of labels ready for use. The fruit preserving and farinaceous food departments are also in this building, giving employment to hundreds of women. A high wall separates the last building described into two parts, so that those already mentioned make four buildings distinct and separate from the main warehouse, which is only a few blocks distant, and the headquarters of the firm situated in another part of the city. This is built of brick, and covers a block. It has six stories with cellar and sub-cellar. Merchants from all parts of the United States buy here, as busy a place as there is to be seen in New York. Besides these, the Thurbers have their own houses in London and Bordeaux, and are represented in every market in the world either buying for the house or selling the American food products prepared by them. At Moorestown, New Jersey, is their canned goods factory, which covers four acres of ground, where four hundred people are employed and aided in their work with the newest and best mechanical appliances. In the summer about a million and a quarter cans of tomatoes are packed, and large quantities of corn, peaches, peas, beans, asparagus, pineapples, pears and plums. Meats, poultry, mince-meat, plum-pudding, apples, etc., are packed later in the season. The warehouse adjoins the railroad. It has capacity for three million, six hundred thousand cans.

THE LATE A. T. STEWART.

In the year 1819, a European vessel anchored in the harbor of New York, after a long and weary voyage from the old world. She brought many passengers to the young metropolis, most of whom came with the intention of seeking their fortunes in this land of promise.

Among them was a young Irishman, who had left his humble home in his native county of Tyrone, in Ireland, to seek in America the means of bettering his condition. He was in his twenty-fourth year, having been born in 1795, and was possessed of a good education, backed by sound health and an indomitable determination to succeed. He was poor, however, and when he landed in New York he was without friends.

He had been educated with a view to entering the ministry, and his first effort after reaching New York was to procure a school. He was enc-

cessful to a certain extent, and for nearly three years taught a small number of pupils at No. 59 Rose Street.

School-teaching, however, did not suit him, though he managed to save some money from the proceeds of his labors. A relative in Europe died about this time and left him a small legacy, with which he determined to enter into business for himself, and in 1822, soon after the terrible epidemic of yellow fever that year, he established himself as a retail dry goods merchant in a frame building on Broadway, just opposite where his former wholesale horsestands. His entire cash capital was between twelve and fifteen hundred dollars, and the prospect before him was not inviting. His store was small, being only twenty-two feet wide by twenty deep, and was situated next door to the then famous Bonafanti, who kept the most popular and best-known variety store of the day.

About this time Mr. Stewart married Miss Cornelia Clineh, an estimable lady of New York, who is still living, and who proved a noble helpmate to him in his early struggles. The young couple lived in one small room over the store, and the wife took care of the domestic arrangements while the husband attended to his business below.

Without mercantile experience, and possessing no advantage but his own unaided determination to succeed, Mr. Stewart started boldly on what proved to be the road to fortune. No young merchant ever worked harder than he. From fourteen to eighteen hours each day were given to his business. He was his own bookkeeper, salesman, and porter. He could not afford to employ any help. Credit was hard to obtain in those days, and young merchants were not favorites with those who had such favors to bestow, and Mr. Stewart was one of the least favored, inasmuch as he was almost a total stranger to the business community in which he lived. He kept a small stock of goods on hand, which he purchased for cash chiefly at the auction sales. He was a regular attendant at these sales, and his purchases were invariably "sample lots"—that is, collections of small quantities of various articles thrown together in confusion, and sold in heaps for what they would bring. He had these purchases conveyed to his store, and after the business of the day was over he and his wife would take these "sample lots," and by carefully assorting them bring order out of the confusion. Every article was patiently gone over. Gloves were redressed and smoothed out, laces pressed free from the creases which careless bidders had twisted into them, and hose made to look as fresh as if they had never been

It is said that when he entered upon his business he knew so little of the details of it that he was sometimes sorely embarrassed by occurrences insignificant in themselves. Upon one occasion he is said to have accosted the late William Beecher (from whom he bought many goods), as follows: "Mr. Beecher, a lady came into my store to-day and asked me to show her some hose. I did not know what the goods were, and told her I did not keep the article. What did she want?" Mr. Beecher quietly held up a pair of stockings before him, and Stewart,



HORACE K. THURBER.

bursting into a laugh at his own simplicity, went back to his store a wiser man.

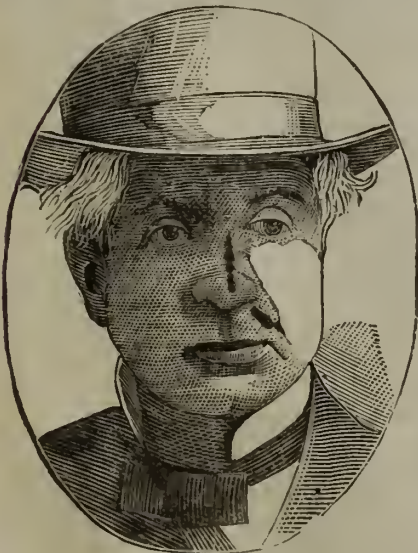
While still engaged in his first struggles in his little store, Mr. Stewart found himself called on to make arrangements to pay a note which would soon become due. It was for a considerable sum, and he had neither the money nor the means of borrowing it. It was a time when the mercantile community of New York regarded a failure to pay a note as a crime, and when such a failure was sure to bring ruin to a new man. Mr. Stewart knew this, and felt that he must act with greater resolution and daring than he had ever before exhibited, if he would save himself from dishonor. To meet the crisis he adopted a bold and skillful manœuvre. He marked down every article in his store far below the wholesale price. This done, he had a number of handbills printed, announcing that he would sell off his entire stock of goods below cost, within a given time. He scattered those bills broadcast through the city, and it was not long before purchasers began to flock to his store to secure the great bargains which his advertisements offered them. His terms were "cash," and he had little difficulty in selling. Purchasers found that they thus secured the best goods in the market at a lower figure than they had ever been offered before in New York, and each one was prompt to advise relatives and friends to avail themselves of the favorable opportunity. Customers were plentiful, the little Broadway store was thronged all day, and long before the expiration of the period he had fixed for the duration of his sales Mr. Stewart found his shelves empty and his treasury full. He paid his note with a part of the money he had thus received, and with the rest laid in a fresh stock of goods. He was fortunate in his purchases at this time, for, as the market was extremely dull and ready money scarce, he, by paying cash, bought his goods at very low prices.

The energy, industry, patience, and business tact displayed by Mr. Stewart these first years of his commercial life brought him their sure reward, and in 1823, just six years after commencing business, he found his little store too small and humble for the large and fashionable trade which had come to him. Three new stores had just been erected on Broadway, between Chambers and Warren Streets, and he leased the smallest of these, and moved into it. It was a modest building, only three stories high and thirty feet deep, but it was a great improvement on his original place. He was enabled to fill it with a larger and more attractive stock of goods, and his business was greatly benefited by the change. He remained in this

store for four years, and in 1832 removed to a two-story building, located on Broadway between Murray and Warren Streets. Soon after occupying it he was compelled, by the growth of his business, to add twenty feet to the depth of the store, and to add a third story to the building. A year or two later a fourth story was added, and in 1837 a fifth story, so rapidly did he prosper.

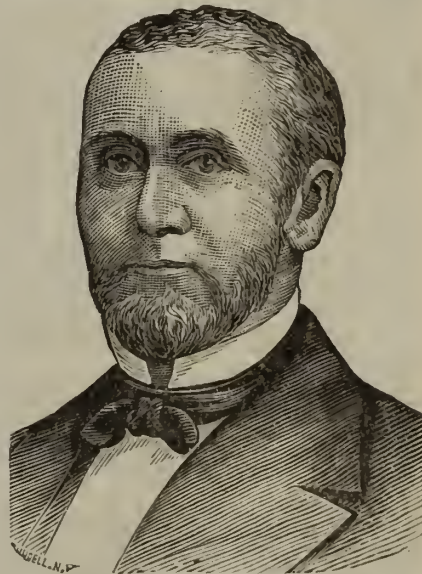
His trade was now with the wealthy and fashionable class of the city, and he had surmounted all his early difficulties and laid the foundations of that splendid fortune which he afterward won. The majority of his customers were ladies, and he now resolved upon an expedient for increasing their number. He had noticed that ladies in "shopping" were much given to the habit of gossiping and even flirting with the clerks, and he adopted the expedient of employing as his salesmen the handsomest men he could procure—a practice which has since become common. The plan was successful from the first. Women came to his store in greater numbers than before, and "Stewart's nice young men" were the talk of the town.

The great crisis of 1837 found Mr. Stewart a prosperous and rising man, and that terrible financial storm which wrecked so many of the best of the city firms did not so much as leave its mark on him. Indeed, while all other men were failing all around him, he was coining money. It had always been his habit to watch the market closely, in order to profit by any sudden change in it, and his keen sagacity enabled him to see the approach of the storm long before it burst, and to prepare for it. He at once marked down all his goods as low as possible, and began to "sell for cash," originating the system which is now so popular. The prices were very low, and the goods of the best quality. Everybody complained of the hard times, and all were glad to save money by availing themselves of "Stewart's bargains." In this way he carried on a retail cash trade of five thousand dollars per day in the midst of the most terrible crisis the country had ever seen. Other merchants were reduced to every possible expedient, and were compelled to send their goods to auction to be sold for what they would bring, so great was their need for ready money. Stewart attended all these auctions regularly, and purchased the goods thus offered. These he sold rapidly, by means of his "cost system," realizing an average of forty per cent. It is said that he purchased fifty thousand dollars' worth of silks in this way, and sold the whole lot in a few days, making a profit of twenty thousand dollars on the transaction. In this way he not only passed



HORACE B. CLAFLIN.

handled. Each article, being good in itself, was thus restored to its original excellence. The goods were then arranged in their proper places on the shelves of the store, and by being offered at a lower price than that charged by retail dealers elsewhere in the city, met with a ready sale. Even at this low price the profit was great, since they had been purchased for a mere trifle. For six years Mr. Stewart continued to conduct his business in this way, acquiring every day a larger and more profitable trade.



THE LATE A. T. STEWART.

through the "crisis," but made a fortune in the midst of it.

From that time his course was "onward and upward" to fortune. More than a quarter of a century ago he purchased the property which is now the site of his wholesale store, and commenced to erect the splendid marble warehouse which now bears his name. His friends were surprised at his temerity. They told him it was too far up-town, and on the wrong side of Broadway; but he quietly informed them that a few years would vindicate his wisdom and see his

store the center of the most flourishing business neighborhood of New York. His predictions have been more than realized. He moved into his new store in 1848, and continued to expand and enlarge his business every year. Some years ago he purchased the old Ninth Street Dutch Church and the lots adjacent to it, comprising the entire block lying between Ninth and Tenth Streets, Broadway and Fourth Avenue. When he found the retail trade going up-town, and deserting its old haunts below Canal Street, he erected a fine iron building at the corner of



HENRY BERGH.

Broadway and Tenth Street, to which he removed the retail department of his business, continuing his wholesale trade at his old store on Chambers Street. This new "upper store" has increased with the business, and now covers the entire block upon which it is erected, and is the largest, most complete, and magnificent establishment of its kind in the world.

Though he took no active part in politics, he was too much interested in public affairs, by reason of his immense wealth, not to watch them closely. He was satisfied, sometime before hostilities began during the rebellion, that war must come, and quietly set to work and made contracts with nearly all the manufacturers for all their productions for a considerable period of time. Accordingly, when the war did come, it was found that nearly all the articles of clothing, blankets, etc., needed for the army had been monopolized by him, because the same goods could not be purchased elsewhere. His profits on these transactions amounted to many millions of dollars, though it should be remarked that his dealings with the government were characterized by an unusual degree of liberality. The gains thus realized by him more than counterbalanced his losses by the sudden cessation of his Southern trade.

Mr. Stewart won all his great wealth fairly—not by trickery, deceit, or even by a questionable honesty, but by a series of mercantile transactions, the minutest of which is open to the most rigid scrutiny, and by a patience, energy, tact, industry, and genius of which few men are possessed.

Up to the time of his last illness he was one of the hardest workers in his establishment. He had partners to assist him in carrying on his immense business, but they were merely head clerks in the various departments and divided only the profits with him. He assumed the entire responsibility, and managed the entire trade of his firm, his partners acting merely as he directed.

He went to his business between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, stopping first at his upper store. He made a brief but thorough inspection of this establishment, ascertaining its wants, and satisfying himself that all was going on properly, and then repaired to his lower store, where he remained until business hours were over, and returned home between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. He worked hard,

and was never absent from his post, unless detained by sickness.

His time was valuable, and he was not willing to waste it; therefore, access to him was difficult. Many persons endeavored to see him merely to gratify their impertinent curiosity, and others wished to intrude upon him for purposes which simply consumed his time. To protect himself he was compelled to resort to the following expedient: A gentleman was kept on guard near the main door of the store, whose duty it was to inquire the business of visitors. If the visitor urged that his business was private, he was told that Mr. Stewart had no private business. If he stated his business to the satisfaction of the "sentinel," he was allowed to go up-stairs, where he was met by the confidential agent of the great merchant, to whom he must repeat the object of his visit. If this gentleman was satisfied, or could not get rid of the visitor, he entered the private office of his employer and laid the case before him. If the business of the visitor was urgent he was admitted; otherwise an interview was refused him. If admitted the interview was brief and to the point. There was no time to be lost. Matters were dispatched with a method and promptitude which astonished strangers. If the visitor attempted to draw the merchant into a friendly conversation, or indulged in needless complimentary phrases, after the business on which he had come was arranged, Mr. Stewart's manner instantly became cold and repelling, and troublesome persons were not unfrequently given a hint to leave the room. This was his working-time and it was precious to him. Mr. Stewart was of the medium height, thin, had sandy hair, sharp, well-cut features, a clear, bright eye, and a calm, thoughtful face. His manner was reserved, not to say cold. He dressed with scrupulous neatness, and in the style of the day. He died in the year 1879, at the age of eighty-three.

HENRY BERGH.

Henry Bergh's everyday life during nearly twenty years, has been an expression of sympathy with "our poor earthborn companions and fellow-mortals," the dumb creatures.

He was born in New York City, in the year 1823. His father was a wealthy man, the leading American shipbuilder of his time. He was a native of the Empire State, and a long-time



ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

resident of New York City, which deeply mourned his loss when, at the age of eighty-three, he departed this life. Mr. Bergh's grandfather was a native of Germany. His mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Ivers. She was the daughter of a Connecticut family distinguished for its excellent qualities. Blessed with a superior parentage possessing ample means, Mr. Bergh received a superior education, but did not complete the course at Columbia College. He married while young a Miss Taylor, daughter of English parents. In 1862 he was appointed

Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, and began there that active interference in behalf of the right of animals to kind treatment, which has given him a reputation wide as civilization. Of course, his services to abused animals in the Russian capital were entirely unofficial, but they were effective, thanks to the distinguished character of his equipage and the fine livery of his coachman. Mr. Bergh resigned his position on account of ill-health. On his way home he indulged in the luxury of leisured travel and became acquainted with the Earl of Harrowby, President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London. The society of which Mr. Bergh was the founder, is modeled largely after the English one presided over by this nobleman until his death. He returned to New York in 1864, and spent a year in maturing



THOMAS A. EDISON.

his plans for the establishment of means to check and prevent cruelty to animals. The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was instituted in 1865. In 1866, it was given by statute the powers of prosecution and even arrest, which it still possesses. Mr. Bergh has been its president since its inception, and its invaluable services to beast, and man as well—for men are made better by being taught the practice of humanity toward dumb creatures, are largely due to his resolution, the moral elevation of his character, his tact, unflinching courage and unconquerable perseverance. He stands six feet high, and his appearance and carriage denote a power of will which readily commands respect. But his appeal to the moral sense and his disinterestedness are the principal elements of his success. He receives no salary for his work, freely gives his time and energies to it, and the public know this to be the case and respect and honor the man who makes the sacrifice. The statute of 1866 constitutes Mr. Bergh an assistant district attorney in New York City and assistant of the attorney general of the State, in the enforcement of the laws against cruelty to animals. He is a member of the Bar, and effective in the court-room, as well as in interferences in behalf of animals in the public streets and elsewhere, and on the public platform as a lecturer enforcing the wisdom and duty of humane feeling and action.

The New York society has 325 workers in the State. Thirty-six States in the Union have founded similar organizations, and Mr. Bergh's correspondence contains many applications from foreign lands for information as to his methods and the laws under which he works. During the first year of its existence as an agency enforcing that law of the State which included a principle new in American jurisprudence, namely, that men's ownership of inferior creatures is limited by the claims of an enlightened humanity, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prosecuted 101 persons; in 1881, 855, and the total number of prosecutions up to the end of last year was 9,121. The total number of disabled animals suspended from work in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, from 1861 to 1881, was 21,291. No arrests were made in these cases, but the drivers or owners were warned and advised. A total of nearly two thousand animals was destroyed by agents of the society, in 1881. Mr. Bergh's society owns three

ambulances for the removal of disabled animals from the street, and a derrick to rescue them from excavations into which they might fall. The Royal Society, London, has no appliances of this nature, and the presumption is that the large number of poor horses, etc., which become disabled in the streets of that great city, lie there to die unregarded. Dog-fighting men, rat-baiters and cock-fighters, as a matter of course, regard Mr. Bergh as an enemy, but their opposition, brutal and bold, is of less importance than the indifference to the objects of his society, contempt, or half-avowed opposition of people who consider themselves cultured, and of newspapers which boast of their adaptation to family reading and yet contain demoralizing accounts of bloody dogfights. The discussion as to the propriety of vivisection is still open, but it may be well to recall the fact that Majendie, the dissector of forty thousand unfortunate living creatures, declared vivisection to be a failure. Pigeon shooting, a form of sport affected by the wealthy and influential, Mr. Bergh has not been able to stop. Dog fighting as provided and exhibited on Long Island, thanks to the vigilance of his officers, may now be regarded as a thing of the past. About three years ago the attempt was made to institute the sport of bull-fighting in New York City. Men had arrived from Spain for this purpose, an arena had been built and performances were announced, when Mr. Bergh with some fifty policemen put an end to the enterprise, with great loss to its promoters. There is no possibility of such an experiment being tried again in New York. The income of the society in 1881 was \$25,480.25, and the balance in its favor at the end of the year \$1,864.72. It has been assisted powerfully by bequests, especially that of Louis Bonard, of \$150,000, contested by relatives but confirmed the property of the society, by judicial decision. "Our Animal Friends" is the name of a pictorial monthly magazine published under the auspices of the society, and which has a large number of readers.

The value of Mr. Bergh's work is incalculable. From the standpoint of mere economy, kindness to animals is cheaper than cruelty and far more productive, as many men who have come under the influence of Mr. Bergh's persuasion, though once they opposed it, now admit. To increase the happiness of the animals dependent upon us and to avoid cruelty toward all creatures possessed of conscious life, is a gratification of a high order, and a means to moral improvement of great importance, as the experience of all persons thus actuated confirms. Brutality and cruelty are checked and punished by the means enforced by Mr. Bergh, and young people observe and take warning. In short, moral progress and therefore happiness are directly assisted by the work done by him and those everywhere who employ themselves in the same humane manner.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

The pioneer Society for the Suppression of Vice was that of London, instituted in 1802. It was not until May 16, 1873, that the act incorporating the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice was passed by the Legislature of the State. The Society's plan is thus stated: 1. Obtain information that a crime is being committed. 2. Legal evidence of that crime. 3. A warrant in due form of law. 4. That warrant executed, and no notice sent to the criminal to enable him to escape. 5. A trial according to law. 6. A sentence that shall be commensurate with the crime. The work of the Society is divided into two parts, that for the suppression of obscene literature and pictures, and that for the suppression of lottery and policy gambling. Other American societies of a kindred sort are The New England Society for the Suppression of Vice, established four years ago, with its headquarters in Boston; and The Western Society for the Suppression of Vice, which has its headquarters in Cincinnati, with branches in Cleveland, Detroit, Louisville, Chicago, St. Louis, Peoria, Rock Island, Keokuk and Toledo.

At the head and front of the movement as an effective worker, "a terror to evil-doers," is Anthony Comstock. He was born at New Canaan, Conn., March 7, 1844, the son of Thomas A. Comstock. His mother died when he was ten years of age. After receiving the rudiments of education he was placed at the high school, New Britain, Conn., but was removed after one year's attendance under the pressure of financial necessity. His first position in business was as clerk in a grocery store at Wimpauk, Conn., which he entered upon in 1861. He remained there two years, and then enlisted in the Seventeenth Regiment of Connecticut Infantry. Two years a

soldier, he was mustered out with his regiment, and again took a position as a grocer's clerk. After a short time, he went to Lookout Mountain to assist in superintending the repair of the buildings of the Lookout Mountain Educational Institute. Illness compelled his return to Connecticut. Upon his recovery he made his way to New York City with a borrowed capital of five dollars. There he found employment as a porter in a commission house, and while holding the second of two other subordinate positions began his work in the suppression of licentious literature, at first without aid and with very limited means of carrying on his work. His first arrests were made in March, 1872. Mr. Morris K. Jessup came to his aid with a contribution towards the work of six hundred dollars, by the help of which he was enabled to seize forty thousand dollars' worth of obscene plates and books. The Young Men's Christian Association then came to his assistance, and the society of which he is now secretary was organized and incorporated. Mr. Comstock is a plucky and vigorous man, and the most serious result of several brutal attacks upon him so far, has been the laying open his cheek with a bowie knife. He has been threatened with death many times, but pursues his useful course with remarkable courage and persistency. One secret of his strength is suggested in the gratitude he has expressed for the gift of a sixteen-shooter Winchester repeating-rifle, presented to him in March, 1882, by Mr. Converse, President of the Winchester Repeating-Arms Company. Mr. Comstock and the society he represents are the victims of frequent slanders. One of the most damaging statements made against him has been that he opens letters in transit in the Post Office. Speaking on this matter at the last annual meeting of the New York Society, the Hon. Thomas L. James, ex-Postmaster General, said:

"I am informed that there is a wide-spread belief that Mr. Comstock opens letters in transit in the Post Office. The idea is simply absurd. No letter is tampered with in the Post Office, and it is due Mr. Comstock to say that he never attempted to tamper with a letter."

The income of the New York Society is not much above eight thousand dollars a year, and the wonder is that it accomplishes so much good work. Eighty-seven persons were arrested by its means from January 1st to August 1st of 1882, as offenders against the laws for the suppression of obscene matter, policy-gambling, lotteries, etc. In the last report, we find that a total of five hundred and eighty-two persons had been arrested up to the time of its preparation. The books and sheet stock alone, which had been seized weighed 27,584 lbs. As many as 203,328 obscene pictures and photographs had been seized; 7,400 microscopic pictures of indecent character; 1,700 negative plates for obscene photographs; 64,836 articles for immoral use; 6,122 semi-transparent playing cards, and 1,376,939 indecent circulars, songs, poems, etc. The weight seized of the stereotype plates for printing licentious books had been 14,495 lbs. A total of more than twenty-five tons weight of contraband matter had been seized. Mr. Comstock had traveled, outside of New York City, 173,992 miles in the prosecution of his work.

One of his most notable accomplishments was on the 9th of October, 1882, when he and about twenty assistants, who had all been made deputy sheriffs by Judge Gilbert, of the Supreme Court of New York State, then holding court in Long Island City, made a raid on the pool rooms at Hunter's Point, seized about twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of gambler's articles and arrested three of twenty-two persons against whom warrants had been issued. The proceeding had been undertaken by Mr. Comstock at the request of the Law and Order Society of Long Island City. So cleverly had arrangements been made that the necessary evidence, warrants, and search warrants had been procured, Mr. Comstock and his men sworn in as deputy sheriffs and the raid actually begun before the offenders against the law realized fully what was being done. In getting to one pool room Mr. Comstock passed through the saloon kept by a local corner, who protested against what he called a trespass and vainly tried to prevent him entering the premises beyond. Mr. Comstock burst open the door and accomplished his purpose in the seizure of the implements of gambling. He was subsequently arrested under a warrant procured from a local justice by the corner, and notwithstanding that he showed proofs of his authority as a deputy sheriff, was ordered to appear for trial the next day. The day after the case was postponed until the following Thursday, when the justice, acting according to the advice of the district attorney, dismissed it.

THOMAS A. EDISON.

Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, was born in Milan, Erie County, Ohio, February 11, 1847, so that he is still a young man. The number of patents already granted him approaches two hundred. He is of mixed Hollander and English blood, his grandfather having been a Dutchman who settled near Newark, N. J., and who married into the Ogdens, a family of English descent. Edison began his working life as a newsboy when only about eight years old, at Port Huron, Mich. Five years afterward he succeeded in procuring a contract for the exclusive sale of newspapers on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, to which fact is due the report that he is a Canadian. His business grew rapidly under his clever and energetic management, and was supplemented by an essay in journalism, the *Grand Trunk Herald*, which he printed with his own type and his own hands. The progress of the war at this time assisted his paper, which had at one time four hundred and fifty subscribers. Dropping his publication, he began the study of chemistry, prosecuting it in connection with his newspaper business. When his experiments on the train had resulted in his setting fire to a car by the ignition of phosphorus, he was forced to abandon it. He next pursued telegraphy as a means of livelihood, and became extraordinarily apt as an operator. In 1867, when living in Cincinnati, he began experimenting with the view to send two messages at once over one wire, and succeeded in doing this in Boston not long afterward. This was the first of the many inventions which have earned for him and his country immortal honor. His phonograph first attracted the attention of the leading scientific men of Europe by reason of its exhibition at the French Institute in 1878. No better idea of the multiplicity and value of his inventions can be given than by mentioning the leading features of his exhibit in Paris at the Electrical Exhibition, 1881, where his was the largest, most important, and most varied of the many exhibits. It included his system of electric lighting by incandescence, his disc dynamo-electric machine, his microtastimeter, which measures the smallest changes in temperature; his odoscope, which renders visible the presence of certain essential oils and hydrocarbon vapors, and also registers their action; his electromotograph, which reproduces the human voice at a distance, like the telephone, but with a greater intensity, etc.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

The career of the Connecticut showman has been an extraordinary one. Uniting a happy audacity of design with obstinacy in its execution, he has succeeded in amassing a handsome fortune out of ideas which would be pronounced impracticable by the rest of the world, and has made his name known as far as the language is spoken. Frank in address and courteous in manner, he has deservedly been popular among those who frequent exhibitions, and the curious compound of philanthropic Christianity with the habitual deceit of a caterer to the clement of wonder in mankind which Barnum shows is peculiar to himself.

Phineas Taylor Barnum is the son of a typical Connecticut Yankee, who, from the predominance of hope over caution displayed in his organization, never succeeded in amassing a fortune. He was born on the day succeeding the anniversary of independence, in the year 1810. All the education Barnum ever received was obtained in the common schools of Connecticut, and it is recorded of him that at twelve years of age he was counted apt and skillful at figures, although it does not seem that on his first visit to New York he had studied the currency tables, as he offered a woman who kept a stall in the streets ten cents for two oranges which she had demanded fourpence each for. She gravely assented, leaving the young orange eater to suppose that he had made two cents by the bargain, whereas, as the Yankee fourpence was six cents, he lost two. Bargaining was, indeed, one of the delights of youth at that day, and Barnum sold cookies, gingerbread, and cherry-rum to his schoolmates and the neighborhood before he was twelve years of age, and would, undoubtedly, have become a small Cæsar if his father had not kindly permitted him to pay for his own clothes.

The first regular business the subject of our sketch was employed in was as a clerk in a country store, which taught him the tendency to deceit in the human mind, and led him to keep a sharp look-out for frauds of all kinds. A wagon-load of oats would be found to be four or five bushels short, fleeces of wool would have stones in them, and bundles of rags would be filled in

the interior with ashes or gravel. Trials of practical jokes would frequently occur, and the most ordinary expression might contain a sell, so that Phineas had his wits fully employed. After being a while in this situation, his father died, and he accepted another place in a store a short distance from home, where he showed his administrative genius by organizing a lottery where most of the prizes should come from glass and defective and old tinware. The scheme spread like wildfire, and the store succeeded in getting rid of all their unsalable articles. His employer going to Brooklyn, then only a village, he followed him, and at the age of seventeen was the buyer for the house in the New York markets. He received nothing but a salary, and, becoming dissatisfied, left, and opened a porter-house, which he soon sold out to good advantage, and then became a clerk to another liquor-dealer—all this, however, without himself drinking.

In February, 1828, he returned home and opened a fruit and confectionery store on a capital of one hundred and twenty dollars. Fifty were used in fitting up the store, and the remaining seventy dollars purchased his stock in trade. He opened on the first Monday in May, general training day. The village was full of people who had been attracted by the doings, and the shop was full all day long. Sixty-three dollars were the day's receipts, and the stock seemed hardly diminished. Additional purchases increased the goods, and in the fall he added stewed oysters to the inducements. Lottery tickets were also sold on a commission of ten per cent., and as large numbers of them were then sold everywhere in New England, considerable was made.

Becoming attracted by a fair young tailoress, named Charity Hallett, whom he had escorted home one night, he married her at the age of nineteen, and to keep up his character for enterprise became an editor when scarce twenty-one. The *Herald of Freedom* was a success, as far as influence and circulation were concerned, but the luckless editor was three times snared for libel, and once imprisoned for sixty days. Comfortable provision was made for him in jail; the room was papered and carpeted, he lived well, his subscription list rapidly increased, and his leaving was celebrated as a festival by the citizens of the town. His crime had been stating that a prominent church member had "been guilty of taking usury from an orphan boy," and although the substantial truth of the assertion was acknowledged by all, the old law maxim that the greater the truth the greater the libel was held to be good. The court-room in which he was convicted was the scene of the celebration. An ode written for the occasion was sung, an oration delivered, and several hundred gentlemen partook of a sumptuous dinner, followed by appropriate toasts and testimonials. A coach drawn by six horses was preceded by forty horsemen, and was followed by sixty carriages. Cannon were fired and music was played, and it was altogether a great triumph for Barnum.

Although he had carried on quite an extensive business, yet there were so many losses by running away, death, failing, and other similar ways, that when he closed up business in Bethel and removed to New York, which he did in 1834, there was very little for him to live upon, excepting such as might be derived from his agent for collections. In New York he had hoped to secure some position in a mercantile house, but could not. The *Sun*, which was then, as now, a great medium for advertising wants, was eagerly perused each day. There were many chances for going into business, but they were mostly patent life-pills or a self-acting mouse-trap. His wife opened a private boarding-house on Frankfort Street, and Mr. Barnum finally bought an interest in a grocery store, and in the summer succeeding made his first entry as a showman. Joice Heth was the speculation. Mr. Coley Bartram, of Connecticut, informed Barnum that he had owned an interest in a remarkable old negro woman, who was one hundred and sixty years old, and had been the nurse of Gen. Washington. At this time (1835) she was on exhibition in Philadelphia, with papers authenticating her age and her membership in the Baptist Church for one hundred and sixteen years. Satisfactory proof seemed to be offered as to why she had been forgotten so long. The remaining partner in her proprietorship being willing to sell, Barnum became the owner. Joice Heth, to use the words of the exhibitor, was certainly a remarkable curiosity, and she looked as if she might have been far older than her age as advertised. She was apparently in good health and spirits, but from age or disease, or both, was unable to change her position; she could move one arm at will, but her lower limbs could not be straight-

ened; her left arm lay across her breast and she could not remove it; the fingers of her left hand were drawn down so as nearly to close it, and were fixed; the nails on that hand were almost four inches long, and extended above her wrist; the nails on her large toes had grown to the thickness of a quarter of an inch; her head was covered with a thick bush of gray hair; but she was toothless and totally blind, and her eyes had sunk so deeply in the sockets as to have disappeared altogether.

The exhibition was successful, as every appearance of the printer's art was used to get people to think and talk and become curious and excited over and about the "rare spectacle." Posters, transparencies, advertisements, and newspaper paragraphs were employed regardless of expense, and the rooms were crowded continually, netting much profit to the proprietor, until her death, which occurred in the next February. Post-mortem examinations did not seem to indicate so great an age as had been assumed, but nothing is certainly known about her. His second step in the show line was to exhibit an Italian juggler, and his third to engage as treasurer to a traveling circus. He afterward continued in the itinerating line, going from one place to another, until the middle of 1841.

Thirty years ago in New York there was standing at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street Scudder's American Museum—a collection of curiosities from every quarter of the globe, and having everything from a turtle weighing fourteen hundred pounds to a curious toothpick. Halleck had sung its praises when his muse had some poetry to it, and it was altogether one of the institutions of the city. Mr. Scudder was dead, and the property was held in trust for his daughters, being valued at fifteen thousand dollars, and costing probably about fifty thousand. Since his death it had been losing money, and the heirs were desirous of selling it. Barnum conceived the idea of buying it, and asked his friends their opinion.

"You buy the American Museum?" said one.

"What do you intend buying it with?"

"Brass," replied he, "for silver and gold have I none."

The Museum building then belonged to Mr. Francis W. Olmsted, a retired merchant, to whom Barnum wrote indicating his desire to buy the collection, and saying that although he had no money, yet industry, combined with tact and experience, would, he thought, enable him to meet every payment in time. He therefore asked Mr. Olmsted to purchase the Museum in his own name; to give him a writing securing it to Barnum, provided he made the payments punctually, including rent, and to allow twelve and a half dollars a week for the support of his family. There was also a forfeiture clause. In reply to this letter, Mr. Olmsted named an hour when Barnum could call on him, and inquired as to his habits and antecedents. As to references, he had several prominent theatrical and circus men, and Mr. Moses Y. Beach, of the *New York Sun*. Some of these gentlemen called on Mr. Olmsted the next day, and spoke well of the showman, and an agreement was entered into by which the property was to be bought by the owner of the building, an accountant and ticket-taker was to be paid by Barnum, and the whole building was also leased by him at an aggregate rent of \$3,000 a year. On seeing Mr. John Heath, the administrator of the estate, a bargain was struck for \$12,000, payable in seven yearly installments. The day was appointed to draw and sign the writings, and all parties appeared, when Mr. Heath announced that he must decline any further action, as he had sold the collection to Peale's Museum, which had then considerable reputation, for \$15,000, and had received \$1,000 as earnest.

This was quite a blow to Barnum, who had confidently expected to obtain the collection, and he immediately took measures to inform himself as to whom the managers of the Museum were. They proved to be a party of speculators who had bought Peale's collection for a few thousand dollars, expecting to join the American Museum with it, and then to sell stock to a sufficient extent to handsomely reimburse themselves.

Barnum went immediately to several of the editors, including Major M. M. Noah, M. Y. Beach, and to West, Herrick, and Ropes, of the *Atlas*, and others, and stated his grievances.

"Now," said he, "if you will give me the use of your columns, I'll blow that speculation sky-high."

They all consented, and he wrote a large number of squibs, cautioning the public against buying the Museum stock, ridiculing the idea of a board of broken-down bank directors engaging

in the exhibition of stuffed monkey and gander-skins; appealing to the case of the Zoological Institute, which had failed by adopting such a plan as the one now proposed; and finally told the public that such a speculation would be infinitely more ridiculous than Dickens's "Grand United Metropolitan Hot Muffin and Crumpet-Baking and Punctual Delivery Company."

The stock was as "dead as a herring." He then went to Mr. Heath and asked him when the directors were to pay the other \$14,000.

"On the 26th day of December, or forfeit the one thousand dollars already paid," was the reply.

He was assured that they would never pay it, that they could not raise it, and that he would ultimately find himself with the Museum collection on his hands, and if once Barnum started off with an exhibition for the South he would not touch the Museum at any price.

"Now," said he, "if you will agree with me confidentially, that in case these gentlemen do not pay you on the 26th of December, I may have it on the 27th for twelve thousand dollars, I will run the risk, and wait in this city until that date."

He readily agreed to the proposition, but said he was sure they would not forfeit their one thousand dollars.

"Very well," said Barnum; "all I ask of you is that this arrangement shall not be mentioned." He assented. "On the 27th day of December, at ten o'clock A. M., I wish you to meet me in Mr. Olmsted's apartments prepared to sign the writings, provided this incorporated company do not pay you the fourteen thousand on the 26th."

He agreed to this, and by request put it in writing.

To outside parties, then, Barnum remarked that he had lost the Museum. In the meanwhile he continued his newspaper squibs at the company, which could not sell a dollar of its stock. On the appointed day the money was not paid, and Barnum became the proprietor, and his first act was to place the directors and president of the company on his free list. They were very angry, but could do nothing, and Barnum bent his energies to the building up and successful conduct of his enterprise, dining in the Museum off bread and cheese, and working night and day. The Museum was, even in Scudder's day, worth the twenty-five cents charged twice over, and it was speedily much increased. In 1842 Peale's Museum was added, and in 1850 another large collection was obtained, and during all Barnum's long connection with it additional curiosities were secured. The result of the frugality and enterprise displayed by the manager was that in a year the entire Museum was paid for out of its surplus earnings. The attractions were constantly varying—educated dogs, fat women, dwarfs and giants, industrious fleas, albinos, ventriloquists, automatons, panoramas, singing, dancing, pantomime, and theatrical performances being a few.

While he expended money liberally for attractions for the inside of his Museum, and bought or hired everything curious or rare which was offered or could be found, he was prodigal in his outlays to arrest or arouse public attention. When he became proprietor of the establishment, there were only the words "American Museum" to indicate the character of the concern; there was no bustle or activity about the place; no posters to announce what was to be seen; the whole exterior was as dead as the skeletons and stuffed skins within. His experience had taught him the advantages of advertising. He printed whole columns in the papers, setting forth the wonders of his establishment. Old "fogies" opened their eyes in amazement at a man who could expend hundreds of dollars in announcing a show of "stuffed monkey skins;" but these same old fogies paid their quarters, nevertheless, and when they saw the curiosities and novelties in the Museum halls, they, like all other visitors, were astonished as well as pleased, and went home and told their friends and neighbors, and thus assisted in advertising his business.

One of the happiest hits ever made by Barnum was the engagement of General Tom Thumb, who was found by the showman in Bridgeport, Conn. He was then only five years old, was less than two feet high, and weighed about sixteen pounds. Under the acute management of the manager of the Museum he was made to appear eleven years of age, and was placarded as the smallest dwarf ever known. The exhibition was very successful in America, and a year or two after Tom was taken to England, where all the arts of advertising were brought into requisition. A bribe engagement was made with the Princess's

Theatre, the General was invited into the houses of Baron Rothschild and others of the nobility, and the Queen gave a private interview. The money coined in England was very great, and subsequently as profitable tours were taken in France and Germany.

As we descend later in time, we find accounts of the Jenny Lind excitement. Nothing similar to it had ever been known before, and it will probably never happen again. The enthusiasm was tremendous. Seats sold for prices for which a house might be obtained, the pleasure of the people who attended was unbounded, and the golden stream of wealth flowed unceasingly into the treasury of Barnum. Her fame was great before she arrived here, but the impresario had forestalled public opinion; the press was filled for months previous with descriptions of Jenny, her goodness, her benevolence, and the unaffected simplicity of her manners, and the qualities of her voice, one of the most sympathetic and flexible ever known, were expatiated upon by the editors, who seem to have gone mad. Pictures were to be found in every shop window, and every apprentice and shop-girl knew all the particulars of the career of the Swedish nightingale. Advertisements were inserted everywhere, and nothing was left unattempted to cause a general intoxication of the public mind. For weeks after her arrival in America the excitement was unabated. Her rooms were thronged by visitors, including the magnates of the land in both Church and State. The carriages of the wealthiest citizens could be seen in front of her hotel at nearly all hours of the day, and it was with some difficulty that Barnum prevented the "fashionables" from monopolizing her altogether, and thus, as he believed, sadly marring his interest by cutting her off from the warm sympathies she had awakened among the masses. Presents of all sorts were showered upon her. Milliners, mantua-makers, and shopkeepers vied with each other in calling her attention to their wares, of which they sent her many valuable specimens, delighted if, in return, they could receive her autograph acknowledgment. Songs, quadrilles, and polkas were dedicated to her, and poets sung in her praise. We had Jenny Lind gloves, Jenny Lind bouquets, Jenny Lind riding hats, Jenny Lind shawls, mantillas, robes, chairs, sofas, pianos—in fact, everything was Jenny Lind. Her movements were constantly watched, and the moment her carriage appeared at the door it was surrounded by multitudes, eager to catch a glimpse of the Swedish nightingale.

This was the luckiest hit of Barnum's genius. Three-quarters of a million of dollars were received by the troupe, and the profits were probably not less than a quarter of a million for Barnum, and Jenny's were one hundred and seventy-six thousand. It was all obtained in ninety-five concerts, and shows conclusively the eagerness of the American public to hear the songstress.

Among other undertakings of Barnum were plowing by elephants in Connecticut, the Crystal Palace of New York, Philip's Annihilator, and the *Illustrated News*. In fact, he was engaged in so many enterprises that it is difficult to follow them. But among these there was an unlucky connection with the Jerome Clock Company, which succeeded in bankrupting the showman, and compelled him almost to commence anew. In the course of time, however, he built up another fortune, and has succeeded in retaining it, spite of the destruction of his Museum twice by fire, and other accidents by flood and field. During the period of his adversity he exhibited the little General in Europe, among other enterprises, and also lectured on the art of money-getting.

Mr. Barnum relates many amusing stories regarding shrowd dodges in advertising, among which is the following:

"Genin, the hatter, bought the first Jenny Lind ticket at auction for two hundred and twenty-five dollars, because he knew it would be a good advertisement for him. 'Who is the bidder?' said the auctioneer, as he knocked down that ticket at Castle Garden. 'Genin, the hatter,' was the response. Here were thousands of people from the Fifth Avenue and from distant cities in the highest stations in life. 'Who is 'Genin, the hatter?'' they exclaimed. They had never heard of him before. The next morning the newspapers and telegraph had circulated the facts from Maine to Texas, and from five to ten millions of people had read that the tickets sold at auction for Jenny Lind's first concert amounted to about twenty thousand dollars, and that a single ticket was sold at two hundred and twenty-five dollars to 'Genin, the hatter.' Men throughout the country involuntarily took off

their hats to see if they had a 'Genin' hat on their heads. At a town in Iowa it was found that in the crowd around the post-office there was one man who had a 'Genin' hat, and he showed it in triumph, although it was worn out and not worth two cents. 'Why,' one man exclaimed, 'you have a real "Genin" hat; what a lucky fellow you are.' Another man said, 'Hang on to that hat; it will be a valuable heirloom in your family.' Still another man in the crowd, who seemed to envy the possessor of this good fortune, said, 'Come, give us all a chance; put it up at auction.' He did so, and it was sold as a keepsake for nine dollars and fifty cents. What was the consequence to Mr. Genin? He sold ten thousand extra hats per annum the first six years. Nine-tenths of the purchasers bought of him, probably, out of curiosity, and many of them, finding that he gave them an equivalent for their money, became his regular customers. This novel advertisement first struck their attention, and then, as he made a good article, they came again."

The return to prosperity has not been succeeded by any fall. Stout and jovial, Barnum cracks his jokes as freely as of yore, and is able to conceive and carry out great enterprises as over.

WILLIAM B. ASTOR.

WILLIAM BRISTED ASTOR, who died November 24, 1875, was the administrator, as his father had been the accumulator, of the most valuable landed estate in this country. He was born in September, 1792, at 149 Broadway, New York, at once his father's house and store, and his father was then a furrier, struggling along from month to month in the early precarious years of a precarious trade. Matters mended in the next ten years, and the father, beginning the real estate purchases by which his fortune was achieved, left the low two-story brick house on the right side of Broadway, and going to the head of the street—Broadway was then scarcely known as such above St. Paul's, with its church-yard close to the fields—and bought 223 Broadway, Rufus King's house, built eight years before, just before his appointment to the English mission, and vacant most of the time since. With the rest of the block the house was torn down thirty years later to make room for the Astor House. It was in 1802 that John Jacob Astor moved to his new house and opened his store on Barclay Street, the yards of the two buildings adjoining. Till his son was thirty he lived with his father, moving again up-town with him, and in 1823 coming back to the house at 223, which he occupied for ten years after.

The story of his father's accumulations, year by year, for nearly half a century, has become a familiar story. In a lesser and secondary, but in a most important sense, it is the story of the late Mr. Astor's life. He did not aid in laying the foundation of the family estate, but he was his father's efficient coadjutor in its increase. From the start he had had the best of business training, and at the start little but business training. As a mere boy he had busied himself about the store; as an older lad he had taken the place of one of the clerks. His schooling was regular, but it was interspersed with business, and there was nothing in his early life, or in the atmosphere in which he lived, to turn the young son of a wealthy man from close, unremitting attention to business upon reaching his majority. Born in Germany, his father, to his death, had a rooted fondness for the language, the manners and the habits of his native land, and his boy's education, to which he had given but small care, was supplemented by a trip to Europe and a university residence in Göttingen, where the young student distinguished himself. It was his good fortune to come under the careful tutelage of one of the most accomplished and ablest German scholars and statesmen of the last age—Von Bunsen, with whom he formed a friendship which lasted through the latter's life. The education he received made Mr. Astor through life a man of dignified culture, with affiliations rather than a positive taste for literary studies. To none of them did he pay engrossing or even partial attention, but he was thoroughly in sympathy with literary men and affairs, after an undemonstrative fashion. A trip through Europe completed his education, and he returned to enter his father's business.

His life, from the time he entered the firm of John Jacob Astor & Son, in 1817, was the life of a business man, of business habits and business ambitions. His success would have turned the head of a man less wedded to the persistent performance of the details of a business life; but he never turned his head. He was a hard, earnest,

unassuming worker to the last, as he was in those early years when his father, after a lucky purchase of tea cargoes in the war, was adding to investments in land and traffic in furs, the China trade. For six years the young man was in the family firm; then, in 1823, the American Fur Company was organized, and shortly after, when his father retired, leaving a large amount of his capital still invested in the company, Mr. William B. Astor became its president, a position he held for some years. At nearly the same time he married and began to live in the house already mentioned. His wife, Margaret Armstrong, was the daughter of General John Armstrong, a resident of Rhinebeck, N. Y., and Secretary of War to President Madison's administration through the war of 1812. General Armstrong had been, besides, one of New York's early senators, and succeeded in the French mission Chancellor Livingston, with whose family he was connected.

At thirty-five Mr. Astor was well started in life, and his business was in a fair way to become as flourishing as his father's, from whom he received grants of land, as earnest of the coming inheritance. The Astor House, built under his father's daily and personal supervision, as were its alterations forty years later under his own (so little had the family manners altered while all around had changed), became his property in this way, deeded to him for \$1. In much the same manner the house in which, up to a few years preceding his death, he lived on Astor Place, was deeded to him, and other not less valuable tracts became his by purchase, some by inheritance through his wife, to whom her father's property descended. His father's enterprises were constantly swelling his accumulations, and his own were sharing in the family prosperity when the panic of 1837 came. Both father and son were fully prepared, and added to already large fortunes by the purchase of property and securities in a time of general depression—an operation by which the father had profited in the war of 1812, buying United States bonds at 80 cents on the dollar, and selling them at \$1.20 two years later; and, if report speaks true, the same profitable use of surplus capital was made by the son in the last war.

In 1841, it is said—not on the best authority—Mr. Astor aided in the election of Mr. Fernando Wood, then running for the first time for a seat in Congress. Mr. Astor's assistance is pronounced "not improbable" by one of the few brought into intimate personal relations with him. If the report be true, it is the solitary instance in which Mr. Astor departed from a family tradition, which enjoined strict abstinence from active politics, and a quiet acquiescence in the supremacy of the ruling power, whatever it might be.

When prices began to revive in the early forties, Mr. Astor had retired from most of his active business relations—he was fifty, it must be remembered—and devoted himself to the care of the property he had acquired for himself, and of the parental estate, which his father's increasing infirmity was constantly leaving more and more under his control. Much the same relations had grown up between the two as existed in later years between Mr. William B. Astor and his son John Jacob Astor, when his father's long life was ended March 23, 1848, he dying, as his son died, at nine o'clock on a Wednesday morning, after a brief illness. A week later his will was published, naming Mr. William B. Astor as the residuary legatee of an estate believed to be worth \$20,000,000, and diminished by bequests some \$2,000,000.

The provisions of Mr. John Jacob Astor's will were numerous and complex; but they were executed with a care and supplemented with a wisdom which, more than any other act of his long life, reflect credit on his character. One of his sons was sent to the village of Waldorf, where the father was born, to superintend the expenditure of the bequests made for the benefit of the town. The singularly small annuity which Mr. Astor conferred on Fitz Greene Halleck, was raised by his son to a respectable figure, and he took occasion in a number of other instances to add to the small bequests which his father had made. Chief among the bequests was the provision made for the Astor Library. The institution was since its foundation the constant care of Mr. Astor, and he more than doubled the original endowment of \$400,000. To the lot which was first given he added another, doubling the size of the library building, and he annually made gifts by the purchase of volumes for the library, as well as by a direct increase of its endowment. His father's will made him a member of the Library Board of Trustees, and he remained up to the last month of his life constant,

in his attendance upon the meetings of the board. It was a signal illustration of the attention to minor and insignificant detail which had so strong a hold upon father and son, that in the management of the library he endeavored to inform himself of its defects in special instances, and took upon himself the purchase of the needed volumes. It was his special desire to make the library complete in its set of classical works, and one of the later additions he made was composed of some six hundred volumes, bought to supply deficiencies in this particular. The purchase of a well-known Egyptian work, widely noticed of late, was made at his instance in the same way, and at the time he removed from his house in Astor Place he turned over a large part of his personal library, selected by himself, to the institution, which is one of the most useful, as it is among the largest libraries in the United States.

With his father's death and the inheritance of his landed estate began, in other and more important respects, the best and the most important period of his life. Two or three bitter lawsuits had marked his father's life, and the last of them—the somewhat famous case of *Ogden vs. Astor*—survived him. It grew out of a claim made by Samuel B. Ogden, on behalf of his brother, one of Mr. John Jacob Astor's Chinese factors, who had died upon his way home, under circumstances which left all proof of the extent of his claims against his employer in the hands of the latter. The suit had dragged along with varying fortunes for several years, when it came under Mr. William B. Astor's control, as one of the charges against the estate to which he succeeded. It was compromised by him for \$200,000, it is said.

For the future, and in accordance with a settled policy, Mr. William B. Astor was a landlord, and in many respects nothing but a landlord. The bequests of his uncle, who left him nearly \$500,000, had done something to make him a rich man in this respect; for his uncle, in his later and more successful years as a butcher, had bought heavily of real estate on the Bowery, owning at one time all of a large tract to the left of that street, on a part of which the Bowery Theatre now stands. The acquisitions made by Mr. Astor himself, in addition to this, would have satisfied most men; and to these, as but a small portion of his ultimate property, he added his father's close-built acres. It was said of his father that he knew each of his tenants by sight. It was true of the son that he knew the condition of each of the many lots which he owned, and judged for himself of the rental, which for each year was determined but once, whether the building was taken or stood tenanted. The expenses of his enormous transactions he reduced to figures which seem marvelous, and, so far as it is to the interest of the community that its exchanges be economically effected, this economy may not have been the least of the benefits he conferred in the management of his estate.

It would be difficult to determine the extent, and wholly impossible to determine the value of the property, either real or personal. Mr. Astor paid more taxes on real estate than any other man in the country. He paid annually, as taxes on his real property, \$500,000, which was one-seventieth of the whole amount of tax collected annually in this city at that time. The assessed valuation of his real estate was understood to be some \$16,000,000, with a probable actual value of some \$25,000,000, about one-sixth of which is locked up in long leases, some of which were expiring almost every day. His property was all improved, and he did not own a single vacant lot.

During the last years of his life he did not buy real estate so largely, but was principally engaged in building or exchanging. He was also heavily interested in all the railroads running out from this city in all directions.

A large part of Mr. Astor's property lay in the most visible and tangible form which it could assume. But to a degree which few wealthy men can accomplish, and fewer still care to achieve, he passed his life in privacy. His full figure, with traces about it of his German lineage, and reminiscences to older men of his father's manner and gait, became familiar from his long habit of walking to the little place of business on Prince Street, about which so much has been read, and of whose contents so little is known. Unostentatious and unassuming by nature, he steadily cultivated these traits till they have become the traditions of the family, and are likely to prolong its usefulness. "If you can find," said an honored and frequent associate of his, recently, "a word that means in the strongest way 'not purse-proud,' you can apply it to Mr.

Astor. He was that all the time. I never heard him allude to his money or introduce the subject in the remotest manner." Upon this point the testimony of his friends and his acquaintances is uniform. He sank to a degree which was as unusual, and in as good taste and sense as it was remarkable, all outer signs of his enormous wealth. The system and the methods of half a century relieved him of the grievous load its mere care would be to most. His office hours were regular, but they were short, running from ten to two, and he spent them almost to the day of his death standing before his desk. In his office hours or out of them, he had always leisure, and he had lived too long and too wisely ever to live in a hurry. Such benefactions as he made were made in the private and unostentatious manner which distinguished all his actions. That they were numerous and most liberal, is affirmed by those who knew him best.

The little coterie of literateurs and of authors, with Washington Irving chief among the latter, who were the friends of his father, remained his friends; but when they passed away he did not replace them by others. Mr. Astor had in many senses out-lived his generation, but the courteous manners which distinguished it, and which his own culture and refinement developed and strengthened, remained his to the last. His father took pains in his will to declare himself a member of the German Reformed Church, though no members of its clergy acted at his funeral. His son was for years a member of the church in which his father was buried. He died as he had lived, a consistent member of the communion to which he belonged. He left two sons, John Jacob Astor and William B. Astor, who inherit the bulk of his fortune. Of three daughters, two are living, married—one to Franklin H. Delano, and the other to Mr. William Cary; the daughter of the third, married to Mr. Samuel Ward, is the wife of J. Winthrop Chauler.

In his will the testator declared he had formed the resolution to add, during his lifetime, \$250,000 to the endowment of the Astor Library. It appeared by a codicil executed in 1869, that he had given to the institution all of this sum save \$49,000. If any portion of this balance remained unpaid at his death, his executors were to pay it to the trustees of the library, and in addition were to pay them \$200,000, to be kept invested and held as a permanent fund, of which the income was to be expended in the purchase of books and the maintenance of the library, with liberty to the trustees to expend not exceeding \$25,000 of the capital in the purchase of books. This gave the library about \$12,000 a year more to increase it and keep it running.

COL. W. A. ROEBLING.

W. A. Roebling, Chief Engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge, was born in Saxtonburg, Butler County, Pa., May 26, 1837. He graduated from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, at Troy, at the age of twenty years. In the meantime his faculty for engineering was already well defined, and as his father had charge of the Allegheny Suspension Bridge, young Roebling went upon that work as an assistant. After the war, in which he served, he assisted his father in completing the suspension bridge at Cincinnati. After his father's death he became responsible for the future work on the East River Bridge, and his greatest anxiety was in regard to the sinking of the caissons for the big towers. Long exposure to abnormal conditions in superintending the construction of these broke his health, and he has since been a confirmed invalid, though his brain is as active and clear as ever, and he directed the work from a sick chamber with precision and energy for the long period of ten years, with an interval of rest at Wiesbaden, in Germany, of six months. In this long absence from the actual scene of his work, through his assistants he attended to every detail and improved on the plans of his father. He had to solve new and untried problems that arose in the progress of the building, yet always proved equal to the occasion. The methods used to get the materials out of the caissons, the plan for lighting the caissons and furnishing them with a supply shaft, the machinery for raising the stone on the towers so that the top course was laid at the same price as the bottom course, were all of his designs. The anchor plates were made much larger than those designed by his father. Steel cables were never before used, and all previous cables had been made of seven strands. The cables for this bridge were so large that they had to be made in nineteen strands. The unusual number of strands made necessary the construction of two tiers of anchor chains. The use of an elevated foot bridge over the tops of the towers

was a new feature, and the manufacture and preparation of the steel for the cables were after methods he elaborated. He did not attend in person the celebration on the 24th of May, but he had a view of the procession from the window of his sick chamber.

A feature of pathetic and it might be said of tragic interest in the history of the bridge was the fate that, in the discharge of their duties, befell the two engineers—the father, John A. Roebling, and the son, Washington A. Roebling. The former was standing on a string-piece of the pier next to the Fulton Ferry slip, fixing a location for the Brooklyn tower, when a ferryboat entering the slip drove the fenders against the dock so as to crush the engineer's foot. He believed in treating the injury in hydropathic fashion, and allowed it to remain under a faucet of cold running water until it was over-chilled, and the result was lockjaw, of which Mr. Roebling died in fourteen days. His son, who succeeded him, faithful to the work before him, incurred by overzeal in his attention to duty, disorders in the foul air of the caissons, where many men lost their lives, that no compensation in money could counterbalance.

THE BUSY LIFE OF OUR CITY MEN.

THE modern New Yorker is always in a hurry. He gets up in the morning and rings an electric bell to let the servant know that breakfast may be put upon the table; the old-fashioned bell is too slow, and the electric affair is fast taking its place in all new houses, its greater first cost being more than made up for by its convenience and the fact that, once in place, there is no wear upon the wire, as is the case with all old-fashioned bells. It is fast ruining the business of bell-hanging, as a locksmith complained recently. The New Yorker swallows his breakfast in forty gulps and dashes off to the elevated road station, where he fumes and frets if he has to wait more than thirty seconds for a train. On the way down-town he skims through the paper in a tremendous hurry, the present system of devoting half a column to synopsis of the news, entitled "Five Minutes with the News at a Glance," etc., having been introduced in order to save time; it is now the only part of the paper read by thousands of New Yorkers. A genuine, busy New Yorker would no more think nowadays of riding down-town in a horse-car than of going to Boston in a stage-coach, nor of reading a newspaper all through when the synopsis gives him the gist of the day's news, any more than he would dream of reading editorial articles. I have heard a dozen men say, in the last six months, that a ride in the horse-car made them so nervous that they preferred walking. The horse car motion is too great a contrast to the rapid life of to-day, when everything goes by steam and electricity. Once in his office, the business man seizes his bundle of telegrams—more than half the business correspondence being now done by telegraph—and dictates the answers to a clerk, who sends them off by telegraph. Then with a stock, or cotton, or produce exchange taker, as the case may be, on one side and a telephone on the other, the modern operator does ten times the business that was possible before electricity came into play. About noon a luncheon is brought in, or the business man goes to Delmonico's or the Astor House, and perching himself on a high stool, calls for a chicken patte, a wine cake and some ice cream, winding up with some kind of drink—not water. Then back to the office, more telephoning, telegraphing, and at last home on the elevated road.

SKILL IN THE N. Y. POST OFFICE.—Four times a year the sorters who distribute letters and papers among the window boxes in the N. Y. Post Office are examined as to their swiftness and accuracy. There are 6,000 boxes used by over 24,000 persons. In their examinations the sorters are obliged to do without the usual directions on letters and wrappers. The names of the users of boxes are written on cards, but no box number or even street address is added. There are thirty-three sorters, and one or two are examined at a time. They are given about 2,500 cards indiscriminately selected, and they stand in front of a case having 14 pigeon holes, or one hole for each box window. Every sorter must know instantly not only each box number, but the window in which that box is. They must also detect such cards as do not represent box-holders, but are intended for up-town or down-town delivery, and these must be sorted into two heaps. There are sorters who can undergo this test without making more than twenty or thirty mistakes.





